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IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF WASHINGTON

POPE'S CREEK TO PRINCETON

BY
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"HOMES AND HAUNTS OF THE INDIANS"
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FOREWORD.

NEVER has the influence of George Washington been so powerful a factor in the life of America as it is to-day, for the reason that the tensions of the past seven years have drawn us very close to the heart of our Revolutionary Leader, and given us a renewed respect for his noble character and old-fashioned wisdom.

To attempt another "Life of Washington," after the classic pages of Irving, the scholarly reviews of Mr. Wilson or the practical applications of Senator Lodge, would be highly presumptuous. Yet we cannot know Washington too well, and I am persuaded that, by following in his footsteps and drawing inspiration from an intimate knowledge of the storied regions made memorable by his presence and activities, we may possess ourselves of an elevating and invigorating friendship with the truly great man who led us to a place among the nations.

An appreciative knowledge of George Washington cannot but make us more worthy of our national heritage in these times of re-adjustment, when each—for himself—must interpret the meaning of "Americanism."

A. H. H.

Beaver Lake, N. J.

April 5th, 1921

Affectionately Dedicated
to the Memory of my Father
Albert Heusser
1847 - 1919

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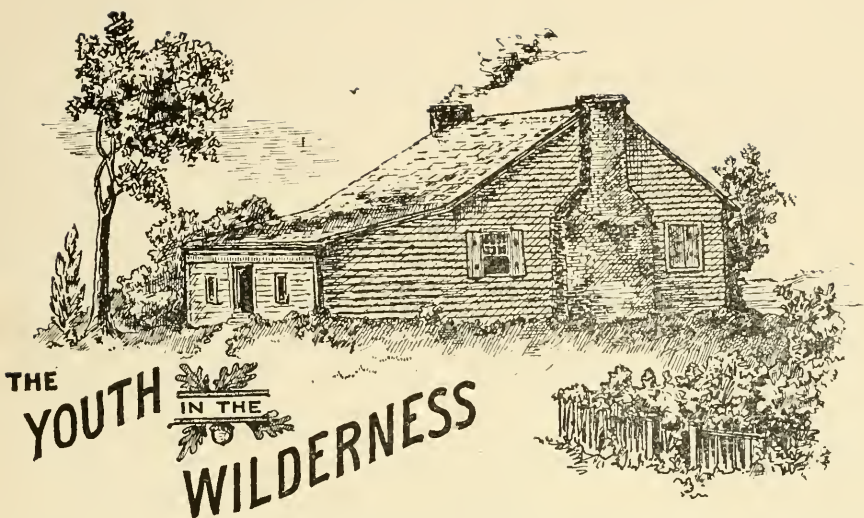
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'PINE GROVE', WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD HOME ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK, OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

THE birthplace of Washington is so far removed from the beaten track that very few indeed, save the most ardent students of history, have sought and found it. The latter stages of the journey to this out-of-the-way spot, irrespective of the route selected, cannot be made by rail.

"Wakefield", now merely the name of an historic site, lies some thirty-five miles out from Fredericksburg, Virginia, in an exceedingly sparsely settled section of Westmoreland County, and is — unfortunately — more difficult of access than any of the other localities made memorable by the great name of "the father of his country". This, without doubt, is the reason for the meagre descriptions given, even in our best histories, and the paucity of available material to be found by the inquiring reader. To state the fact that "Washington was born near Pope's Creek on the Potomac", is far easier than to actually visit the remote corner of Virginia where, beside the great river, the infant 'Cincinnatus' first saw the light of day.

Yet perhaps it is just as well that we are beset by initial difficulties, and must, of necessity, penetrate into the by-ways and hedges of the 'Old Dominion' at the outset. We cannot know Washington without knowing Virginia; so let us attempt no dis-association of the man and his environs, but rather—conforming to the eternal fitness of things—follow 'in his footsteps' wherever they may lead. Thus directed, we shall journey in the hours of early morning to the pleasant glades of the ancestral estate—fragrant with the balm of ancient cedars—where the child of great promise was born; and, under the noonday sun, visit sleepy Yorktown—where our hero stood at the zenith of his career, dictating terms to the vanquished Cornwallis. Finally too, after the tale of an eventful life has been told, we must come again to Virginia to end our pilgrimage—in the hush of twilight to cast anchor upon the broad and silent Potomac 'neath Mount Vernon's shadows,—for here the 'greatest of the Americans' reposes in dreamless sleep. Our recompense will prove to be four-fold: the glorious sunshine of Virginia, the aristocratic hospitality of the Southland, the charm of an ever-present background of history, and an intimate acquaintance with the personal Washington.

All things considered, northern Virginia is a region richer in colonial lore and historic significance than any other locality of similar extent in the entire country. Beginning here our quest for 'Washingtonia', we find a wide field for investigation—offering a wealth of material coupled with rare privileges of research—and backed by enough of corroborative evidence to make us sure of our footing.

Around the quaint old town of Fredericksburg center most of the episodes of Washington's boyhood, and it is just possible to motor from this place to 'Wakefield' and return within the limits of a day, provided the roads are in ordinary condition, which—heaven knows—is wretched enough.

The route leads back over the Rappahannock into the peninsula lying south of the Potomac, and by some the trip

would be considered tedious in the extreme. In early spring-time however, when nature is beginning to blossom forth, the visitor from New England—where the winds of March still whistle—will experience a joyous thrill in beholding the blessing of returning verdure. The birds blithely twittering, the peach trees budding rosy pink, a touch of yellow here and there among the evergreens on the hills—with an occasional log cabin reminiscent of pioneer days—all these impart that delightful rejuvenation which comes with changing scenes and seasons.

But unless you have made Fredericksburg a base of operations for other expeditions, I would not recommend that route to 'Wakefield'. The better course, as I found by experience, is to travel by motor 'bus from Washington City to Morgantown, Maryland; thence across the Potomac to Colonial Beach, — now quite a popular Virginia pleasure resort—and then, for the last lap of the journey, to engage a private machine to convey you around the bend in the river to Pope's Creek. The story of my own wanderings in search of 'the birth-place' may, perhaps, serve as a warning to others. There



'WAKEFIELD', POPE'S CREEK, VIRGINIA
—MONUMENT AT WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE—

A few rods behind the tall obelisk flows the charming little stream which has given its name to the locality.

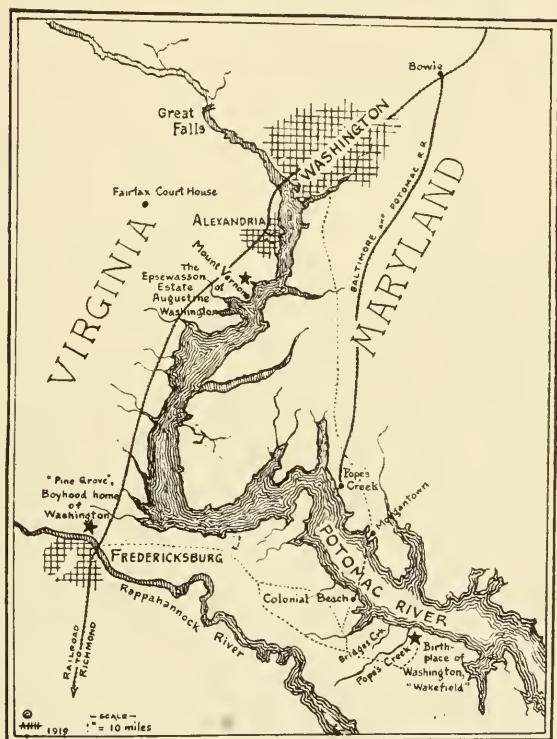
happens to be a place by the name of Pope's Creek in Maryland also, and I—in my ignorance—presumed that it lay somewhere nearly opposite the historic spot on the Virginia shore. In consequence, I found myself stranded late one evening in the *wrong* Pope's Creek, a miserable collection of negro hovels destitute of any white man's habitation, and from which God-forsaken place there was no means of departure until the morning. Fortunately I obtained shelter and supper in the humble home of a kindly disposed fisherman half a mile beyond the 'town'; my host proving to be a devout and straight-forward old gentleman, blessed with a wife who was an excellent cook and a charming little daughter of twelve or thirteen who was the embodiment of candor and friendliness. After 'family prayers' they sent me up to bed in the attic, very early and in good old-fashioned style, candle in hand. It proved to be one of those ancient and musty old garrets such as may be found in all frame houses built a century or so ago; the night was warm and the mosquitoes active. In consequence, I was up and out of doors at daybreak, and before the breakfast call had enjoyed an hour's digging in an Indian shell heap on the bluff overlooking the river—an archeological treat to one unfamiliar with this section of the country. Then came another unique experience. The mail-boat, which is the only means of public transportation down the river, was not due until mid-day, and I improved the intervening hours by adding to my scanty knowledge of 'crabbing'; rather *hampering*, I fear, than *assisting* my host. It must be admitted that a morning spent in a ponderous old row-boat, bobbing about on the choppy Potomac, scooping struggling *crustacea* from a fifteen-hundred-foot line baited with salted eel, was an episode somewhat foreign to my historic quest, yet I blessed the Lord for leading me astray.

A reference to the map on the following page will show my readers where I went wrong. Colonial Beach is fully ten miles below Pope's Creek, Maryland. But the trip down

the river is delightful, and at the 'beach', which is really a good substitute for a seaside resort, there is excellent bathing, hotel accommodation, and a sort of 'codfish aristocracy' who bask in an atmosphere more eccenical than that of Atlantic City, even if not quite so salubrious.

I have gone thus into detail regarding the manner of reaching the true Pope's Creek, because so few people, even in Washington or Fredericksburg, can give the tourist intelligent directions as to how to reach the birthplace of the 'first character' in American history. It is indeed a matter of surprise that regular 'all water' excursions are not run direct from the capital to 'Wakefield',

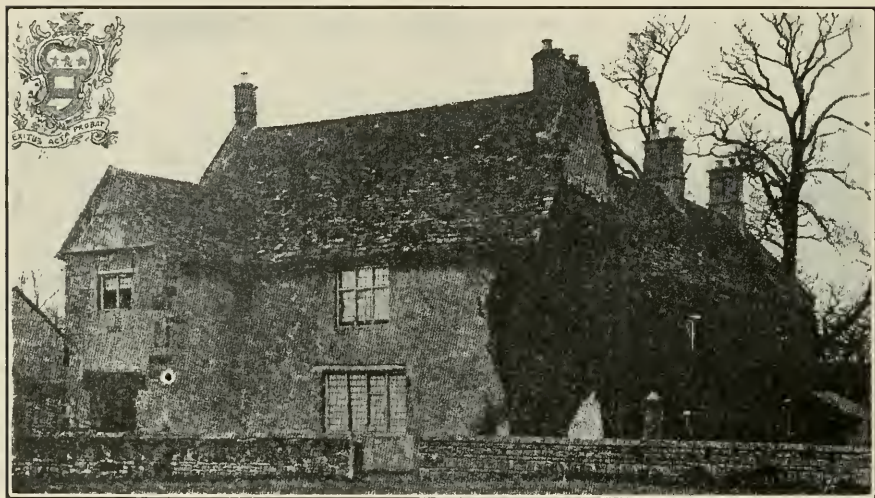
for even those who summer at Colonial Beach rarely take the trouble to traverse the few miles of woodland road which separate them from the old family estate of the Washingtons. One drawback for those who would like to row or sail down from the 'beach' is the absence of all docking facilities at Wakefield; the Potomac is rather rough for canoeists, and the river approach by boats other than those of light draught, is impossible. Even the highway makes a



FOR THE GUIDANCE OF OTHERS WHO MAY BE IN
QUEST OF 'THE BIRTHPLACE'

circuitous detour, avoiding the marshes along the shore, and the two small runlets, Pope's and Bridge's Creeks, which meander through the adjacent meadows.

A small portion of the once extensive 'Wakefield' estate is now a government reservation. This, of course, is the immediate site of the ancient homestead of the Washington family, a bit of slightly rising ground near the junction of the sluggish Pope's Creek with the great tidal river. The neighboring farms and plantations are unpretentious, and the only spot of interest along the way is the birthplace of President James Monroe.



THE ANGLO-AMERICAN SHRINE*

(Courtesy of "The Literary Digest")

The first of the illustrious line of the American Washingtons who settled beside the Potomac reared the sturdy walls of the now vanished 'Wakefield' mansion somewhere about 1660. We may well dispense with the elaborate geneological preamble which has adorned most of the great General's biographies. Colonel John Washington, the royalist immigrant, was an Englishman; and—exemplifying the best there was in the motherland,—made a good American.

* (Sulgrave Manor, Northamptonshire, the English home of the Washingtons, about to be refitted to serve in future as a meeting-place for a'l "who wish to bring Englishmen and Americans to understand each other as members of one family." On the main doorway of the Manor House are the Washington arms, from which the General evolved his book-plate.)

He was the great-grandfather of *our* Washington. Without a doubt he was a man of ample means and influence among his pioneer neighbors, most of whom were—like himself—large landed proprietors, aristocrats to the backbone, yet personally devout and providently frugal withal. In these early days, so it appears, this section of Westmoreland County was usually referred to merely as 'Bridge's Creek', and near that little rivulet, in the old family vault, the first of the 'American Washingtons' with many of his descendants lies buried.

Perhaps it would be well, before beginning the actual story of our national hero, to seek out this sequestered nook, and pay homage to the founder of the line, from whom sprang the nearest thing we have to an American 'nobility'.

Had I not made it a point to visit this place of sepulture I should have gone away dissatisfied. Yet my driver



PRIVATE BURIAL PLOT OF THE WASHINGTON FAMILY,
BRIDGE'S CREEK, WESTMORELAND CO., VA.

assured me that no other visitor to Wakefield had ever requested to be taken to the spot. In fact he himself was uncertain as to its precise location, and we were compelled to make inquiry among the negro farm hands working in the adjoining pasture.

Guided by a pair of picturesque little darkies, we found a tangled jungle of vegetation surrounding and well nigh

covering a small walled enclosure in the open fields. Vines and bushes grew thick, yellow tiger lilies blossomed in profusion, honey-suckle and laurel ran in gay abandon over the graves of the long departed. The rusty iron gate had surely remained undisturbed for many months.

Somewhat awestruck, my dusky companions looked on wonderingly as I stooped and carefully lifted the clinging tendrils from a moss-covered slab. Low and behold, my first 'discovery' was the grave of Washington's own father, the kindly Augustine, who died at Fredericksburg in 1743 and of whom we shall have more to say in the course of our narrative. Although the entire enclosure is now in a neglected state, I noted that this particular slab had been restored in 1908 by the Colonial Dames of Virginia.

The old accounts all refer to this plot as 'the Washington vault', and if it be such, I presume the recumbent slabs—of which there are many—cover underground crypts in which the dead of several successive generations were laid. It is truly an historic spot; one often visited and highly venerated by George Washington himself, and doubtless frequently resorted to when the Wake-



THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON'S FATHER

field mansion existed and housed his numerous kinsmen.

Reverting once more to our family chronology, we recall the fact that Lawrence Washington, the eldest son of the founder of the house, was born at Wakefield and is likewise here interred; his death occurred in 1698—in his thirty-seventh year. Augustine Washington (father of the general) was Lawrence's second son. Having been educated in England he returned to America in 1712 and, purchasing Wakefield from his brother, settled down three years later to enjoy the bliss of conjugality with Jane Butler, his newly acquired bride.

Undoubtedly they were very happy; in so far as their place of residence was concerned, little more, it would seem, could be desired. The mansion commanded a fine view of the Potomac from the south, the plantation (then an indispensable part of every establishment) was in a high state of cultivation, and as for near neighbors—well, in those days *distance* counted for naught; everybody possessed the means of transportation and a few hours more or less consumed in goings and comings mattered not to the easy going Virginians.

To-day the utter loneliness of abandoned 'Wakefield' is relieved by the presence of one commodious homestead in the immediate vicinity, occupied by a gentleman who owns the land encompassing the public reservation. Indeed, to gain access to the monument enclosure it is necessary to use his private road, which involves four or five stops for the letting down of pasture bars and the opening and closing of sundry ponderous gates.

The splendid obelisk marking the site of the vanished manor house, which was set up in 1896, has the distinction of having been "erected by the United States." Its foundations are said to be identical with the location of the substructure of the old house itself. Of this once fine mansion, beneath whose roof Washington was ushered into the world, not a trace now remains except perhaps a few scattered



AT THE BIRTHPLACE OF WASHINGTON

fragments of old English brick which may be found here and there if careful search is made.

Of the old Washington garden, I think we have one last living memento in the solitary fig-tree which stands near the base of the monumental column, although a sharp eye may discern other faint traces of ancient cultivation in the near neighborhood. On the slight elevation beside the creek there is a fine grove of evergreens, with a few odd-looking cactus plants interspersed at random, while down by the water may be found a choice collection of native flora and some few varieties of the more commonly cultivated plants—now grown wild these many years—the seeds of which, perhaps, were blown from the flower garden in the halcyon days of long ago. Beloved ‘Teddy’ Roosevelt, on one of his cruises down the Potomac in the *Mayflower*, visited this sacred spot, and—in a delightful letter to one of his absent

'kiddies'—writes interestingly of these traces of the past, forming just such conclusions as would you and I.

The Wakefield mansion had an eventful domestic history covering a span of considerably over a century. As one recalls its long period of occupancy and its apparent importance in the affairs of the community, it is quite evident that the old house must have been a far more pretentious establishment than the humble little cottage so often spuriously depicted as 'the birthplace of Washington'. For three generations it had been adequate to the increasing requirements of wealthy land-owners, who certainly were well able to provide a mansion in keeping with that of any of their neighbors, some of whose fine old residences remain in actual use to this day. 'Wakefield' was not destroyed by fire in 1735 as some have said. On the contrary, it is stated by a trustworthy authority to have been standing up to the close



MOUTH OF POPE'S CREEK, 'WAKEFIELD'

of the Revolution; so concerning its character we may rely upon the word of Washington himself—who had every reason to know whereof he spoke—that it was a ‘colonial mansion’.

Augustine Washington became a widower in 1728. Two years later, being but six and thirty, he wooed and wed the most captivating belle of Lancaster County—Mary Ball, ‘the Rose of Epping Forest’—whom he brought, in turn, to Bridge’s Creek, there to be a foster-mother to his two boys, Lawrence and Augustine, besides a daughter of tender years. To these duties and responsibilities came the new mistress of ‘Wakefield’. Evidently she was a woman combining many virtues and accomplishments, not the least of which was a true spirit of domesticity; for circumstances had well qualified her to fill the exalted place she was destined to occupy in American history — that of *the mother of Washington*.

George was his mother’s ‘first born’; only a mother can understand just how much this means—the fond dreams, the concentrated love, the anxious solicitude, the unending patience,—God bless the mothers!

It would seem inappropriate to dwell upon the infant Washington. Babies lack dignity: the Washington whom the world knows was the veritable embodiment of dignity. Yet it may be that even as a blue-eyed babe—with ruddy cheeks,—oft-kissed by a mother’s caress,—he displayed a measure of self-possession and quiet good humor. I rather imagine that the chubby ‘bundle of possibilities’, over whom the spirit of destiny hovered, was inclined to be undemonstrative even in babyhood, and I fancy I can picture the bustling mother, pausing now and then to gaze fondly into the roving eyes which followed her about the large, low-ceiled room, half wondering what strange, unformed little thoughts were his.

As we read the story of later years we conclude that the mother of Washington was a strict disciplinarian, unsenti-



THE OLD WASHINGTON DRIVEWAY, LEADING FROM THE
MAIN HIGHWAY TO 'WAKEFIELD'

mental and eminently practical, and infer that it was Augustine Washington, the father, who came closest to the hearts of his boys. In a measure this is true, for when George had reached the age of ten the family had considerably expanded, and the mother's affection—strong as ever, but tempered by increased maternal cares—must necessarily have manifested itself in a manner more practical than effusive. Yet at the outset Mary Washington could have differed little from every other young mother.

Since that oft-commemorated 22nd of February, 1732, when George Washington was born, one or more identifying tablets had been placed at 'Wakefield' prior to the erection of the present noble shaft. It is recorded that in June, 1815, G. W. P. Custis, the 'step-grandson' of the general, set in position a stone slab with a simple inscription. Accompanied by several distinguished gentlemen he sailed down the Po-

tomac, from Alexandria. Arrived near the hallowed spot, the tablet was borne ashore, enveloped by the stars and stripes. At that time there remained abundant traces of the old mansion; some of the bricks of the ancient chimney were gathered together and a rude pedestal constructed, upon which the inscribed stone was reverently placed. It is doubtful, however, whether any of the members of this party ever re-visited the deserted estate.

Since then a hundred and more years have come and gone, and while the fame of Washington has spread, while his birthday is now regarded as one of the great and signal days of the year, the obscure corner of Virginia which was the place of his nativity has remained comparatively unknown, and the splendid obelisk now adorning the spot looks down upon a scene of pastoral serenity seldom disturbed, even by such visitors as reverence his name and revere his memory.

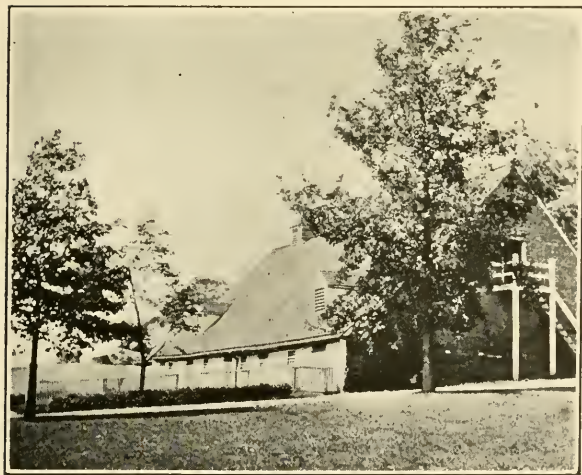
As we left the precincts of old 'Wakefield' and retraced our way back to the main road, we had occasion to comment upon the rough driveway leading back from the river. This is, in all probability, identical with the private carriage road of the Washingtons, and most likely follows its original windings. As such it possesses a unique interest, for the youthful George used it frequently as he rode over from Fredericksburg to visit his half-brother in those years when his father had left this part of the state. It is more than likely, too, that horse and rider avoided the 'rough spots' and carefully picked their way just as we did in our little 'Ford.'

Until quite recently historians were unaware that Washington, as a very young child, spent five years of his life at that other beautiful estate on the Potomac which we know to-day as Mount Vernon. It was a positively established fact that Augustine Washington in 1734 removed from 'Wakefield' owing to continued sickness in his family, but it was formerly supposed that he immediately located on the banks of the Rappahannock opposite Fredericksburg. A few

years ago—by the merest chance—the old vestry record of Truro Parish was discovered, and—among its varied entries of sectarian and locally historic ‘doings’ — the name of Augustine Washington appeared, with an appended memorandum of his election as vestryman. To be an office-holder in the church adjacent to the ‘Mount Vernon’ lands certainly implied a residence in this locality,—hence the conclusions of modern biographers.

Since 1670 this extensive grant, comprising upward of five thousand acres, had been in the Washington family, and in 1726 Augustine Washington had acquired title to half of it for a sum equivalent to nine hundred dollars. This por-

tion of Fairfax County was then known by the old Indian name of Epsewasson, and the present ‘Mount Vernon’ property was originally the ‘Hunting Creek’ estate of Augustine Washington, lying up the river some fifty-odd miles from Bridge’s Creek.



—OLD BARN AT MOUNT VERNON,—RELIC OF WASHINGTON’S BOYHOOD DAYS

The now clearly established fact that he himself was a resident there explains the presence of several very old buildings at Mount Vernon, and the ruined grist mill on Dogue Run, which here enters the Potomac.

It is generally believed, furthermore, that Augustine Washington himself built the first residential manor at Epsewasson, probably on the site of the present structure. For five busy years he lived, labored and loved amid these beau-

tiful natural surroundings. Indeed he must have toiled with extraordinary diligence to transform the primeval wilderness into productive fields, and to create thereon a 'brand new' plantation in its entirety. Although he knew it not, he was but beginning the work of sixty years, and his dream-castle, carried to completion by his sons Lawrence and George in later years, was destined to become one of the 'show places' of the land.

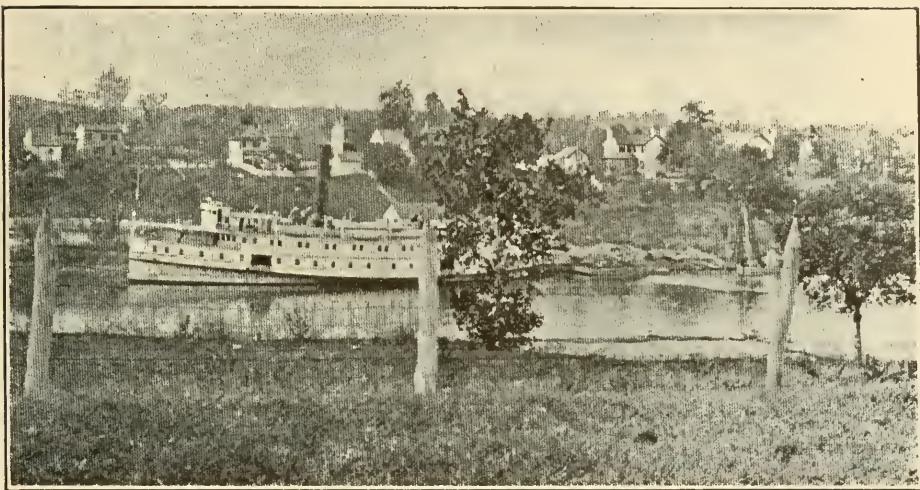
To-day we still find a monument to his work in the old barn behind the Mount Vernon mansion. With its long, steep roofs, it is in as fine a state of preservation as one could wish, and I presume it now appears very much as it did when little George, as a toddling youngster of three or four, cunningly evaded the watchfulness of his negro 'mammy' and stole surreptitiously out to the stables to make the acquaintance of the horses and to study their points of excellence. Through life Washington was an ardent admirer of good horses, and undoubtedly it was a taste early acquired or—more than likely—'bred in the bone'. And the ancestral barn, as we see it to-day, is the first tangible link in the chain of existing landmarks whereby we may visualize the life and activities of our illustrious subject.

The family of Augustine Washington had, during these years of 'pioneering', increased with astonishing regularity. Besides his two half-brothers, George had now three real brothers of his own—with a little sister thrown into the bargain: quite a good-sized army when they chose to 'play soldier', with a 'red cross nurse' ever ready to minister to the wounded when the combat waxed earnest and deadly.

Life for the children at Epsewasson must indeed have been a continual round of delight, save perhaps for the session of evening prayer and devotion which undoubtedly formed an indispensable part of the day's routine—an ordeal which the 'juniors' would have been perfectly willing to omit.

All too soon however, came a time when another move

was made necessary. In 1739 fire completely destroyed the beautiful Epsewasson homestead. Captain Washington, evidently discouraged, decided not to re-build immediately, but to transport his family—bag and baggage—to his Pine Grove farm on the Rappahannock opposite Fredericksburg, in what is now Stafford County. The little house, portrayed as our chapter heading—copied from an old wood-cut which



SPOT WHERE STOOD GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD HOME,

Beside the Rappahannock opposite Fredericksburg, Va., known as "the Ferry" or "Pine Grove"

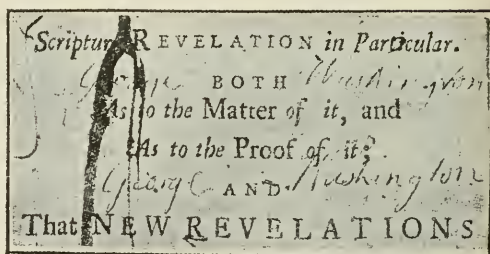
is the authorized representation—illustrates the humble character of their new quarters. For the life of me I cannot imagine how nine or ten persons could exist comfortably within such narrow compass; assuredly it must have been 'a little house well filled'. Looking at it from our standpoint we might say that it was a 'come down' for the aristocratic Washingtons; some writers have, in fact, given us the impression that they were, at this time, actually 'property poor'. Be that as it may, some of the children were shortly sent off to school; this scattering process possibly serving to relieve the congestion and solve the 'housing problem'. Little George was now in his seventh year.

The first break in the family circle, outside the death of an infant sister, had come a year or so before, when Lawrence (George's half brother) had been sent away to England to study at the Appleby Grammar School, where his father had received his early education. Augustine Washington, regarding Lawrence as the future head of the family, was evidently determined that he should be well equipped for life's battles. As for George, he trotted away each morning to a little school-house near his home, over which presided the worthy Mr. Hobby, sometime gravedigger of the parish, and one of the tenants of the Washington farm. In these early years the Washington children must have received a considerable amount of home training.

The father appears to have taken great pains with their instruction. From the half-fabulous years of the cherry-tree and the little garden patch with 'G-E-O-R-G-E W-A-S-H-I-N-G-T-O-N' spelled in flowers—all of which wound up with some appropriate sermonette—we

gather that Augustine Washington desired, more than all else, that his boys should be 'plain good' rather than exceptionally clever. He was himself a man of culture, with a library well stocked for those days, and was fully qualified to act as tutor to his little flock. That young George occasionally browsed around among the books is evidenced by an old volume of sermons, still extant—supposedly from his father's library,—upon the title page of which we may see his name scrawled twice.

At this time he could scarcely have been more than nine or ten years of age—a period in a boy's career when the blank pages of a psalter afford wonderful opportunities for scribbling and sketching during the dreaded sermon-hour on



Earliest known writing of the little boy George Washington
(Courtesy of W. W. Ellsworth)

the Lord's day. I picture Washington in these care-free years as merely an ordinary, healthy little chap, in no wise different from the other boys with whom he romped and played over the meadows beside the Rappahannock, except perhaps that he was rather quiet than quarrelsome, more of an executive in miniature than an agitator. I do not think he was full of mischievous energy—although he may have been seduced at times to join in such ignoble diversions as placing tacks on the teacher's chair when the hours dragged wearily. I fancy he was of the creative type; the kind of boy who looks abstractedly out of the window and plans the building of a boat or the construction of a dug-out cave.

There comes, however, a time in the life of almost every boy when some 'big brother' crosses his path, and the influence exerted by the latter, either for good or evil, is incalculable. That period is usually in the early 'teens. The thrill of the 'gang spirit' has somewhat subsided: the boy, beginning to experience the indefinable longings of manhood, seems to seek involuntarily for maturer companionship and leadership, for the example of precedent to guide him. "What have other fellows done"? he asks. It is the age of hero-worship, — of an almost passionate fondness for a trusted and ideal 'pal',—that intense interval of yearning for an intimate friendship which comes just before the picturesque and inevitable epoch of sentiment and romance. It is that 'period of storm and stress' when, as has been truly said, "a fellow needs a friend."

It was upon the 'second return' to Virginia of his half-brother Lawrence that George Washington passed from the playful days of *childhood* to the more interesting stage of *boyhood*, when he sought and happily found a congenial companion who had already been broadened by some of the real experiences of life, yet was not too selfish to appreciate the confidences and friendship of a boy.

There was a difference of some fourteen years in their ages at this time, yet between the earnest little youngster of

ten and the handsome young officer of four and twenty there arose a friendship, stronger than any blood ties of brotherhood, and destined to be of undying influence.

Lawrence had come back from school in 1738; well educated, accomplished and ambitious. Even then his little brother, although too young to be truly appreciative, must have regarded him as a paragon of virtue and nobility. In the following year Lawrence had donned the uniform of a captain in a newly recruited regiment of Virginia volunteers, and had once more sailed away; this time to the Spanish Main, where England was mobilizing forces by land and sea to strike at France and Spain in reprisal for depredations on British commerce in West Indian waters. During an absence of two years and more he saw much of active service, participating in the ill-fated attempt of Admiral Vernon and General Wentworth against the Spanish stronghold of Carthagena, in what is now the Columbian Republic, South America. In this unsuccessful assault and the consequent maneuvers in and around the pestilential lowlands of this 'far country', more than half the Virginia contingent of the King's forces had succumbed. Lawrence himself suffered so much from exposure that his constitution was permanently undermined. Although, when he returned to Virginia in the autumn of 1742 he was in apparent health, the seeds of disease were already deeply rooted in his system.



LAWRENCE WASHINGTON

It may well be imagined that the pomp and acclaim awarded to the returning veterans made a profound impression upon little George; small wonder that he pounced upon their captain with a proud sense of possession. Lawrence, it is quite evident, completely won the heart of his small brother this time; admiration soon ripened into love, and pardonable pride soon lost itself in profoundest personal at-

tachment when the boy realized that his advances were reciprocated.

Every man who is familiar with boys and their ways knows that to their chosen companions, rather than to father or mother will they confide their perplexities and aspirations. This being admitted, we must accord to Lawrence Washington, the friend and adviser, a measure of credit equal to that given the parents for the inculcation of those fine principles and the fostering of those worthy ambitions in the heart of the boy, which bore fruit in Washington's subsequent career, so uniformly just and honorable.

To the stranger visiting Fredericksburg to-day it is a source of satisfaction to find the boyhood 'stamping-ground' of Washington practically unaltered by the 'improving' tendency of the age. The northern bank of the Rappahannock, where once stood 'Pine Grove', still remains a region of farmland. While the city across the river has been slowly growing during the last century and a half, it seems that there has been no thought of expansion in this direction. 'Pine Grove', like 'Wakefield' in Westmoreland, has vanished: indeed, so long ago as the time of Washington Irving, the historian, we note that "no traces save a few remains of masonry, broken earthenware and china served to indicate where the house had formerly stood." But the muddy river and the rolling meadows remain unchanged, affording a charming vista of pastoral scenery many miles in extent. Standing upon either of the bridges spanning the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg you may obtain a very comprehensive idea of the locality which is even yet spoken of as 'the Washington farm'. If you look for mementos of the youthful Washington in the town itself you will be disappointed, although there is abundant material bearing upon his later life which we shall discuss in due time. Fredericksburg and Alexandria were, in the days of Washington's boyhood, the two most important communities in northern Virginia; the former was the only 'large city' with which he was

familiar prior to his participation in the colonial wars and the consequent journeyings to Williamsburg, so Fredericksburg still prides itself on being 'Washington's home-town'.

The year following the home-coming of the beloved Lawrence was saddened by the death of Washington's father. Augustine Washington, — big sturdy frontier-planter that he was—died on the 12th of April, 1743, at the comparatively youthful age of forty-nine, the victim of exposure occasioned while attending to his manifold duties. Thus was George, at the age of eleven, thrown yet more under the influence of his mother and Lawrence, who now—in reality—might be looked-up-to as the head of the main branch of the Washington family.



The Mary Washington Hospital, Fredericksburg, Va.

Mary Washington was an intensely practical woman, and it seems evident that with the added responsibilities of widowhood she took up the reins of family government with redoubled earnestness. Probably realizing that 'too much leeway' often works havoc with growing children, she became more exacting in her intercourse with them. From this time forward her will was law and her servants and business agents evidently regarded her with a wholesome respect. This feeling must have been shared by her children, for every one of the letters addressed to her by her most distinguished son—not only in youth but in later life—bore this significant salutation—"Honored Madam"—as though they were intended for one with whom undue familiarity would be amiss.

The paternal estate was very fairly apportioned among the Washington children. Lawrence received Epsewasson,

upon which the father, shortly before his death, had begun the erection of a new manor house. Immediately upon taking possession he named it Mount Vernon in honor of his former commander, and hither, as we shall presently narrate, soon brought a blushing bride. To Lawrence's brother, John Augustine, reverted 'Wakefield' in Westmoreland—the oldest of all the homesteads—where George had been born. As for George himself, the 'Pine Grove' house in which his father had died and the broad acres surrounding it were to be his portion in due time; while the widow had been bequeathed an ample competency with the guardianship of the legacies of all the minor children.

About this time, so history says, young Washington was sent to an academy near Bridge's Creek to complete his education. In these

days, it must be confessed, the idea of an 'academy' in this remote region seems inconceivable. Probably it was a privately conducted school for advanced pupils, attended by sons of the wealthy planters from a radius of many miles. The presumption is that Washington, during this period, lodged with his brother John Au-



Another bit of the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg,

gustine under the old ancestral roof of 'Wakefield'. Little is known concerning the extent of his academic training, save that he familiarized himself with geography and surveying, and became an adept at figures. Mathematics was to

his liking, and in this particular branch of study, at least, he excelled. The boy was now rapidly developing into the man, and during this period of his life—when school work was varied by frequent visits to the home of his mother and to that of Lawrence at Mount Vernon—must be assigned those episodes of youthful prowess regarding which so much has been written.

All accounts attest to the fact that young Washington was well equipped by nature to cope with the emergencies of farm and frontier. For a boy he was a fair all-round athlete, a skillful horseman,—as might be expected—and a ‘good shot’. As I recently heard a Virginian express it, he was a ‘squirrel shooter’, meaning I suppose that he could unerringly bring down small game.

The youthful Washington affords an interesting character study. While in no sense an angel of perfection, his physical, mental and moral make-up seems to have been well blended and evenly proportioned. Nothing now extant gives such a comprehensive clue to his code of ethics as the long list headed “Rules of Conduct”, which he neatly copied and evidently digested thoroughly during his latter years at school. These precepts contain the essence of common sense and good breeding, and if followed by any boy to-day would surely be the means of transforming even the most unpromising ‘galoot’ into a polished gentleman. Some of the admonitions are rather amusing, as — “In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature rather than to procure admiration.” Others are highly moral, for instance — “Let your recreations be manful—not sinful”. Still more contain trite advice such as—“Whisper not in the company of others”, — “Sleep not when others speak”, — “Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another”.

The reader may refer to a complete list of these proverbs and injunctions in the “Schroeder-Lossing Life of Washington”. By comparing this set of rules with subsequent events in the actual life of the General, an interesting

parallel is exhibited. You will find these maxims exemplified to the letter in all his dealings with friend or foe, amid the relaxations of his own fireside companions or the acute tensions of campaigning. Place the precept and the deed side by side, and appreciate the proof of life-lessons well learned.

There are no authentic pictures of the youthful Washington. Any artist could, without difficulty, prepare an attractive illustration for a work of this character by portraying a lithe and agile figure, garbed in the costume of the period, standing beside or mounted upon a spirited horse. To do so he would be compelled either to select a life model or have recourse to his own fertile imagination. May I not then take advantage of a similar privilege, and present a character-study from life, making no attempt at *'camouflage'*?

My photograph depicts a real live American boy of to-day, whose face and personality closely duplicate those of the young Virginian, in so far as I am able to imagine and analyze, after painstaking study and careful comparison. I think you will agree with me that there is a striking resemblance between the placid features of 'Scout E. J. F.' and the earliest known portrait of Washington reproduced in the chapter immediately following. Among the great number



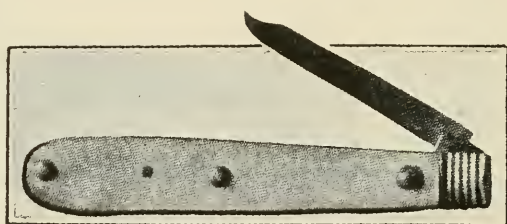
'GEORGE WASHINGTON' UP-TO-DATE

of young men whose intimate friendships I cherish, I find no other who appears to me to be so nearly a Washingtonian antitype. Young Washington was handsome of face and figure; rather reserved, highly sensitive, carefully 'brought up' amid aristocratic surroundings, and scrupulously neat in person and attire. He adhered to an almost inviolable code of ethics all his own, was fair in his judgments, true to his friendships, and had 'grit'. Thus I appraise him. If the subject of my illustration falls short of any of the worthy traits of Washington it may be that he lacks initiative. Other-

wise, he comes pretty nearly 'up to the standard'. The original of my snap-shot,—which is, by the way, inserted without permission—will no doubt experience conflicting emotions of wrath and astonishment at my audacity in making him an example. In self-

defense I can only say that, if he is willing to pay the price of success, (which is *hard work* coupled with *everlasting optimism*) he will, without a doubt, 'make good' and amply justify the high regard which prompts this startling comparison.

Washington's pre-arranged education was completed during his sixteenth year. It is a fact that the modern boy of twelve has a wider fund of 'book knowledge' than did he; but Washington, with eyes open to the wonderful work-



THE STORY OF THE KNIFE.

This little pocket knife, which the General carried on his person for many years, is now carefully preserved in the Masonic Lodge Room at Alexandria. It is said to have been presented to young Washington by his mother as a token of her appreciation for his willingness to forego the experiences of a sailor in deference to her wishes. "Always obey" said she, as she bestowed the gift.

Years later, when Washington, during the Valley Forge winter, was on the point of resigning his commission and allowing the vacillating members of Congress to continue in their ruinous course of neglect and suffer the consequences, he was reminded by General Knox, who knew the story of the knife, of the supreme duty of *obedience*. Sworn as he was to 'obey' the orders of Congress, the words of Knox caused him to reconsider his determination. He decided to 'stick to his job' and fight it out as best he could with the help of God and of his faithful soldiers.

ings of nature, and a familiarity with the details of the life of a frontier planter, had acquired a solid and excellent foundation, upon which—during later years—he built a superstructure in keeping with the ever-increasing requirements of his military and political career. He seems to have continued in steady adherence to a program of mental expansion throughout his life, although I question whether he ever possessed the versatility and heavy mental calibre of Jefferson or Franklin. Gradually, as we shall see, he developed into a keen, hard-headed business man, a careful and resolute soldier, and an astute and far-seeing politician.

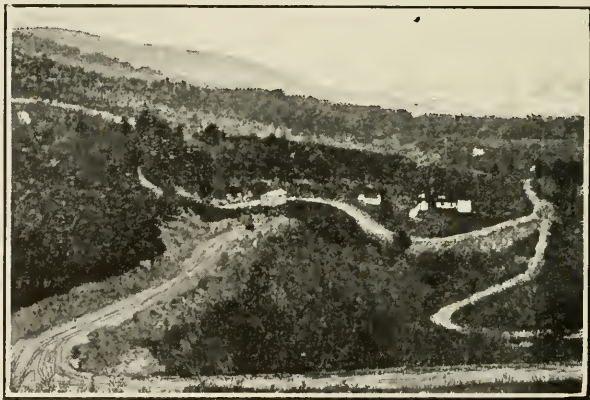
In all probability the youthful aspirations of Washington were somewhat at variance with the plans of his ultra-conservative mother. We know that about the time of his quitting the academy he cherished a burning desire to go to sea. Stafford County was a region of plantations, and the Potomac farms yielded rich crops of tobacco, much in demand abroad. Then as now the Rappahannock was navigable, and to the old city wharf at Fredericksburg came occasional small ships from over the ocean to discharge an endless variety of foreign merchandise and to re-load with the raw material of the colony. Small wonder then that the lure of the open sea took strong hold on the boy and he enthused over the superiority of a 'life on the rolling deep' rather than the peaceful pursuits of husbandry.

The prospect of joining the King's navy looked mightily attractive to the country lad; indeed preparations were actually made for his speedy departure. At the last moment, however, Mrs. Washington interposed most decidedly, and the boy reluctantly agreed to give up the idea, although well-nigh broken hearted at the collapse of his fondly laid plans. But ere long other duties and opportunities came his way, serving to divert his thoughts into more practical channels. The immensities of the rugged wilderness lay just ahead although he knew it not, and quiet Fredericksburg, which had been the scene of his unfolding years, was soon to

be for him but a place of infrequent visitation—for old associations' sake and for his mothers'. In the autumn of 1747 he departed for Mount Vernon, where, for the next few years he continued to reside as a member of the household of his brother Lawrence.

When the latter had married in 1743, the year in which his father passed away, he forthwith established a tie of closest relationship with another family very famous in the annals of the history of colonial Virginia,—the high-born 'Fairfaxes'. The aristocratic and powerful connections thus formed were destined to be the medium whereby the future father of the republic was to win his first public recognition and become fairly started on his way to fame and fortune.

A singular old gentleman was 'the Right Honorable Thomas, Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron', whose immense land holdings in the 'northern neck' of Virginia and the Shenandoah Valley were equivalent to a



One of the Main Roads over the Blue Ridge Mountains, looking east; traversing a region well known to Washington in his surveying days

goodly sized old-world kingdom. This cultured English nobleman was a bachelor—crossed in love, they say—who came to America for the first time in 1739, to look over his inherited possessions on this side of the Atlantic. Deeply impressed with the attractiveness of his extensive estate, he determined to wind up his affairs in England, and in 1746, after saying 'good-bye' to the social whirl of London, he settled down permanently in Virginia with the avowed intention of spending the remainder of his life (destined to be

a long one, for he survived until 1781) on the very frontier of civilization. We shall distinguish him as 'American Fairfax number one', although in reality he was the sixth lord in his noble line of descent.

'Number two' in the Fairfax 'blue book' was Colonel William, a first cousin of the preceding, who had been sent to America by his lordship as early as 1734 to fill the lucrative yet responsible position of general overseer or agent, having entire charge of the extensive domain. Col. William Fairfax was, like his patron and relative, a refined gentleman—a man of reputation and sterling worth. On arriving in Virginia he had taken up his residence in Westmoreland County where, it is probable, he first became acquainted with the Washingtons. Like them he soon moved up the Potomac, and built for himself the mansion of 'Belvoir' just across the Dogue Creek from the Epsewasson or Mount Vernon estate of Augustine Washington. A friendship of the most cordial nature existed between the two families; almost side by side their spacious manors overlooked the river, while their expanding plantations rivaled each other in efficient management and productiveness. Quite natural then that Lawrence Washington, home from the wars and seeking a congenial life-partner, should fall in love with Anne Fairfax. As we have noted, they were, in due course, united in the bonds of matrimony, and Lawrence, establishing himself at the re-built Mount Vernon manse, had his good-natured father-in-law for a next-door-neighbor.

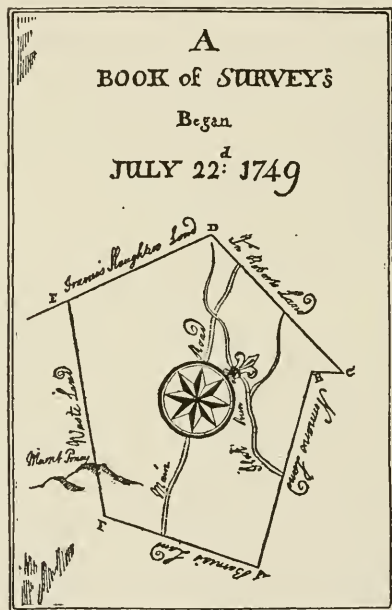
The third Fairfax to figure in our chronicle is young George William, the colonel's son, who has found a place in history as a close friend of George Washington and the companion of his wilderness journeys. Their intimacy began, we may suppose, with the coming of the latter from Fredericksburg to Mount Vernon. Lawrence Washington was now busy with domestic affairs, and the fifteen-year-old graduate found a second companion with similar tastes and ambitions in the scion of the house of Belvoir, who must have been

some five years his senior. I conjecture that the latch strings of both mansions were open to either of the youthful planters, and very likely they were usually to be found in each other's company—'next door'.

It is to be regretted that Belvoir no longer remains. For forty years it was noted for its princely hospitality. Colonel Fairfax soon made himself a valued factor in the life of the neighborhood, and having become a Virginian by adoption, took a keen interest in the religious life of the parish and the political development of the community. Before many years we find him occupying the position of president of the Colonial Council; — ample evidence of his standing.

To Belvoir, moreover, came Lord Thomas Fairfax himself upon his definite settlement in Virginia, adding still further to the lustre of the Potomac mansion. Here he resided for two or three years until the completion of his own 'quarters' away off in the undeveloped wilderness, to which country-seat we shall later refer as 'Greenway Court'.

The boy Lincoln used to say "I will study and get ready and, maybe, some day, my chance will come." This is just about what transpired in the case of George Washington. The subject which had most interested him at Mr. Williams' academy was that of land surveying: truly an important matter in those pioneer days. Already he had made many



Title page to one of Washington's
books of Surveys

private surveys around about Fredericksburg, a record of which he carefully preserved in a series of well arranged 'field books'. His youthful diagrams, some of which are still extant, exhibit a great amount of painstaking care, proving that he *enjoyed* the work and prided himself upon its thoroughness. After becoming a member of the Mount Vernon family he continued to perfect himself in his favorite vocational work, and while we cannot determine whether he had fully decided upon surveying as his life's occupation, we do know that he entered into it heart and soul. The business of surveying in those days was no sinecure, but it was rather a lucrative calling, and indeed one for which Washington was exceptionally fitted by his mental and physical qualifications.

The all-important matter of 'getting a start' is usually a period of bitter disillusion for the young man entering the business or professional world, but in the case of George Washington, fortune was apparently in his favor. A splendid opportunity came his way, and he—being prepared—seized it and 'made good'.

Lord Fairfax, finding himself duly settled at last in his practically undefined domain, determined to ascertain the precise extent and character thereof. So he fixed upon the alert boy of sixteen, whose application and proficiency he had already noted, as one well qualified to accompany his young kinsman, George William Fairfax, on an expedition of investigation into the backwoods of the Shenandoah Valley. This "Journey over the Mountains," as Washington has called it, was his first great adventure, and it marks the beginning of his career. It enabled him to prove his worth, for not only did he demonstrate that he was a capable surveyor, but that he could act upon his own initiative if need be, and use good judgment.

The trip covered a month of unprecedented activity. From March 11th until the 13th of April, 1748, the 'two Georges'—accompanied by but a few assistants—were con-

tinually 'on the go'; some days covering as many as forty miles across country, on other occasions clambering about in the rain and wind, through bog and over precipice, in the prosecution of their work of mapping out the wilderness.

Washington's own interesting account furnishes a fairly complete narrative of his experiences. His wording is quaint, once-in-a-while the spelling is original—but his brief descriptions are fully expressive, as—for example, his recital of the woes and annoyances incident to the third night spent by the party amid the mountains. They had alighted at the cabin of a squatter, and, in anticipation of a good night's rest, George had carefully disrobed and clambered into bed. Then, to his disgust, he found it to be nothing but a meagre pallet of straw, covered with a thread-bare blanket thickly infested with vermin. This was too much for the fastidious youth fresh from the eider-down of Mount Vernon, who arose in haste, donned his raiment, and selected the softest corner of the floor. He was destined, however, to become very well seasoned before the conclusion of the journey.

The territory covered by these first surveys was that region where to-day the twisted contours of Virginia, West Virginia and Maryland seem to dove-tail. The workers appear to have gone as far north as Frederick, Maryland, and we know that they progressed for many miles down the 'South Fork' of the Shenandoah, through the wonderful country of the Blue Ridge. Altogether it was a rough trip. We find the trail-blazers camping out amid the solitudes of the wooded uplands, swimming their horses over swollen rivers, and seeking shelter from torrential rains beneath the dripping giants of the forest,—while Washington himself narrowly escaped cremation on one occasion when a sudden gust of wind, blowing embers from a smoldering fire, set his bedding ablaze.

Washington's comments as recorded in the 'journal' well reveal the mixed characteristics of the boy and the man, each uppermost in turn. We find him mischievous enough

to experience delight in the fantastic dances of a wandering band of redskins, whose quondam gravity had given place to a series of ludicrous antics as the result of generous potations of the Fairfax 'fire-water'. Again, we read his sage comments regarding the benighted condition of the ignorant backwoodsmen and their families (the progenitors of the 'poor white trash' of to-day) whom he regards as far inferior to the Indians.

The Valley of the Shenandoah is a region made memorable not merely by the youthful exploits of Washington, but by the Civil War movements of Sheridan, Lew Wal-



The Railway Bridge over Opequon Creek, near Winchester, Va., another neighborhood familiar to the youthful Washington

lace and Jubal Early. In our day two nearly parallel railways traverse this delightful 'valley of Virginia'; the Norfolk and Western following quite closely the windings of the 'South Fork'. Mile after mile, from Winchester to Roanoke, there stretches on either hand a seemingly endless succession of wild and rugged cone-like peaks; one town along the line being aptly named 'Vesuvius'. At no point is the plain of such width that both ridges of the hilly barriers may not be seen on either hand, although at times they are separated by a greater distance than one might imagine. In the fastnesses of these mountains there still lurk a few brown bears, and considerable 'moonshine' whiskey continues to flourish despite the vigilance of deputy sheriffs and prohibitionists. Neither the laws of God nor man mean much to the Virginia mountaineers; their haunts are as much out of reach and their byways as little known now as were these same untrodden hills in the days of Lord Fairfax.



A PICTURESQUE BEND IN THE SHENANDOAH

But the intervening valleys are populous and well cultivated, beautiful in the extreme, fertile and abundantly watered, with a few manufacturing establishments now taking root here and there. Certain favored spots in the hills, by reason of mineral springs or other health-giving assets, have grown into high-class vacation resorts and year-round sanatoriums, adding to the general prosperity and attractiveness of the region; and — were Lord Fairfax to come back to claim his own, he would probably have every reason to be satisfied.

That there are treasures *beneath* the hills of Fairfaxland, as yet but fragmentarily explored, every traveler who has visited this locality will attest. I refer to the wonderful subterranean caverns which at Luray and 'Grottoes' have been opened to the public. In this respect we have the advantage of Washington, for of their existence he was absolutely unaware.

I did not visit the caves at 'Grottoes', although I noticed a line up of saddled horses tethered beside the depot in read-

iness to transport parties of tourists to the foot of the distant hills. At Luray where I left the train, the hotel omnibus waits to convey visitors to a good old Virginia dinner, after which, be it day or night, they may journey out to the caverns and 'go below' into an Alladin's wonderland of crystal — a fairy world of glittering stalactite.

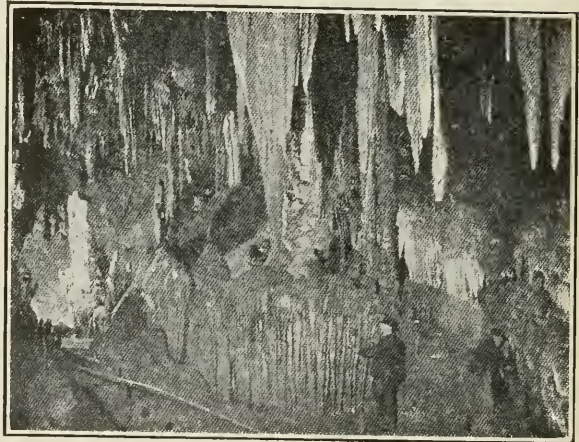
A series of limestone caves of vast extent underlies the outskirts of the town. Fully three miles of underground galleries and passages, lavishly decorated by the solidified drip-pings of ages—which have taken to themselves the forms of columns and images, festoons and draperies—delight the eye of the astonished beholder. These spacious halls of silence are filled with strange likenesses in stone;—fashioned by the hand of Nature—some of them in forms almost human and recognizable, others in semblance unlike anything ever seen "upon the earth, in the sky above, or in the waters under the earth". It is quite evident that at one time a great deluge of water did indeed surge through these awesome chambers of night. When first discovered, in 1878, the explorers found it necessary to use a boat in order to penetrate into the farther recesses of the caverns; now they are dry for the most part, except of course an imperceptible filtration from above, and a few deep springs, where water clear as crystal bubbles up from some unknown source in the bowels of the earth. These transparent wells of great depth possess a peculiar fascination. Most of the natural calcite formations remain perfect as when first discovered, others are slowly building year by year, while two or three fallen monoliths remind us of the prehistoric subterranean flood which undermined them.

Unlike the artificial catacombs of Rome, the air in these vaulted chambers is not frigidly cold, although some sections lie three hundred feet and more beneath the surface of the earth; and a 'personally conducted tour' through the electrically lighted labyrinth is a pleasing and bewildering experience. The agreeable old gentleman who usually pilots

the visitors knows every foot of the way, yet he takes the precaution of carrying a lighted lantern, lest, by any mischance, a fuse should 'blow out' or something go wrong with the illuminating system. He is a devout moralist, and at every possible opportunity works into his explanatory lecture a little sermon for the spiritual up-building of his hearers. He is so courteous and evidently sincere, however, that we pardon the cant and respect him for his good intentions.

The Luray Caverns are indeed superbly wonderful, like an antechamber to the unfathomable abyss of Pluto's realm. The percolating water, with its peculiar mineral admixture,

working through the thickness of the solid rock above, is slowly—very slowly—still continuing to build the great 'stone icicles', atom by atom. The distant lights shining through their lace-like tracery reveal every color-shade of coral, yellow and brown; the formations resembling variegated onyx or amber-agate, in composition being brittle and metallic.



IN THE CAVERNS OF LURAY

There is but one 'human touch' in all this beautiful underworld of stone. Away down in a deep pit, half imbedded in a growing stalagmite, are to be seen the remains of a skeleton, the bones of a boy—so scientists have said—about fourteen years old! Calculating the number of years requisite to form this stony shroud, it is estimated that fully five centuries must have elapsed since their entombment.

How came they here? Surely a mystery with but one logical solution. It is conjectured that some aboriginal lad while roaming through the forest above,—possibly hunting—ventured incautiously into a treacherous hole in pursuit of his quarry, and, stumbling around in the darkness, was precipitated into these cavernous depths; an underground whirlpool, maybe, depositing his body in the recess where the bones were found centuries later and remain to this day. The very thought of such a grewsome tragedy sends a shiver down the spine of the most hardened visitor.

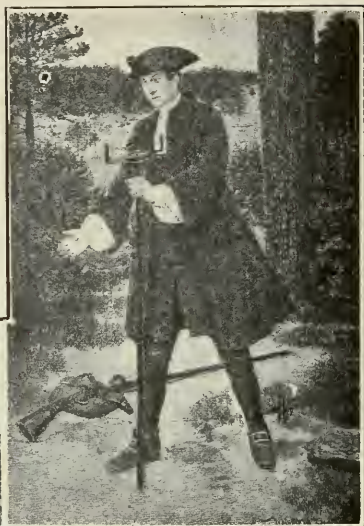
All things considered, the Luray Caverns in themselves justify a pilgrimage to the valley of the Shenandoah. To the habitual tourist who has become surfeited with the 'wonders of the world' they offer a delightful novelty; and the student of historic lore—who wishes for the moment to turn aside from an analysis of men and their finite accomplishments—will find therein an opportunity for thoughtful and reverent contemplation upon the handiwork of 'The Great Incomprehensible'.

But to 'get back to earth'. Washington, having ably accomplished his initial enterprise, and having done his work in a manner highly satisfactory to his employer, was soon called upon to execute similar surveys for other wealthy land-owners. Thus he was engaged for the next two years and a half.

In the summer of 1749 he obtained the appointment of public surveyor for Orange County, a position carrying with it an annuity of about one hundred pounds sterling, — quite a considerable income for a young man in those days when ready money was a scarce article in the colonies. Washington seems always to have been of a thrifty disposition and prudent in his expenditures; one who knew how to make his earnings count. Land was then more plentiful than cash, and there were many choice bargains in real estate to be had. Of the desirability of these investments young Washington, by reason of his surveying operations, soon be-

came an excellent judge. Having unequalled opportunities for seeing the country, he was not slow in making shrewd purchases from time to time as his finances permitted. Thus he acquired several choice tracts of land for himself and also for his brother Lawrence, thereby laying the foundations of his independent fortune.

His subsequent field work led him still farther into the Blue Ridge and Allegheny mountains. In these boundless solitudes of his



The 'young surveyor'
at work, and
The 'Skyland' of the
Blue Ridge Mountains

native country he passed a long novitiate of hardship and exposure, yet came close to Nature in her grandest aspects, one day picking his way through dripping forests, the next reclining at eventide on some lonely slope watching the autumnal sun sink to rest behind the darkly silhouetted mountain-peaks. It would seem that these experiences, creative of moral courage and physical endurance, were the essentials necessary to the making of a man who was the pre-destined leader of men.

Lord Fairfax continued to be his 'patron saint'. When that worthy baronet himself launched out into the wilderness and builded his rustic domicile of 'Greenway Court' on the very frontier but a few miles from Winchester, it was natural enough that Washington, ever welcome at the table

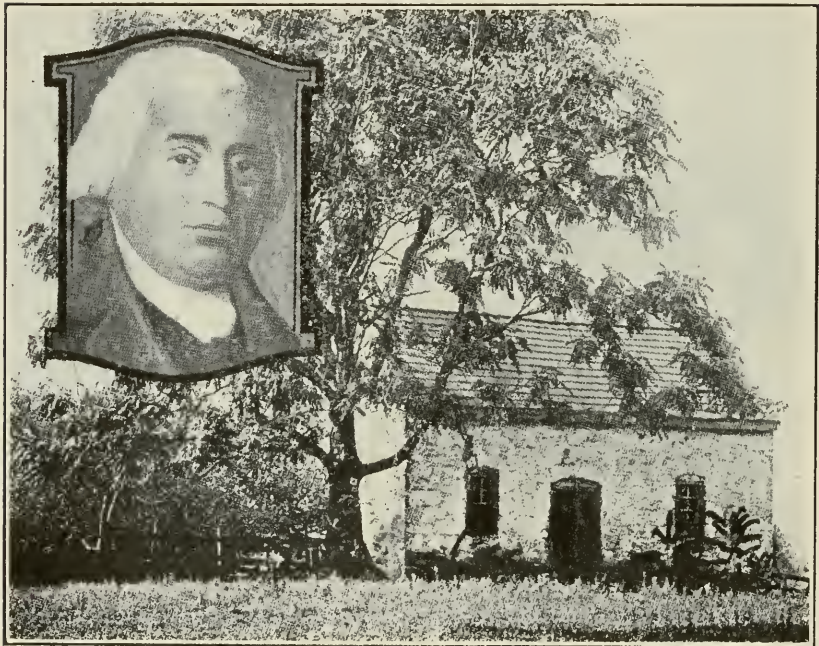
of his lordship, should frequently avail himself of the proffered hospitality.

Some among the more mature cronies of Lord Fairfax may have questioned his wisdom in placing such implicit confidence in a mere boy. Indeed the work which his honor delegated to his young friend from time to time was 'a man's job' saddled upon a stripling. It may be that Fairfax himself was, at the outset, somewhat dubious as to the outcome, but I fancy that he soon gauged the calibre of Washington with a nice degree of accuracy. I believe he realized what many men, unfortunately, fail to appreciate: that the achievements of youth are not to be despised. The boy in his 'teens measures, quite often, fully up to the standards of a man, minus only the keen judgment which comes in no other way than by bitter and dearly bought experience. And in the battle of life, — unless the man keeps pace with passing years by an ever-widening vision, seeing its opportunities through the full-open lens of youth, — the youngster will invariably have the advantage of him because of his everlasting optimism. Even admitting the fact that "youth is a delusion, maturity a struggle and old age a regret", let us continue to live in the *blessed delusion*. *Purpose* and a *congenial life-work* will make the struggle a joyous one, and knock out the regret.

'Greenway Court' seems to have been a favorite base of operations for young Washington, and here, as a temporary member of the Fairfax establishment, he resided off and on for a considerable period. There can be no doubt as to the pleasure and profit he derived from his continued association with the erratic old nobleman. The intervals of relaxation between his rigorous expeditions were times of genuine luxury. Though far removed from the comforts and culture of city life, 'Greenway Court' had literally been made sufficient unto itself. The refined taste of its owner naturally demanded the best of everything. There were books galore, London periodicals — with more or less frequency, — fine furni-

ture, (much of which was later acquired by Washington when master of Mount Vernon)—art treasures; in fact, all that the heart could wish to make life enjoyable and to while away the long evenings.

From Washington's correspondence during these months we gather that he frequently accompanied his lordly patron upon fishing and hunting trips. It is evident that the latter



LORD FAIRFAX, AND HIS 'OFFICE' AT GREENWAY COURT.
Still existing near White Post, Virginia

took a lively interest in his protégé, while undoubtedly Washington made himself exceedingly companionable. His 'bringing up' had been such as to fit him well for the ways of 'genteel society'; he always appreciated 'class', and knew how to be deferential and respectful to those of superior station and greater age. These are the things which appeal strongly to aristocratic old folks, and it cannot be wondered that Washington, careful in his work and attentively cour-

tecus in his personal intercourse with Lord Fairfax, made a very favorable impression to say the least.

Unquestionably this intimacy with one familiar with history and wise in the ways of the world did much toward the mental making of Washington. It is interesting to recall that he always retained the high regard of Lord Fairfax, although their intimacy ended and their ways parted with the beginning of the Revolution, — Fairfax remaining loyal to the Crown until the final capitulation at Yorktown. Then, aged and disheartened, his desire for life gave place to deepest chagrin at the turn affairs had taken. He took to his bed in disgust and ere long passed away. But he was then past ninety and surely he had had little to complain of; his life had been long and eventful, and the rough places in the way had been smoothed by abundant means. Yet Lord Fairfax deserves the grateful remembrance of the American people if for no other reason than that he was the patron and benefactor of Washington. Washington himself always deeply realized his debt to the Fairfaxes, and through his efforts much of their property was subsequently saved from the general penalty of confiscation which fell upon all who had adhered to Great Britain during the struggle for independence.

It seems difficult to realize now that all of the upper section of the Shenandoah valley was once 'Fairfax Land'. Bit by bit it has been cut up into small subdivisions; the old family has become well nigh extinct, and to-day, so I am informed, not one acre remains in the possession of anyone bearing that historic name. Near the hamlet of White Post, Virginia, on the Norfolk and Western railway, may still be seen some scattered reminders of the 'Greenway Court' estate. Lord Fairfax' mansion, which was never much more than a series of spacious bungalows, has given place to a more modern farmhouse, which, standing back among the trees, is plainly visible from the passing trains. Much nearer the track is to be seen a small stone shanty, which is the

original 'office building' used by Washington himself. It was here that many of his early charts and surveys were drawn up. This diminutive building is a genuinely historic landmark which ought to be carefully preserved. The little shack is illustrative of a most interesting epoch in his career; for it is one of the very few structures which we can positively associate with the activities of his youthful years.

The very name 'White Post' is reminiscent of the Fairfax regime. A painted post, which has been renewed many times, stands to-day at a point where Lord Fairfax set up a similar conspicuous marker almost two centuries ago to guide travelers to his domicile in the woods. This white post at the crossroads which formerly indicated the way to 'Greenway Court' has now given its name to the community.

During Washington's period of service under Lord Fairfax, when he travelled up and down the hills and valleys of Virginia, laden with level and transit, he became far more intimately acquainted with the wilderness than did his lordship himself. Truly remarkable opportunities for learning lessons directly from the book of Nature were his. It was on one of his expeditions to the farther extremity of the Shenandoah Valley, where the James and North rivers meet, that he beheld for the first time the famous Natural Bridge, regarded even to-day as one of the wonders of the world. An excursion to this widely advertised 'freak of nature' offers as fine a combination of the scenic and historic trip as heart could desire. Truth to tell, travel upon the railways of the south is somewhat slow, particularly was this so under the curtailed schedules of war-time, and the trip to Natural Bridge is a long one at best. Nevertheless the results obtained well repay for any inconvenience experienced en route to 'the heart of the Blue Ridge'.

The Natural Bridge is situated within the boundaries of a privately owned reservation, the 'scenic privileges' being controlled by the management of the Natural Bridge Hotel. A kind of park has been created, embracing all the hills and

valleys in its immediate vicinity, through which drives and bridle-paths have been constructed in all directions. From the railway station, two miles distant, the omnibuses travel an up-hill road, each turn of the way disclosing an expanding panorama of hill succeeding hill. The far-away summits, heavily wooded and clouded by increasing distance, become more and more deeply blue; until the traveler, enamored of the lovely prospect, cannot fail to appreciate that the long mountain ridge has been appropriately named.

Perched high upon a little hilltop, amid the gloriously bracing atmosphere of the upland paradise, we find a great modern health and pleasure resort, which is frequented during both summer and winter. I can imagine no more delightful spot in which to spend a vacation for the benefit of jangled nerves or—which is more agreeable—a honeymoon. There are no snow-capped mountains here, cold and beautiful in the icy grandeur of death; it is rather a region of youth and hope, where heaven and earth are joined in everlasting wedlock with a golden ring of sunshine. It is a region where merely to live is a source of unalloyed joy. It is God's own country.

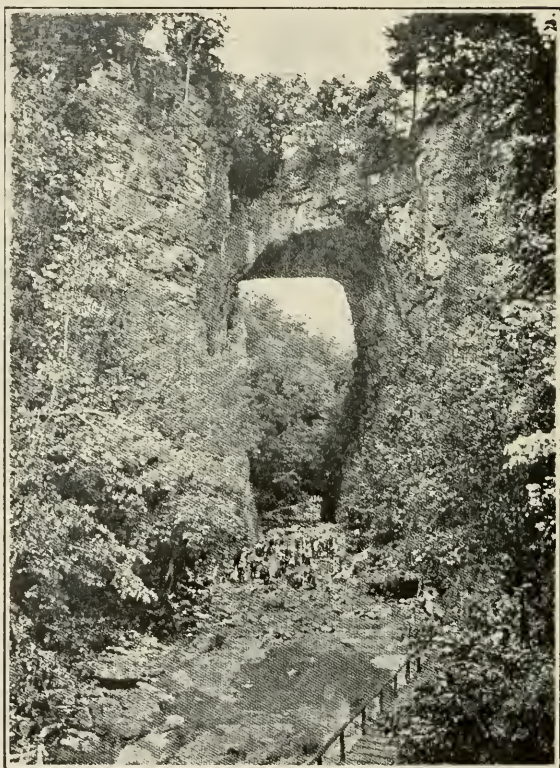
It is pleasant to remember that all this property once belonged to Thomas Jefferson, surely one above all others whose aesthetic soul could appreciate its beauty. Just before the Revolution it was given him by the royal grant of George the king. Monticello, his own country seat at Charlottesville, lies some fifty miles to the north-east, on the other side of the range. Jefferson in later years built a little cottage at Natural Bridge; with characteristic hospitality giving directions to his old negro custodian that one room was always to be re-



Monticello, the home of Jefferson, at
Charlottesville, Va.

served for the entertainment of strangers. Somehow the great and palatial hotel of the present day seems to extend to the visitor much the same cordial welcome. There is a myriad of spacious balconies where one may lounge around and bask in the sunshine, the cuisine is excellent, and the stables are well stocked. If you are driven indoors by inclement weather, which—I suppose— occasionally invades even so lovely a spot as this, you will find a great 'comfort-room', with books in profusion, easy chairs galore, and one of those famous open fires before which to toast your toes in solid comfort.

As to the famous bridge itself, it is titanic in its proportions, rising to a height of some 215 feet above the bed of Cedar Creek, spanning the narrow canyon with a solid and



THE NATURAL BRIDGE

ponderous arch of stone forty feet in perpendicular thickness and one hundred feet in breadth. A public highway crosses the bridge, being the only means of passage for wagons within a mile distance either up or down stream. The creek, which for some distance has traversed a course between

rocky slopes, here narrows down to a width of eighty or ninety feet as if to worm its way between the precipitous ledges of the deep gorge, while—far above—the natural roof, tree-grown and covered with straggling bushes, seems frowning ominously as if in continual warning of impending calamity.

Jefferson was of the opinion that the view from this dizzy and dangerous parapet was "painful and intolerable", while that from below was "delightful in an equal extreme". Most visitors will be inclined to agree with him.

The pathway to the foot of the bridge descends beside a tumbling brook, down a deep fissure in the mountain overhung by grand old arbor-vitae trees, one of which has recently fallen across the stream. Turning down a flight of steps cut into the rock, the rambler soon finds himself beside the larger and swifter creek with the canyon walls rising abruptly to the right and left of him. The glen which borders the watercourse is green with shrubbery; violets are here—pale and modest—with some unfamiliar little flowers like tiny white crocuses, peeping out to catch the sun, which—when high in the meridian—penetrates into their sequestered haunt. So charming is nature under-foot that one forgets for a time to look aloft. Then of a sudden the happy song of a bobolink sounds startlingly near; we raise our eyes and see, unexpected and astounding, the great bridge itself looming up scarcely fifty yards away. Bright with the glow of morning, the eastern face of the giant monolith seems stupendously high, light and ethereal, while its great shadow, dark and forbidding, is cast far back and beyond among the rocks and trees of the upper canyon.

Every visitor, doubtless, passes beneath the rugged span, for an easy trail runs beside the capricious and noisy stream. At one time this somewhat feeble rivulet may have been a raging river, at which distant age it might truly have required bridging; but now—like an aged man—it has lost its former vigor and fallen into the seventh age of decrepi-

tude. The bridge, by comparison, has grown in mightiness with the subsidence of the waters, and the stranger, craning his neck in open-mouthed admiration, gazes upward in astonished contemplation. From the massive arch above tiny drops of water are constantly falling. The traveler as he watches the silver drippings caught by the gentle breeze and carried far out of their perpendicular course, is prone to wonder when the great roof itself is going to drop, fervently hoping that this untoward event may not be hastened by his own intrusive presence.

Washington, at the time of his visit to this amazing phenomenon, had not yet progressed so far upon the road to immortality that he was above the ambition to win 'enduring' fame by the carving of initials in conspicuous and outlandish places. With a boy-like spirit of adventure, he is reputed to have clambered, by some means or other, high up the side of the rocky escarpment and thereon made his mark in letters bold and tall.



THE 'LACE WATERFALL' — NATURAL BRIDGE, VA.

Whether he revisited the spot in later life we do not know.

I sought in vain for the initials 'G. W.' or the name 'GEORGE WASHINGTON', said to be still discernible about

twenty-five feet above the bed of the stream on the west side. Indeed the walls of rock are seamed and fissured to such an extent that one imagines he sees many curiously carved letters and symbols, much abraded and weather-worn. But down near the path there are many more recent inscriptions which are clearly legible, among others the name of Audubon, the famous naturalist, a truly great man in his particular field of endeavor.

Tradition has repeatedly affirmed that the chiselings of Washington led all the rest; apparently he held the record, as it were, of being the most intrepid wall climber. In 1818, however, this distinction was surrendered to James Piper of Washington College, who performed the daring—and what was long thought to be impossible—feat of climbing from the foot of the abutment to the top of the arch, an exploit so dangerous that no one has since made the mad attempt to repeat it.

During the Revolutionary War the French organized two expeditions to visit this famous natural bridge. From their measurements and diagrams a picture was made in Paris which for fifty years or more was widely copied. Take up any old atlas and you will most likely find some sort of crude representation of this singular bit of Nature's handiwork. For this reason, I suppose, it has for most of us the familiarity of an old acquaintance, and its colossal outlines are pictured in the mind of every school-boy.

Some geologists imagine that, long years ago, the entire formation beyond the bridge to the north was cave-like, with a subterranean river emerging to the light of day near the present arch. They conjecture that the 'roof' of the cave crumbled, bit by bit, and that the present bridge remains the sole surviving fragment of a great horizontal bed of limestone rock which covered the entire gorge, the stream itself working downwards through the eons of time—gradually enlarging and elongating its outlet.

Additional bits of charming scenic beauty reward the

tourist who continues his wanderings up the glen to the farthest limits of the canyon, where the shimmering 'Lace Waterfall' tumbles down a rocky stairway, a mysterious little 'Lost River' emerges from the bowels of the mountain, and a cavernous opening—known as the 'Saltpetre Mine'—yawns beneath the face of a towering rock. The latter site, during Civil War days, is said to have afforded a much needed ingredient in the process of powder-making for the hard-put Confederates; traces of the long-abandoned workings being still noticeable.

More than likely, the pilgrim to Natural Bridge will seat himself beneath one of the rustic arbors in the glen and indite a few picture postals to the friends at home, after which he will saunter back to the hotel for luncheon, leaving his cards at the general store and post-office. If so, let him glance stealthily through the window of the 'post office' a moment after his supposed departure. He will probably see the postmaster, with spectacles balanced on the end of his nose, carefully perusing his missives before cancelling the stamps. This circumstance may call to mind another of those worthy admonitions committed to memory by the boy Washington: "Come not near the books or writings of anyone so as to read them—unless desired, also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter." Enough said.

It is possible to continue the journey from Natural Bridge to the south and 'take in' further bits of historic territory which are intimately associated with the surveying days of Washington's career. To any of my readers who may care to follow the trail in this direction let me recommend the trip to Lynchburg, Va. In reality it is a ride along the upper reaches of the James River, which passes between rugged defiles of the Blue Ridge mountains. The scenery is superbly beautiful. The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway follows for the most part the right of way of the long abandoned James River and Kanawha Canal, traces of which—in the shape of ruined masonry and the remains of disused

locks—are seen at frequently recurring intervals between the tracks and the river. George Washington was the first president of the company operating this artificial waterway, and he it was who executed the preliminary surveys.

Fringed with budding willows, venerable sycamores and a touch of dark green laurel, the James passes through alternating farm and wilderness. Spring had come when I passed this way, and with it brought a wealth of pink blossoms for the peach trees of the meadow-land and a ruddy violet tinge for the shrubbery which interspersed the ever-green hemlocks of the slopes. But the previous night had been a chilly backslider, and morning found a heavy frost



ALONG THE JAMES RIVER, NORTH OF LYNCHBURG.

clinging to the branches. Our conductor, much concerned lest the buds had been 'nipped', made it his business to investigate, and—while the train was halted for a few moments at an out-of-the-way water-tower, hopped over a fence into an orchard in order to ascertain for himself the extent of the damage. Little touches of 'local color' like this well illustrate the temperament of the South. If you are seeking for bits of the unique, you will assuredly find them here.

Few bridges span the James: instead, at recognized points

of crossing, you may see old flat-bottomed ferry boats for the convenience of pedestrians and vehicles; equipped with overhead wire ropes running from bank to bank to assist the boatmen in stemming the rapidly flowing current. At the numerous little clearings in the hill-encircled valleys, old houses and white-washed log-cabins remind the traveler of those early settler days when the valley of the James and its tributaries was the common ground of Indian and pale-face. Now the family 'punt', propelled by means of long poles, has forever replaced the log canoe of the native savage, and the freckled-faced boy with his delightful drawl—who with hands thrust deeply into his pockets curiously watches the trains roll by — has dispossessed the dark-skinned followers of Powhattan.

These out-of-the-way regions were tolerably well known to young Washington, who, in the course of his wilderness explorations, repeatedly followed the windings of the James. Neither is this locality devoid of Revolutionary history. When Cornwallis sought to over-run Virginia, little skirmishes covering a wide area took place between scattered bands of the opposing forces. Many an old house hereabout could relate interesting yarns of patriot refugee and scouting dragoon. General Tarleton, particularly, loved to scour the country; making the confiscation of any and every good saddle horse upon which he could lay hands a special and profitable 'side line'.

Lynchburg, the city of to-day, while interesting and enterprising, has no bearing upon the story of Washington, and the traveler has the choice either of pushing on to Richmond, where he may pick up the thread of the story at a more advanced chapter, or of returning through the mountains back to the counties of Stafford and Fairfax to follow in logical sequence the events which now come thick and fast in the biography of the young surveyor.

During the period when George Washington had been earning his daily bread in the rough and ready routine of

the wilderness, his brother Lawrence had also been making headway. Besides his work of developing the resources of Mount Vernon, he was now ably representing his constituents in the Virginia House of Burgesses, giving considerable attention to military matters, and — incidentally — keeping his eyes open for an opportunity to advance the prospects of his younger brother when the time was ripe.

As to young George Fairfax, he too had been improving the opportunities, and had now become a man of family, having been united in marriage to a Miss Sally Cary of Williamsburg. George Washington himself seems to have entertained a high regard for the newly acquired life-partner of his friend. We know that he always regarded Mount



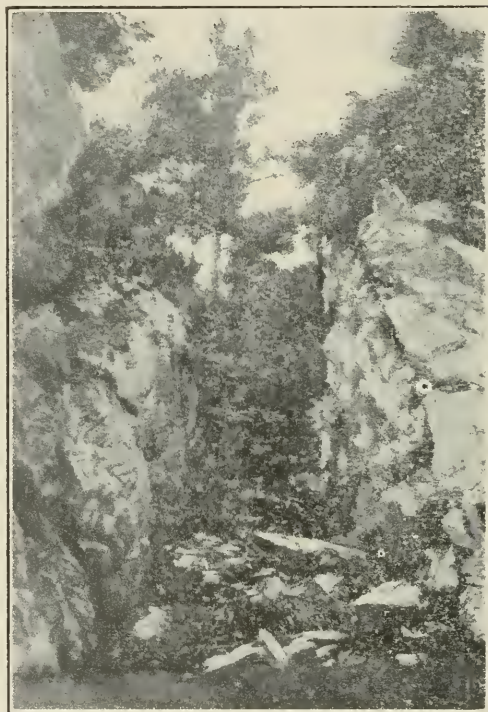
Old log cabin near Berryville, Va., used by Washington when in the service of Lord Fairfax

Vernon as his home when not 'on the trail' or sojourning at 'Greenway Court'; and we also gather from contemporary history that he continued to be a frequent visitor at 'Belvoir', being exceedingly popular with all the members of the Potomac household and the younger set of Fairfaxes. This friendship continued for many long years. Some writers have gone so far as to intimate that young Washington himself would not have been averse to marrying the charming Sally. But though young Fairfax had captured the prize they continued to be fast friends. Long after the Revolution, when, through war's vicissitudes, Mrs. Fairfax was an expatriated resident in Great Britain, we find President Washington still carrying on a cordial correspondence

with her, casting back wistful thoughts to the times gone by forever.

Young Washington soon came to be regarded with more than usual esteem, not merely by his intimate friends, with whom he was thrown in every-day contact, but by the king's representative at Williamsburg. There shortly came to him an appointment, bearing the signature of Governor Dinwiddie, which was well suited to his military propensities. In 1751 he was commissioned major of militia, being one of four adjutant generals, whose duties at the outset were practically those of high class recruiting officers. Already ominous rumblings were heard from beyond the Alleghenys, where the French were busily pushing their way down the Ohio to the fertile lands of the Mississippi. Inevitably the rival influences must soon clash, and Virginia was bestirring herself for an expected campaign in what was then the far West. For Washington the days of surveying were ended.

While this appointment was merited, it is quite evident that Washington was not without considerable 'person-



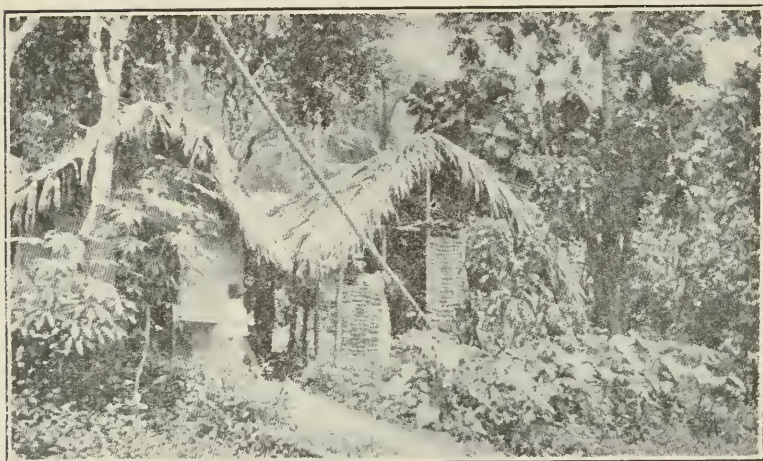
Lock hewn in solid rock under direction of George Washington, at Great Falls, Va.,—14 miles above Washington City, on the line of the Great Falls and Old Dominion Railway. Among other engineering feats, he here built a canal around the falls of the Potomac. Of the three locks used in its construction, the one cut out of the rock is illustrated.

al influence' at the seat of government. At this time his father's life-long friend, Colonel William Fairfax, was the presiding officer of the Assembly, while young George Fairfax and his brother Lawrence were both members of the same august body. Surely this particular clan of Virginia planters was well represented, and it seems only natural that, when the political 'plum tree' was to be shaken and favors were to be distributed, their promising young kinsman was possessed of sufficient 'backing' to secure recognition.

The new responsibility, bestowed 'in the name of the Crown', was to Washington a highly prized distinction, for at this time, be it borne in mind, all Virginians were true and loyal British subjects. In order properly to "inspect and exercise the militia" he deemed it expedient to fit himself for leadership. So, ere long, we see him receiving instruction in military tactics and practicing the use of the sword with a pair of old swash-buckling soldiers of fortune, of whom, at this time, there were many in Virginia. We also find the newly appointed major delving into the intricacies of war with his usual spirit of wholeheartedness. While it may have been 'pull' which secured his appointment, he was nevertheless determined to give value; he wanted to be no mere inactive 'hanger on'.

But unforeseen circumstances were destined once again temporarily to disconcert his plans, and the military epoch in his career was to be deferred yet a little while longer.

Lawrence, although making a brave effort to keep in the harness, had for months realized that he was losing ground. The condition of his health—after years of disquieting symptoms—suddenly became alarmingly worse. Then, even as in our day, a 'change of climate' was believed to offer the possibility of 'saving grace' for those suffering from pulmonary affections, and for Lawrence—as a last resort—travel was prescribed. Quite naturally he turned to George for strength and companionship, and when Barbados was decided upon it was arranged that together they should sail



NATIVE HUT, BARBADOS

from Virginia for the West Indies.

They left in September of 1751. To-day steamers of almost transatlantic elegance make the run to this fertile and lovely tropical island in six days; then it was a matter of five weeks more or less, depending on wind and weather. It would seem that so protracted a voyage, tossed about on a small sailing vessel, would be a trying experience for an invalid; yet with *hope of ultimate recovery* for a stimulant almost anything is endurable. Whether George Washington was a 'good sailor' we do not know; he was at any rate experiencing a touch of the naval career which had — only a few years previously,—been denied him, and, quite likely, he enjoyed the novelty, — for a time at least.

Washington never visited Europe: this was his first and only journey beyond the shores of his native land. From the varied entries in the journal which he kept we cannot doubt that he saw all that was to be seen and jotted it down in his little book with the intention of profiting thereby.

Barbados is truly a tiny world in itself, rich in the curious and unusual sights and scenes of a foreign clime; lying lazily in the sunshine of the tropic sea. It is much

nearer South America than to our own continent, being close to Trinidad. The most southerly of the Windward Islands, Barbados lies upon the outer fringe of the Caribbean archipelago. Few books of travel enlighten the reader as to this remote corner of the West Indies, to visit which it is necessary to skirt almost the entire group of the 'Lesser Antilles'. A short stop-over privilege is afforded by some of the United Fruit Company's tourist steamers, and Bridgetown, which is the only place of importance on the island,



Bridgetown Harbor, Barbados, showing wharf, pier head and entrance to inner basin

well deserves inspection. Yet not one in a thousand among the passengers who sit beneath the awnings of the great white ships, which at intervals enter the harbor, thinks of associating this palm-girt village with the eventful career of George Washington.

The island has been in British possession since 1625; it has at present a population of something like 200,000, the larger portion of whom are negroes and mulattoes. In size it has nearly the proportions of the Isle of Wight, and is encompassed by coral reefs, while its interior presents a wide variety of scenery—beautiful with fronded palms and radiant with the gaudy bird and insect life common to tropical regions. The climate is equable and free from miasma; for

this reason the physicians had entertained hopes that a brief residence here might be beneficial to Lawrence Washington; and indeed it seemed at first that their expectations were likely to be realized.

Somewhere upon the low hillsides near Bridgetown, which is pleasantly situated upon the open roadstead of Carlyle Bay, our wanderers succeeded in obtaining the lease of a commodious dwelling, although according to George's memorandum, they were forced to pay liberally for their accommodations. Fortunately there were many Englishmen of position then residing on the island, and most of them proved themselves exceedingly kind and hospitable to the young Virginians. Without stint the diary of the younger of the travelers gives praise to their courtesy, and expresses admiration for the place of sojourn.

Yet notwithstanding the pleasures incident to the social gatherings of the elite of Bridgetown—to which, by reason of their own standing, they were cordially welcomed; and the diversion afforded by occasional evenings at the theatre—where George, for the first time, witnessed a dramatic performance,—time soon began to drag heavily for the invalid and his companion. The enervating languor of the tropics often has a depressing effect upon those coming from a northern clime. I am told that a long-continued residence in the West Indies will, in a short time, transform a hustling New York businessman into a lethargic idler. Ambition does not seem to flourish in any equatorial region: it is for this reason, I suppose, that the really big things in the world of accomplishment come from the temperate zones, where a certain amount of physical discomfort goads us on to energetic effort.

Young Washington himself marveled at the shiftlessness displayed even by the better class of Barbadians. Himself a disciple of thrift, he failed to understand why, in a country where nature was well nigh all-provident, there should be evidences of decay and financial embarrassment.

Yet the people of the island are to-day, and always have been, distinctly proud of their beautiful corner of the earth, and firmly believe that no place in the whole world can compare with it. Their hope is that at death heaven will be another Barbados.

Shortly after the brothers had become settled in their temporary quarters George fell a victim to the small-pox,



Broad Street, Bridgetown, and the Nelson monument, commemorating the visit of that distinguished Admiral in 1805

whereupon it was Lawrence's turn to play the part of nurse, which, we may be quite sure, he did with the utmost fidelity and solicitude. Owing to his devotion and the best of care and attention, the sufferer was up and around again after but three weeks on the sick list. His face, however, remained slightly pock-marked for the remainder of his life, but luckily not to such an extent as to detract seriously from the good looks of his youth



or the dignity of his more mature years.

The visitor to Barbados will find little that he can positively link up with the short residence here of the Washingtons. Twice since 1751 has Bridgetown been devastated by fire. Still, the panorama of sea and sky and gently terraced gardens which we see to-day, must be nearly the same as that which refreshed the eyes of the devoted comrades, while the roofs of the town as seen from the hillside, with the masts of the shipping in the harbor, are scarcely more numerous than of yore. At least one group of buildings is historic in view of the fact that they existed in the time of Washington;—those comprising Codrington College, founded in 1741, and since then the leading educational institution on the island.

Bridgetown, as the capital of Barbados, is the seat of the resident governor, and possesses at least two good hotels. Comfortably quartered at the old 'Marine' and making daily excursions into the interior, a week or more may be most enjoyably spent on the island. A longer residence would, I think, prove quite monotonous, unless one was permanently settled here with a complete family circle upon a rural estate away up in the hills. Of late, conditions have improved on the island, which now offers excellent commercial possibilities. The chief export, of course, is sugar. Fruits there are in abundance, and in the most delicious variety; the same perfection and flavor which so appealed to Washington may be enjoyed to-day, for the island is a veritable garden spot. The sea bathing, too, is excellent. Yet fully to appreciate the charm of Barbados, one must penetrate into its jungles, where the cane huts, thatch-roofed and flimsy, shelter the purely native element of the inhabitants.

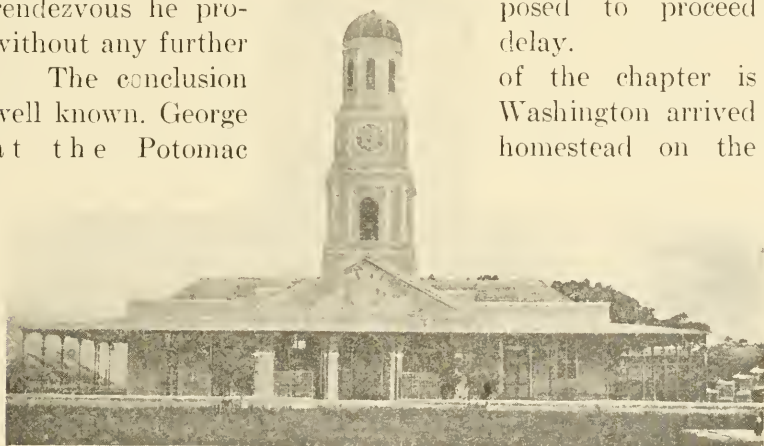
In the town English names are everywhere in evidence. There is Tudor Street, for instance, quite a lively thoroughfare on a Saturday or market day; while in Trafalgar Square we find a Nelson monument, commemorating a flying visit of the great admiral in 1805. Queen's Park affords a delight-

ful place of evening promenade for the townsfolk, while the luxurious Savannah Club may be accounted a present-day successor to the 'Beafsteak and Tripe' organization, about which young Washington waxed eloquent. From Mt. Hilla-by, the highest point of land on the island, practically the whole colony may be viewed in its entirety.

But loneliness would make even paradise seem forlorn. Just as every traveler longs for absent dear ones and pines for home, so the thoughts of Lawrence Washington turned to Mount Vernon. He soon determined to move a little nearer to the place of his heart's affections, so, in December, he dispatched George to Virginia with instructions to bring his young wife to Bermuda, to which rendezvous he proposed to proceed without any further delay.

The conclusion well known. George at the Potomac

of the chapter is Washington arrived homestead on the

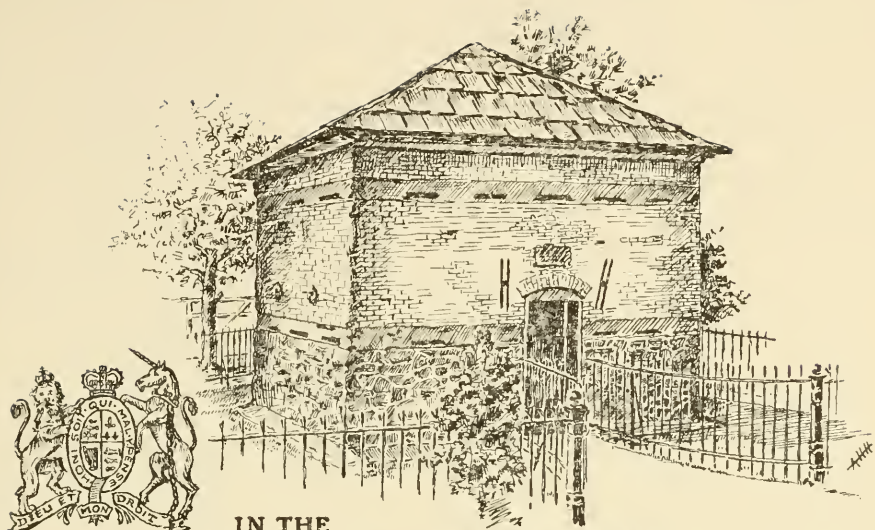


THE SAVANNAH CLUB, BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOS

first of February, 1752. Lawrence journeyed to Bermuda in March, but, despairing of ultimate recovery, he decided to utilize his remaining strength and push for home before the end.

And so it came about that on the 26th of July, in the 34th year of his age, the first master of Mount Vernon passed out from the affairs of earth under his own beloved roof, attended to the borders of shadow-land by the brother whom he had idolized and the wife of his choice, who, for a

few short years had shared his sorrows and his joys. In keeping with the affectionate regard which had actuated him in all his relations with his brother, Lawrence stipulated in his will that George should continue to reside at Mount Vernon, as though confident, with such a strong protector at hand, that his widow and their little daughter might be secure in their possessions and peace of mind. And George Washington, now in his twenty-first year, — a man in age, intellect and integrity, proved true to his trust.



IN THE
SERVICE
OF THE

CROWN

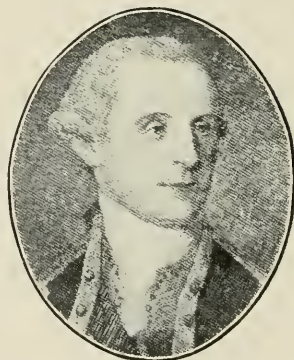
Block House still standing at Pitt-bargh, Pa.,
erected by Col. Henry Boquet, in 1764,
on the site of old Fort Duquesne

THIS is to be a chapter of love and war, in both of which all-absorbing games everything is fair. Herein we shall see our "youth in the wilderness" develop into an ardent courtier and a redoubtable commander. Perhaps it were better to speak first of the sterner duties which filled the life of Washington from 1752 to the beginning of the Revolution, and then to touch more briefly upon the sentimental and romantic 'side issues' which from time to time diverted his worship from the stoic shrine of Mars to the flower-bedecked altar of Venus.

Washington participated in four separate and distinct expeditions over the mountains into the country of the French; at first in 1753, operating as a sort of confidential messenger; then actively engaging in the two disastrous military enterprises of 1754 and 1755; and finally,—three years later,—being co-leader with General Forbes in the last and successful attempt against the outposts of the enemy.

As to his love affairs, there were at least three earnest attachments of which contemporary history has made mention and we are warranted in conjecturing that there were a score of other *liaisons* of secondary and fleeting importance.

Williamsburg was, naturally, the central point of Virginia's activities in the 'Seven Years War' against the French. Here Governor Dinwiddie resided, and here the provincial assembly held its stated sittings. In 1753 the subject of French aggression on the frontier was uppermost in the mind and conversation of her citizens. Both France and Britain laid claim to the Ohio Valley from the lakes to the Mississippi; the former by reason of the explorations of La Salle, the latter because of coastal discovery and royal grants which were supposed to extend over and across the mountains. By 1750 the French, who were active in their determination to establish ownership by actual tenancy, had sprinkled a few settlers all the way from Canada to Louisiana and were preparing to defend their claims by a chain of forts scattered along the 'boundary' from Niagara to the 'forks of the Ohio'. The mastery of this river seems indeed to have been regarded by both the French and English leaders as the vital issue, upon the maintenance of which they were equally determined.



A Youthful Portrait of Washington
It is claimed that this likeness was painted in 1777 by Charles Wilson Peale, but it portrays him at 25 more nearly than at 45

The attitude of the Indians in this international controversy which involved the partition of their rightful domain was, to my mind, quite natural. While they 'took sides' from time to time as expediency dictated, they regarded both of the contestants as quarrelsome intruders, and were quite willing to participate in any military operations which gave promise of lessening the percentage of 'pale



OLD BRUTON PARISH CHURCH, WILLIAMSBURG

faces' and of decorating the ridge poles of their lodges with scalps. Regardless of leadership, their valued services were available to whomsoever offered the greater inducements; as it transpired, the French 'got there first'.

Yet even the redskins did not favor the idea of a chain of fortifications along their great rivers. In April, 1753, when they gathered in council at Logstown on the Ohio, a howl of protest was raised and a warrior was dispatched to Niagara to appeal to the French commandant at that point. Despite the usual conciliatory policy of the French toward the aborigines, their appeal—in this instance—was unavailing.

In the summer of the same year the British colonial authorities bestirred themselves, venting a similar remonstrance and demanding, moreover, the complete withdrawal of the French forces stationed on the Ohio. Their first

emissary, one Capt. Frost, seems to have lost his courage, for he turned back and came again to Williamsburg having accomplished nothing. Governor Dinwiddie, stubborn Scotchman that he was, immediately determined to find a more courageous messenger, and forthwith the youthful Washington, on the strength of the prestige he had acquired by previous experience in the wilderness, was summoned to Williamsburg and shortly commissioned to be the bearer of this summary message of warning. At the same time—so his instructions read—he was to ascertain just what the enemy was attempting toward the fulfillment of his cherished scheme.

Before following Washington over the long mountain trail, we may as well spend a few hours at Williamsburg. To-day it is a place essentially appropriate for quiet reverie, but in 1750 or thereabouts, when at the heyday of its existence, it was a bustling town, a rendezvous for the elite of the 'Old Dominion'. Since 1698 it had



Duke of Gloucester Street,
Williamsburg

been the capital of the province; all the pomp of Virginia chivalry centered here. In magnificence and formality of function it is said to have been a small edition of the Court of St. James. Officials lived in gay mansions and traveled in gallant equipages. Society people dressed with great elegance. The theatre was a favorite diversion.

But under all this ran a current of seriousness. At William and Mary College, founded in 1691, some of the most famous men of the future republic were studying. The present day visitor to Williamsburg will usually find an unoccupied bench beside the weather-worn statue of 'Lord

Botetourt' in the centre of the college campus. If he will pause for a moment beneath the shadow of this monument to one of the best beloved of the colonial viceroys,—who immediately succeeded Dinwiddie—and remember that this unassuming old college has been the *alma mater* of seventeen governors, twelve cabinet ministers and four presidents of the United States,—there will descend upon him a spirit of appreciative reverence. Only to Harvard does this



College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Va.

(Photo by E. P. Griffith)

venerable institution of learning yield the precedence of seniority. Jefferson, Monroe, Madison and Tyler were all students here in their youthful days, and doubtless often lingered around this same old pedestal, while Washington himself—who became one of the chancellors of the institution in later years,—must have cultivated at least a passing acquaintance with this benevolent, white robed figure.

Along the Duke of Gloucester Street, the main thoroughfare of this sedate town, are a score of fine old houses, each of which is haunted by memories of one or more

of the distinguished Virginians of the eighteenth century. This dignified avenue is a mile in length and straight as a plumb line, running directly from the college gates to a spot at the farther extremity of the village, where once stood the colonial capitol of the province.

We have but to recall the fact that every one of the 'show places' of modern Williamsburg was well known to Washington and that most of them are in some way associated with thirty years of his social and political life, fully to appreciate the charm of this ancient municipality, and its just claims to recognition on the pages of American history. The old Court House, still remaining, is said—like so many other Virginia edifices of that period—to have been designed by Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral in London; while the far-famed Bruton Parish Church boasts the distinction of being one of the oldest houses of worship in America.

If you are a cold, matter-of-fact person, you may be oppressed by the unmistakable atmosphere of loneliness which steals over many visitors to this unique city of the past. You will wonder what the people of Williamsburg do for a livelihood, for there is a noticeable absence of manufacturing or commercial establishments. The utter silence of the place—for even the wagons move noiselessly over the dirt roads—may 'get on your nerves', in which event you are likely to jump aboard the first train for Richmond and go away bitterly disappointed.

But if, on the other hand, you love history and revel in the spiritual companionship of our worthy forefathers, old Williamsburg will afford you many congenial experiences. Here may be found any number of vine-covered garden walls over which we peer half-reverently as though fearing to trespass upon the re-enactment of some old-time episode of courtship, and several picturesque graveyards wherein are crumbling stones and mysterious epitaphs inviting reverent meditation. Yet I have proof that some intensely prac-

tical men can enjoy occasional historic rambles, for among my possessions I cherish an autographed pencil sketch of one of the old tombs in the Bruton churchyard, made by none other than Mr. Cass Gilbert, the architect of the towering 'Woolworth Building', New York City.

October 30th, 1753—the very day upon which Washington received his ambassadorial commission from the governor—saw him start out for Fredericksburg. Here the young envoy picked up Jacob Van Braam, his former fencing master, who — while ostensibly engaged to act as 'official interpreter'—might be expected to come in handy as an 'expert swordsman' should future events take an unpleasant turn. Arriving at Alexandria, Washington laid in a stock of provisions, and then pushed on with all speed to Winchester, then but an outpost in the valley of the Shenandoah.



Statue of Lord Botetourt adorning the campus of William and Mary College, the residence of the president seen in the background

The paths across the Blue Ridge mountains, originally broken by the Indians, were—for the most part—those followed by the early settlers and pioneers who dared to brave the dangers of the wilderness. Often they conformed to the round-about windings of the water courses; at other times, when the physical features of the region were favorable, they struck off through the open country, passing the mountains through the natural defiles. Washington, in the course of his westward jour-

neys, is presumed to have favored the route leading through Ashby's Gap, which led him near to the hospitable country seat of Lord Fairfax, although he may occasionally have taken the northerly road through Berryville. The famous Winchester Pike was then "the newly opened road from Winchester", which the young surveyor had presumably helped to lay out, for it traversed the length of one of Lord Fairfax' choicest valleys.

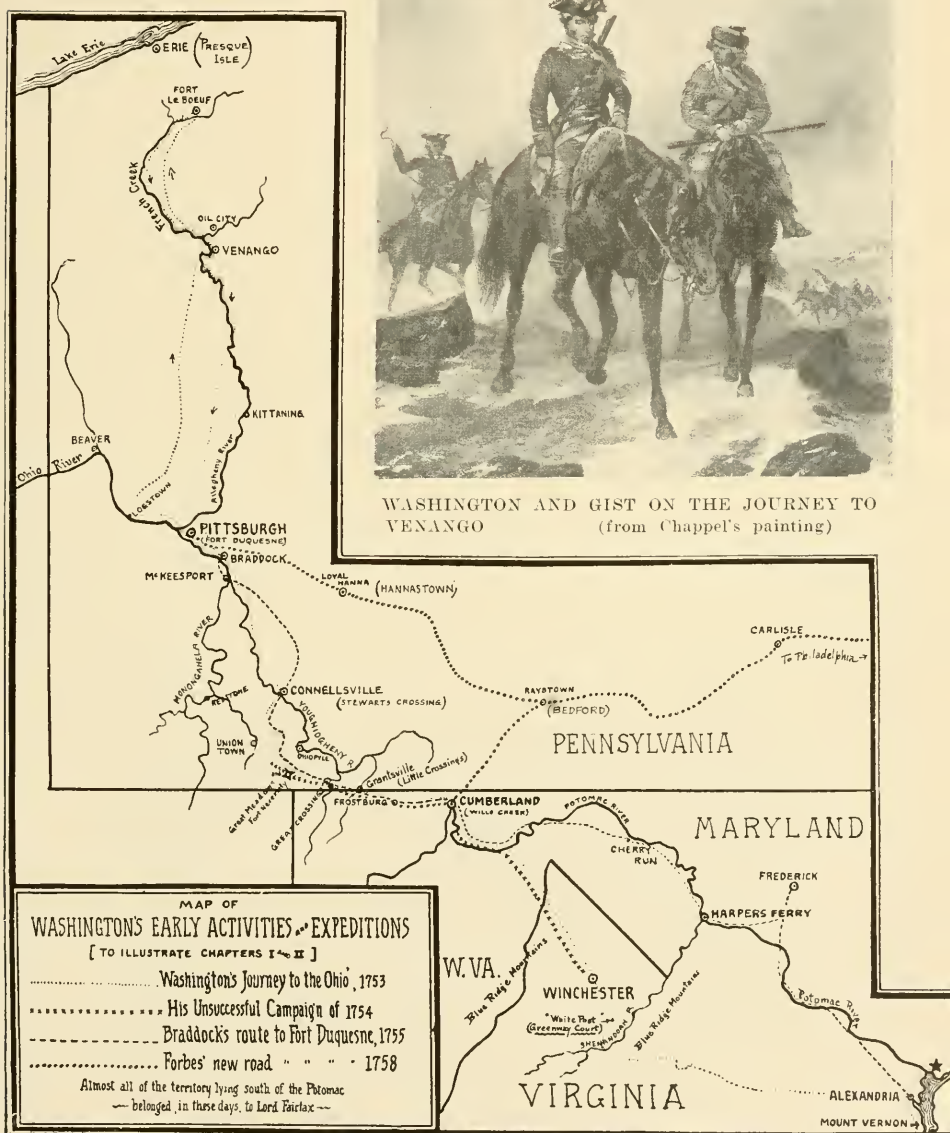


Old Toll Gate, Winchester Pike, not far from Harper's Ferry, W. Va. Here tribute is still extorted after the manner of the 'robber barons' of the middle ages. A story is also told to the effect that at this point an implacable woman held up an entire division of Sheridan's troopers during Civil War days

Washington, upon his first expedition "in the service of the Crown", penetrated farther northward than during any of his subsequent campaigns or excursions. "Fort Venango", his original objective, was situated near the present enterprising city of Franklin, in the great Pennsylvania oil belt; while "Fort Boeuf"—the headquarters of St. Pierre, the French commandant, to which outpost he was compelled to extend his journey by a four days' march—was less than twenty miles from Lake Erie. The present hamlet of Leboeuf, in Erie County, recalls its ancient site, which has been localized in the nearby village of Waterford.

To my knowledge, there is no *structure* now standing, west of Winchester, which existed at the time of Washington's initial trip to the Ohio. In many instances the old Indian and colonial names of the pioneer settlements still

cling to the modern cities and towns which have succeeded them, but in other cases we find that the communities of our day have assumed new names in keeping with their



progress, and have bequeathed their historic titles to adjoining villages or suburbs. Therefore one has a chance of being deceived even as regards precise localities.

It is interesting indeed to compare a modern map with some of the old surveys of this far-distant period,—(several of which—as important and informative documents bearing on the 'French War'—are still preserved in the archives of the British Museum)—in an endeavor to pick out some of the ancient localities and names, and to determine their modern equivalents. Of course we find the familiar Will's Creek, besides the 'Great' and 'Little' Crossings, Green Spring, Savage River, Meadow Run, Turtle Creek and a score of others still in the nomenclature of present-day geography. Having survived this long, these names will, I suppose, continue to perpetuate the early history of this region as long as America endures.

No one who has not himself covered the distance between Williamsturg and Pittsburgh can begin to appreciate the magnitude of the undertaking so successfully carried out by the youthful surveyor. Even after making the trip in the luxurious elegance of a Pullman, which has swiftly



Will's Creek, from Baltimore St. Bridge — Cumberland, Md.

traversed the iron-shod way, cut-around and tunneled through the wooded heights of the Alleghenys, you feel that the journey has been rather arduous. What, then, must the same trip have meant to Washington, who had to circle and surmount these identical hills by the slow process of horse and foot?—with the raging mountain torrents to be forded or crossed by swimming in the absence of boats and bridges! Truly it was '*a man's job*', and it is a marvel that he ever reached his destination,—to say nothing of the homeward journey.

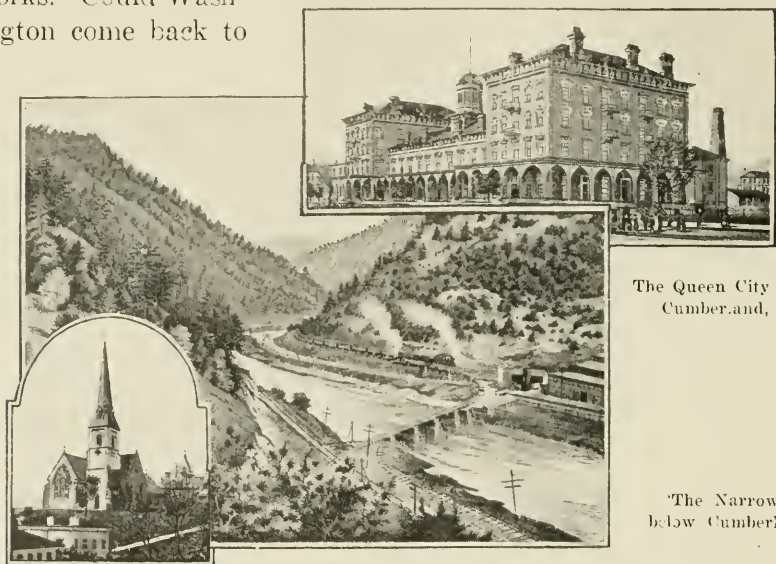
The Alleghenys are beautiful beyond comparison in early summer. Everywhere there is a panorama of green. Well nigh all the slopes are thickly wooded,—even now as in pioneer days. It is a veritable 'limber lost'—to use the phrase popularized by Jean Stratton Porter. Perhaps because of the prevalence of rain in these mountains, the thick forests of this region are really wonderful. Nowhere have I seen such perfect arboreal splendor. Hill follows hill, each equally verdant, until the traveler wonders whether, in all the world, another bit of country may be found where Nature has been so lavish in her bestowal of pine and hemlock; birch, oak and laurel.

The name of Christopher Gist will be forever associated with the enterprises of the youthful Washington. This intrepid pioneer had, in 1749, penetrated to the Ohio River and to the great Kanawha of West Virginia. He was a North Carolinian, pre-eminently a path-finder, one who loved the great outdoor world and knew well its four-footed denizens and its painted savages: long before the days of Daniel Boone he had roamed the Kentucky wilderness. Washington was familiar with his renown and appreciated his sagacity; right glad he was to have him for a companion in the present perilous undertaking. By pre-arrangement, Gist was waiting to join the party at Will's Creek, now Cumberland, Md.

Washington shortly arrived at this point, having

traveled northward from Winchester, and effecting a junction with Gist, set out with his augmented retinue on the 15th of November for the headquarters of the French commander.

Cumberland is to-day a city of some 18,000 inhabitants, made prosperous by reason of its rolling mills and glass works. Could Washington come back to



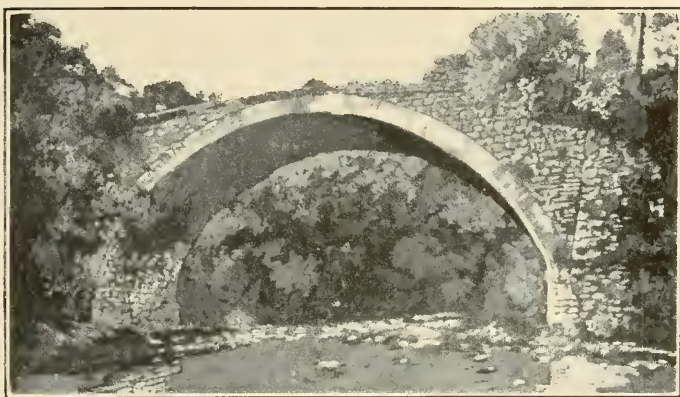
The Queen City Hotel
Cumber.and, Md.

'The Narrows'
below Cumberland,

Emanuel Lutheran Church, Cumberland
(Site of old Fort Cumberland)

revisit the scenes of his youthful adventures, he would never recognize in the present bustling town the sparsely settled trading-post which he knew so well, with its rude 'Fort Cumberland' and straggling warehouses. He would look in vain for the old frame house, beneath whose roof he tarried, for it has gone the way of all things earthly, but if he made diligent search he might succeed in locating a copy of the antique print depicting the stockaded fort as it existed in 1753.

The traveler of to-day regards Cumberland as merely a half-way stop on the road to Pittsburgh; for Washington



"Little Crossings" Bridge over the Castleman River, Grantsville, Md.

it marked the end of civilization and the beginning of the actual plunge into the wilderness.

While the present City has many narrow and crooked streets, which suggest the layout of an ancient town, it possesses not a solitary building associated with Washington's day and age. It is the rugged ambient hills which give Cumberland a touch of originality. The smooth, grass-covered bluff to the west of the town is truly remarkable; one half wonders why it is not crowned by some old watch-tower or citadel. In an old-world town this commanding hilltop would surely have had its medieval castle or baronial stronghold, but as the old post of Fort Cumberland lay on the lower ground near the river, it has long ago lost its identity, and the Emanuel Lutheran Church is now reputed to occupy the historic site.

Broadly speaking, we may say that — after leaving Cumberland—Washington struck overland, crossing the Castleman River at Grantsville, Md., near the present Pennsylvania border (the famous 'Mason-Dixon Line') and then traveled entirely on the soil of the 'Keystone State', twice fording the Youghiogheny before its junction with the Monongahela. "Great Crossings" is on the boundary between Somerset and Fayette Counties, and 'Stewart's Crossings' corresponds to modern Connellsville.

Going into greater detail, we may positively identify many miles of Washington's wilderness path, for the major portion of the trail between the Potomac and the Youghio-gheny—subsequently to be immortalized as 'Braddock's Road'—was, in 1753, a route known as 'Nemacolin's Path', so named from the Delaware Indian who had some years before blazed the original swath through the jungle. Traces of this historic highway, portions of which are identical with the highly improved Cumberland Pike, may still be found as forest paths, notably near Frostburg, Md., and in portions of Fayette County, Pa. Following afoot the course of Washington, we see for ourselves some of the natural obstacles he had to overcome, and appreciate certain favorable conditions which prompted his predecessors in the choice of their route. Besides the larger streams, there were many creeks and runlets to be crossed, and it is readily apparent that the pioneers were dependent upon such favorable fords as were provided by Nature. These chance 'crossings' were largely responsible for the course of the Cumberland Pike, which later, as a part of the great 'National Highway', was destined to be one of the principal arteries along which flowed a stream of colonists bound for Kentucky and the Middle West.

A very delightful vacation period may be enjoyed amid the beauties of the Alleghenys by anyone who is inclined to combine research with recreation. It must be conceded that there are some exceedingly profitless vacations, from which we return wearied and disgusted in body and soul. But far different are the experiences of the traveler who finds companionable solitude in an historic wilderness of meadow and mountain. When undertaken with a definite object—preferably an intimate biographical study—such a rest period becomes like unto an excursion in the select company of our subject, from which delectable experience we enrich ourselves by a permanent and elevating friendship.

Thus, as we tramp along the old roads of Maryland, or roam around amid the rugged hill-country of southwestern Pennsylvania, we walk and talk with the *little known* Washington,—the youth of purpose—clear-eyed, clean-minded, brave and companionable. Great as is his military and political fame, it is as a *true man*, more than all else, that Washington is supreme. Yet he was, in a measure, ‘a man apart’ from those of his day and generation. The thoughtful, care-burdened general and president was honored by a world who



The Falls of the Youghiogheny at Ohio Pyle, Pa., one of the ‘beauty spots’ in the Laurel Hills

failed to comprehend him. But here in the wild-wood, surprising as it may appear, we feel and know the sincerity of his comradeship. As the wilderness youth in the service of the crown, before the obscuring barriers of fame hide his inner nature, he becomes to us quite readily understood.

There is one historic spot which is associated with all of Washington’s expeditions to the Ohio,—the little known ‘Washington Spring’, in the heart of the Laurel Hills, six miles from Uniontown, Pa. To-day, it is a useful adjunct to one of the prosperous little farms of Fayette County, and—unconscious of its importance—bubbles forth in unostentatious utility beneath the kindly shelter of an ancient bog hut. On at least four separate occasions Washington

himself tarried here for a brief encampment; Braddock tasted its waters, and nearby—as we shall later narrate—occurred two of the most noteworthy incidents of the French War. Within a stone's throw passes a stretch of the Nema-colin Path, well nigh unimproved since the days of which we write, and within easy striking distance are several mementos of Washington's encounter with active detachments of the enemy in 1754.

Uniontown, Pa., is an exceptional base of operations for the student who wishes to delve into the complexities of Washington's movements during his five years' service as an officer of the king. Here you will find yourself within reach of many of those out-of-the-way localities which escape detailed description at the hands of the arm-chair historian. If your time is limited, 'hiking' is out of the question, for full eight miles intervene between Uniontown and the crest of the hills



'Washington's Spring', Fayette County, Pa.

among which are scattered the points of greatest interest. Let me advise you not to hire a horse unless you are convinced beforehand that the animal is disposed to keep moving and will not 'grow weary in well doing'. The sorry nag foisted upon the unsuspecting writer had a speed limit of three miles an hour, proving patient and long suffering under our repeated urgings and exhortations, but obdurate in her determination to adhere to a walk, frequently inter-

rupted by deliberate standstills, as though to meditate upon the beauties of the countryside or, perhaps, to regain her breath.

Washington, in the account of his first journey, records the fact that he "stopped at Mr. Gist's." The former site of this brief halting place lies about half-way between Uniontown and Connellsville. The latter city, as noted previously, corresponds with the Stewart's Crossings of this early period. The Youghiogheny River, which is again encountered at this point, has grown considerably in breadth, and here it turns sharply to the westward as though leading the way to fields of greater possibility.

The section of country lying between Uniontown and Connellsville is a mining region, and beneath many of the hills once traversed by the youthful emissary to the French forts, they are continually burrowing away with pick and shovel for iron ore. In the early morning trolley from Connellsville you will meet with the begrimed miners wearing their odd-looking caps, upon the visors of which little glow-worm lights are fastened when the men are in the 'workings' below.



The 'Mount Braddock Mansion', built by Col. Isaac Meason in 1803 on the old Christopher Gist farm. The Gist settlement was the pioneer community west of the Allegheny Mountains.

Photo. by James Hadden, Uniontown, Pa.

At the city of McKeesport, the Youghiogheny meets the larger Monongahela, and the united rivers, blending sociably, slowly roll on through a picturesque valley to great and mighty Pittsburgh. There are some pretty bits of

scenery remaining here and there, but the Monongahela is now most essentially a river of commerce. Along many miles of its course there are pottery-kilns, factories, smelters and disposal plants. After the fragrant and luxurious mountain wilderness through which we have been passing, it seems that this unsightly region is a realm of absolute ugliness, where the 'almighty dollar' is king.

To the 'forks of the Ohio'—where Pittsburgh now stands — came Washington on the 23rd of November, 1753. As yet this advantageous site, where the Allegheny — coming out of the north—mingles with the Monongahela, had not been seized



by the French. The Youghiogeny at Connellsville, Pa.—the 'Stewart's Crossings' of old. Our 'young *voyageur*', gazing eagerly at the broadly flowing rivers, saw at once the strategic value of the position and made a note to that effect in his little book. He was indeed literally following the instructions of Governor Dinwiddie to "keep his eyes open."

What would Washington say, I wonder, could he stand to-day upon the same spot? There ought indeed—so I think—be some such thing as a 'conscious reincarnation', so that our pathfinders and builders of nations might see the fulfillment of their dreams of future empire and be satisfied!

To Pittsburgh we shall soon make further reference, but for the moment we must revert to Washington and

the business which brought him thus far afield. At this point he had entered the territory of the enemy and was soon to find out for himself just how the land lay.

Purposing to fathom the intent of the redskins before his fateful audience with the French, Washington proceeded without delay along the Ohio to 'the Logstown', not far from the present Beaver, Pa. Of the conference, which took place on the 26th, he himself has left us a copious record. He



A view of the Allegheny at Pittsburgh

flattered savage vanity with soft words of 'love and loyalty', distributed the customary presents, and succeeded in persuading the leading sachems to accompany his little party to Venango, whither they arrived....."on the fourth of December, without anything remarkable happening but a continued series of bad weather"..... At this "old Indian town on French Creek" Washington saw for the first time the waving banner of a hostile nation; nevertheless the officer in charge of the post, one Captain Joncaire, entertained him most royally. Viands and cordials were set before the tired travelers, and the Frenchmen, with apparent hospitality, conversed in their presence without

restraint,—which looseness of tongue enabled our young Virginian to pick up considerable ‘inside information’.

It was necessary, however, to penetrate still farther into the enemy’s country to obtain the ear of the French



The Ohio River at Beaver, Pa.

commandant himself. Not until the 11th of December, after a most arduous tramp through naked forests, over snow-covered mountains and frozen streams, on which they were accompanied by a small escort of French, did Washington’s party arrive at Fort Boeuf, a stockaded compound seemingly at the end of the world. Here, away off from civilization, the dignified and courteous St. Pierre, true to the traditions of his country, kept watch and ward, surrounded by a handful of soldiers and a convivial staff of subordinates. Washington’s communication was formally delivered, perused without unseemly chagrin, and answered with a similarly sealed document which later proved to be an uncompromising defence of the claims of France. Despite the unpleasant nature of his errand, Washington experienced no sign of discourtesy, save perhaps the evident attempts on the part of his host to disaffect his Indian allies. Contrary to expectation, he was provided with canoes and adequately outfitted for a return journey by water; indeed when he embarked for home upon the swiftly flowing current of the ice-laden creek, one would little imagine that he was the bearer of an ultimatum which was destined to set at war the two greatest nations of Europe.

Most of the pictures we have seen illustrating the accounts of 'Washington's journey to the Ohio' depict the perilous events of this homeward trip. The upset canoe, the improvised raft, the attempt upon the life of Washington by a sneaking Indian after he and Gist had detached themselves from the rest of the party and were proceeding on foot to the settlements; all these go to make up a most interesting story and well illustrate the hardihood and determination of Dinwiddie's messenger. Yet he passed unscathed through dangers seen and unseen.

January 11th saw him once again at Belvoir on the Potomac, and five days later he rendered his report to the governor at Williamsburg.

Washington's adventures on this, his initial experience of a military nature, have offered abundant material for the historian, the 'original source' for their inspiration being Washington's own 'journal', published shortly after the completion of the journey, and subsequently reprinted in London. He had clearly proven his aptitude, and demonstrated that,—notwithstanding his youth,—he was capable of trusts involving greatest discretion. He had scored his first 'big hit'.

Let me quote from the recent work of Mr. Charles H. Callahan, who aptly sums up the results of the achievement:

THE
JOURNAL
OF

Major *George Washington*,

SENT BY THE

Hon. *ROBERT DINWIDDIE*, Esq;
His Majesty's Lieutenant-Governor, and
Commander in Chief of *VIRGINIA*,

TO THE

COMMANDANT

OF THE

FRENCH FORCES

ON

O H I O.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED, THE

GOVERNOR'S LETTER,

AND A TRANSLATION OF THE

FRENCH OFFICER'S ANSWER

WILLIAMSBURG:

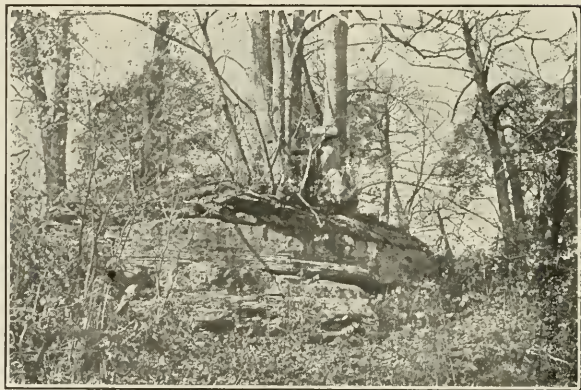
Printed by **WILLIAM HUNTER**. 1754

Reduced Facsimile of the Title Page of
Washington's Journal

"With the sagacity of a trained diplomat he had wrung from the French their innermost secrets, outwitted the Indian at his own game, and displayed the most heroic courage and fortitude in the face of stupendous obstacles and dangers. Successfully overcoming every difficulty, without display or parade, he quietly rode into Williamsburg on the 16th of January, 1754, after an absence of two months and a half, having traveled over a thousand miles, most of the way through an unbroken and unexplored wilderness, inhabited by wild beasts and wider men, and delivered the reply from the French commandant to Governor Dinwiddie."

Washington's second expedition—that of 1754—was the first in which he was intrusted with the sole command of any considerable body of troops. It was also the occasion of his first downright failure. This was the campaign which opened the French and Indian War, in which occurred the incident of 'Fort Necessity', and the capitulation of Washington's entire command, followed by their immediate release with the honors of war.

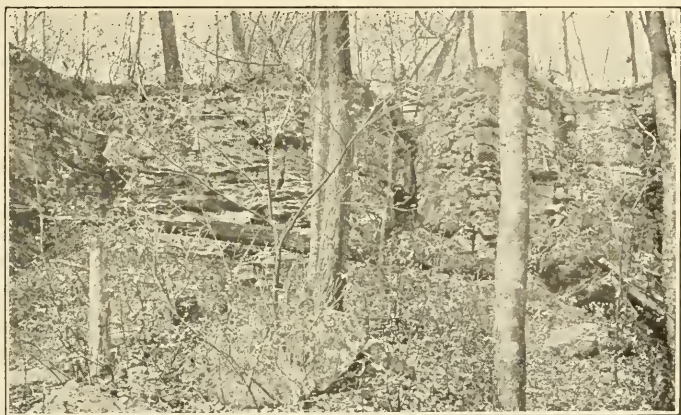
Briefly told, the circumstances were as follows: The publication of Washington's Journal, with the account of his 'spying out of the land' whereon the French had trespassed, aroused the colonial government of Virginia to a sense of danger. A force of three hundred volunteers, whose zeal was increased by liberal promises of land beyond



"Rock Fort," near Jamonville, Pa., where the 'Half King' was encamped when Washington joined him preparatory to the attack on the French. Photo by James Hadden, Uniontown, Pa.

the mountains, was quickly raised; the command—having been declined by Washington—being entrusted to Col. Joshua Fry. It was the misfortune of the latter to succumb to illness within a month or two, and therefore—without alternative—our hero was forced by circumstances to assume the leadership and the responsibilities incident thereto.

The object of the enterprise in hand was the capture of the obnoxious French outposts which now menaced the border country. Alexandria, Winchester and Cumberland again have a place in the story, with a new locality added, to wit, 'Great Meadows', a region lying in that historic southern part of Fayette County, Pa., to the southeast of



Ledge of Rock, from which Washington fired on the French, at daybreak, May 28th, 1754, thus opening the French and Indian War

Photo by James Hadden, Uniontown, Pa.

Chalk Hill and the Laurel range, where a fertile valley, watered by Meadow Run and its brooks, seems fashioned by Nature to gladden the heart of man.

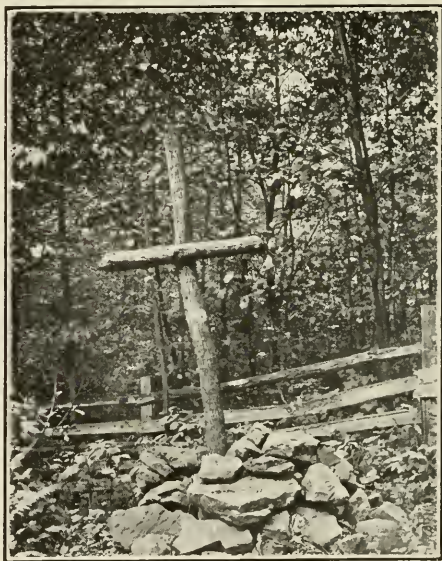
Arrived here on the 24th of May, secret information came to Washington to the effect that the French were coming out to press hostilities, whereupon the colonial recruits hastily intrenched themselves, with their Indian allies—under the friendly sachem 'Half King'—encamped hard by.

The enemy failing to make their appearance, Washington sallied forth on the night of the 27th, and in the early hours of the morning following surprised and put to rout a small prowling detachment of the French under the leadership of Jumonville, who had been lurking suspiciously near among the rocky glens of Chalk Hill. This insignificant

engagement, in which Washington was represented by the French as having acted without provocation, marked the beginning of the long-drawn-out war which was to end in the loss of their American possessions. Jumonville himself fell at the first volley and was buried in a lonely forest grave, while the ledge of rocks beneath which his little company was ensconced, is pointed out to such infrequent visitors as may come to these parts determined to find precise localities. Strange, is it not, that the French and Indian War, which decided the future of America, should have had its beginning in an obscure nook upon the crest of the Alleghenys, which not one in a million of those who study the history of our country will ever have the privilege of actually beholding?

Washington, it would appear, had 'taken the bull by the horns' and 'won out' in his first in-ning with the enemy. A few prisoners were sent back to Cumberland, accompanied by a plea for promised reinforcements; and the young commander, early in June, prepared to push his

initial success by a direct advance to the Monongahela, as it was up this stream that the French were supposed to be slowly pushing their way. But scarcely had the little force of Virginians started for Redstone* when their opponents assumed the initiative. Having ascended the river in force,

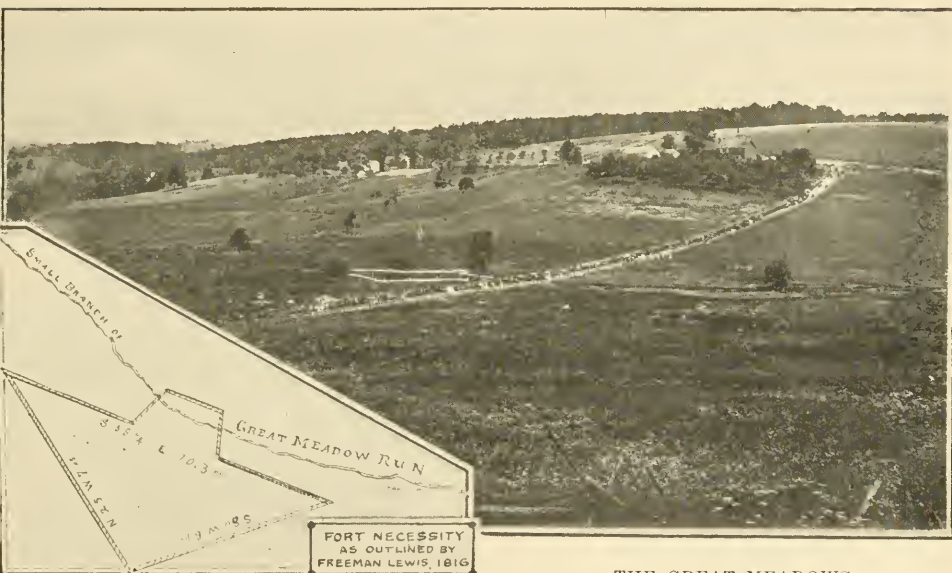


Jumonville's grave, on the crest of the Alleghenys.

Photo by James Hadden, Uniontown, Pa.

* Redstone is identical with the modern town of Brownsville, on the Monongahela, and is distant some fifteen miles from Uniontown.

the French and their numerous following of Indian warriors themselves began to move forward, compelling Washington to retreat post haste and seek immediate safety behind a hurriedly improvised and palisaded earthwork in a corner of the Great Meadows, henceforth to be known in history as



THE GREAT MEADOWS

The "Great Meadows," looking north. The 'Braddock Road' passes at the feet of the observer. The newer National Road crosses from left to right. 'Fort Necessity' is outlined in the center. The parade is passing down the private lane from the National Road to the grove where the exercises of the sesqui-centennial took place, July 4th, 1904.

Photo by James Hadden, Uniontown, Pa.

Fort Necessity. On the 3rd of July the enemy attacked with great determination, and through direst necessity, beset as he was by a greatly superior force, Washington,—having put up a gallant fight,—agreed to 'throw up the sponge' and return to Virginia. In this extremity, the young leader pursued a course both prudent and sensible. Supplies and additional recruits having failed him, he realized that he had been out-maneuvered, and he preferred to save his troops rather than to battle for a forlorn hope.

The French, punctilious always in matters of military

etiquette, were glad enough to offer liberal terms, being well satisfied at seeing the last, as they supposed, of their opponents from beyond the mountains.

Notwithstanding the disastrous results of this expedition, the people and the Assembly had no word of censure for Washington. But Governor Dinwiddie, zealously enthusiastic with plans for reorganization, decreed that hereafter no officer of the provincial militia was to rank higher than captain, and that, in future, the Virginia officers were to yield precedence to those royally commissioned. This dictum meant the inevitable reduction of Washington's rating, and—thoroughly exasperated—he promptly resigned his commission and retired to private life at Mount Vernon.

Thus ended the doings of 1754 on the 'near side' of the mountains. Across the range the enemy were now actively bestirring themselves with the advancement of their outposts, and—before the year closed—had taken advantage of the choice site at the 'forks of the Ohio' and had built Fort Duquesne, (exactly at the point pronounced by Washington to be of paramount importance) installing therein a garrison sufficiently well equipped to hold the position against all comers.

Washington had, in 1754, practically retraced his course of the preceding year as far as the Gist plantation. The direct northwesterly march to the Monongahela which he had planned was abruptly halted somewhere between this place and modern Uniontown.



The site of Fort Necessity is well known to motorists going from Pittsburgh to Clarksburg, W. Va., for the modern state road passes through the 'Great Meadows'. Only a few low hummocks of earth, scarcely noticeable, remain to indicate the precise lines of Washington's make-shift fortification. Early historians have told us that the stockade was built in the form of a triangle, and we are informed that in 1816 the existing earthworks were about three feet in height. Since then, as is plainly to be seen, a century's storms have



A 'close-up' view of Fort Necessity

The white stones indicate the course of one of the low earthworks. The withered trunk is that of a cherry tree which took root within the lines of the fort, and had grown to quite a size when Washington last visited the spot in 1784. From the wood of this tree, Mr. James Hadden of Uniontown constructed the bust of the General which is illustrated toward the close of this chapter. This photo was taken by Mr. Hadden before the tree, having been dead for many years, fell to the ground.

reduced them considerably. Nevertheless, the traces of heaped-up earth are still unmistakably apparent, and not so long ago some remains of bark were found in one of the excavated tumuli, tending to substantiate the accepted theory that a rough wooden palisade formed the chief defensive feature of this hastily-built refuge. The site had absolutely no strategic importance and was chosen only because of the presence of running water, and the urgency of instant action.

Several attempts have been made to mark this

historic spot. As early as 1859, the Fort Necessity Monument Association was incorporated, and in 1854 and 1904 elaborate anniversary celebrations were held; upon the latter occasion fully eight thousand people from Uniontown and the nearby villages congregating to these rural meadows in holiday attire. In 1908 a new commemorative tablet was placed in position, several previous markers having been destroyed by vandals. Upon it we read the story of the provincial troops, who.....“after an engagement of nine hours, capitulated to M. Coulon de Villiers, on July 4th, 1754.”

Admittedly, Washington's movements in these interesting regions are far from being well known even to close students of history, and it is to such painstaking local authorities as Mr. James Hadden of Uniontown — to whom I am indebted for many photographs and much valuable data — that the future American will be greatly obligated. In his valuable books dealing with the expeditions of Washington and Braddock, 1753-'55, Mr. Hadden has given a clear account of chronological happenings, and some charming descriptions of the noteworthy landmarks still existing in these parts.

I was somewhat surprised to learn that George Wash-



ington, somewhere about 1782, himself acquired the title to large tracts of land in Fayette County,—possibly through motives of sentiment,—and that the site of Fort Necessity was included in his real estate holdings at the time of his death.

The year 1755, with its disasters, is the ‘familiar year’ so well impressed upon the memory of every school-boy.

To acquire lasting remembrance because of one’s misfortune is most unusual, yet this is the portion of Major General Edward Braddock of the British army, who arrived in America that spring with the expressed purpose of administering a well deserved ‘trouncing’ to the over-venturesome French,—yet who was destined to become the leading victim in the most disastrous of the attempts on the part of England and her colonies to secure the mastery of the Ohio Valley.

We shall come closest to this historic personage by a visit to old Alexandria on the Potomac,—the sleepy Virginia town just across the river and a little to the south of our present national capital, Washington city. The famous old ‘Carlyle House’, still standing, was Braddock’s original headquarters. John Carlyle had married a daughter of William Fairfax of Belvoir, and was therefore one of Washington’s circle of intimates. At his mansion in Alexandria, Washington was a frequent caller, before the Revolution and after; so we may regard it as a peculiarly valuable link in history’s chain. To-day it is ‘sandwiched’ between large, ugly buildings of later construction and is invisible from the street. In the eyes of its present owners this is not disadvantageous, for it makes possible the charging of a small fee for the privilege of even external examination. True, you may go inside the house once you have paid your way into the outer enclosure, but the circumscribed setting of this choice old Virginia landmark is, in my opinion, most deplorable.

In the Carlyle House were assembled, on the 14th of

April, 1755, a notable array of colonial representatives, among whom were five provincial governors; and within these musty old walls the projected campaign was planned. Washington, estimating Braddock with his usual keen insight, describes him as "haughty and exacting in matters of military etiquette; obstinate—but honorable and generous, and somewhat irritable."

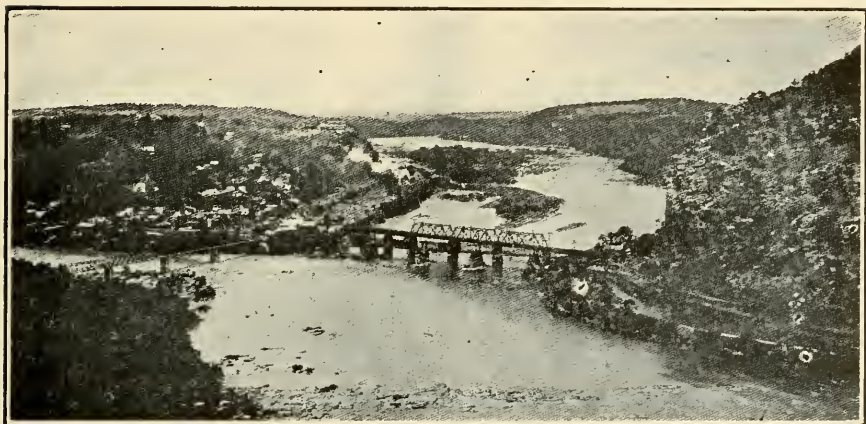
Washington, at this time a Virginia colonel—on the 'retired list' by choice, had been invited by Braddock to attach himself to his personal staff. Although piqued by reason of the governor's recent conduct, he had accepted with alacrity. Since the resignation of his former command he had been 'keeping bachelors' hall'



THE OLD WHARF, ALEXANDRIA, VA.

at Mount Vernon with his brother John Augustine, endeavoring to tidy up the farm after a year's neglect. From his rural retreat he had noted with keen interest the passage of Braddock's flotilla up the river en route to Alexandria, the place of mobilization, and had secretly longed to participate in the promising enterprise about to be launched against the enemy who had recently been the means of his own discomfiture. While he would naturally have hesitated about thrusting his services upon the commonwealth, the invitation of Braddock was most welcome. His scruples removed, he entrusted his business affairs to his brother

John and promptly proceeded to town to wait upon the general, who was the most eminent British officer—up to this time—to undertake military operations in America. The well nigh abandoned water-front at Alexandria, where now a few rotting hulks await the hour of dissolution, was, in those summer days of 1755, a scene of greatest animation. Preparations for the crushing of the French were in full



HARPER'S FERRY, W. VA.

swing. From the anchored frigates, men were busy unloading munitions and stores, while nearby the newly arrived British veterans astonished the rustic provincial militia by their precise maneuvers and imposing parade.

Here walked young George Washington side by side with his new acquaintances, Captains Orme and Morris, who regaled him with tales of daring adventure upon many an 'overseas' battlefield, while he in turn endeavored to impress upon them something of the seriousness of the campaign which they were now about to undertake. In all probability they lent an attentive ear, but Braddock, unfortunately 'wise in his own conceits', would listen to little advice and would brook no interference with his own preconceived schemes. But is this to be wondered at? Consider Braddock's sixty years—forty-five of them spent in

the army,—and his meritorious services under the famous Marlborough at Fontenoy. Then remember Washington's extreme youth, his comparative inexperience, and his practical failure as a commander up to this juncture. Under the circumstances can Braddock be blamed for failing to place unreserved confidence in the young Virginian?

After repeated delays the troops got into motion; Alexandria was left behind, and the expedition set out along the Potomac,—the worthy Braddock clinging tenaciously to his coach of state until the utter wildness of the country and the impassability of the roads made this luxury no longer possible. Well nigh a month was consumed in reaching Fort Cumberland. As we follow in the van of the little army, which consisted of the two imported British regiments and a few colonial riflemen, we may as well be a bit dilatory ourselves, and linger here and there along the route.

Harper's Ferry, one of the most famous towns of West Virginia, occupies a site well known to Washington. The modern village nestles on the slope of Bolivar Heights, and is hemmed in by the Potomac River on the east and the Shenandoah on the west. Up along the Potomac from this point the young surveyor had shaped his course on numberless occasions, although in proceeding to Cumberland he seems usually to have favored the valley route from Winchester.

Harper's Ferry as a village was non-existent in 1755, but the scenic grandeur afforded by a combination of per-



Tablets beside the Railway Station at Harper's Ferry, telling a story of civil strife.

pendicular and wooded cliffs, between which rushed the swift flowing rivers, was then as now a source of admiration and delight. Neither Washington nor Braddock dreamed that so much of epoch-making history was to have its setting in this rocky gorge ere a century had elapsed. Little they knew that here John Brown was to set up, prematurely, the standard of freedom for the slave; or that here, in the fratricidal war which followed, so much of momentous import was to transpire that five closely inscribed tablets would be required to tell the tale. Yet so it happened.

At nearby Charlestown, in the little court house, John Brown received the sentence of death, and to-day the passing tourist may, while the train waits at the Harper's Ferry station, read from the car windows a lengthy record of the war-time vicissitudes which have given the modest little town a conspicuous place in the annals of the civil strife between the states.

Let us now cross the Potomac and side-step to Frederick, Maryland, a few miles to the north, where Braddock, Washington and Governor Sharpe held a council of war. The 'transportation problem' had, at this stage of the enterprise, become a very serious matter, and it remained for Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania, then having charge of the postal system of the colonies, to set things aright. He it was who, by herculean efforts, was able to provide vehicles for the conveyance of the baggage and provisions of Braddock's army.

At Frederick, Washington and Franklin met for the first time. Wouldn't you—pilgrim of to-day—who pick your way through the quaint lanes of Frederick town, give a good round sum to see these two great Americans standing side by side? Absolutely different in every respect save a mutual patriotism; representing the very opposites in character, heredity and breadth of vision; the son of the Virginia planter and the offspring of the New England chandler well personify the varied types of genius which have con-

tributed to the making of the American Commonwealth.

The inn where their deliberations were held is one block west of the Baltimore & Ohio station. It was at this time that George Washington, civil engineer, laid out the route from Baltimore to Cumberland, and the first houses of Frederick were built along this road, which later became part of the National Pike, and is now known as *Patrick Street*.

Back and forth over this old road Braddock and Washington marched with their soldiers. The fine spring a few miles out of town, which furnished water to the Indians, and later to Braddock's men, is known as "Braddock's Spring," and is in existence to-day. Four miles west of the city is a range of hills of the Catoctin Mountains called "Braddock's Heights", commanding beautiful views of the Frederick and Middletown valleys, while the Antietam battlefield is only a few miles distant and easily reached by carriage.

History owes more than one apology to General Braddock. We have criticized the slowness of his movements as he pushed on over the mountain-way to Cumberland, yet I am constrained to believe that few men could have done



DR. FRANKLIN had already passed far beyond the meridian of life and had attained an honestly acquired fame and fortune before Washington came into publicity.

Born in 1706, the youngest of seventeen children, he had come from New England to Philadelphia. Self-taught, industrious and persevering, he had succeeded as printer and publisher. Before the Colonial Wars he had already made his mark in the spheres of science, philosophy, and diplomacy.

American history presents no greater contrast than the lives of Franklin and Washington. The former rose by his own genius despite adverse circumstances; the latter developed a sterling character and steadfast patriotism notwithstanding the other extremes of fortune—aristocratic lineage and great wealth.

We may say, however, that Franklin was to Pennsylvania what Washington was to Virginia.

In 1755 Franklin, who was then the colonial Postmaster General, joined with Washington in warning the ill-fated Braddock against the possibilities of disaster on his expedition against Fort Duquesne.

In 1764 we find Franklin in London, before the king, protesting against the injustice of the royal system of taxation. While in England he was honored by Oxford University's degree of LL. D.

After trying consistently, but vain-

ly, to avert a rupture with England, (for, like Washington, he seems to have possessed something of the sentiments of a royalist) he joined with the other colonial delegates in the preparation of the Declaration of Independence, to which he was a signer.

Franklin was a statesman rather than a soldier. As such, Washington fully realized his worth, and shortly commissioned him to proceed to Canada in an endeavor to induce the colonists there to join us in our struggle for independence. In this enterprise he was, however, unsuccessful.

After serving for a time as head of the postal system under the patriot congress, Franklin was dispatched to France as one of our envoys, seeking open co-operation,—military and financial. Now seventy years of age, but shrewd in the ways of the world, conciliatory, persuasive and cultured, he made an ideal emissary. In January, 1778, the treaty of alliance between France and ourselves was consummated.

Franklin remained in France throughout the duration of the war and helped formulate the final peace treaty with Great Britain. Returning to America, covered with honors, his declining years were spent in the service of Pennsylvania, of which commonwealth, for three years, he served as president, crowning his life's labors with an important part in the framing of the Federal Constitution. He died in Philadelphia, April 17th, 1790.

Franklin said that the proudest day of his life was that on which he saw Washington inducted into office as our first president.

Washington's high regard for Franklin was epitomized in one of his personal letters, written from Mount Vernon in 1788, in which he refers to him as "*the great philosopher, Dr. Franklin.*"

better. Those of my readers who have traveled the line of the Baltimore and Ohio west from Washington cannot fail to appreciate the magnitude of the task imposed upon him—virtually that of building his own road as he progressed.

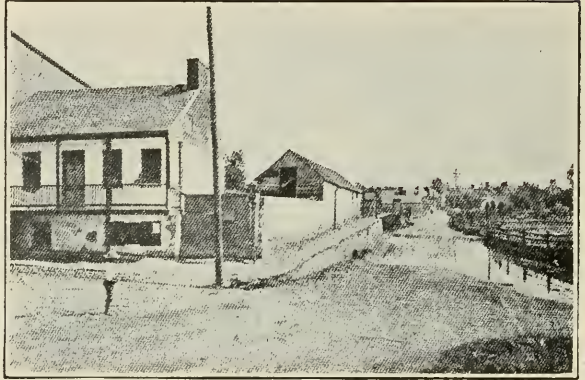
Napoleon crossed the Alps in three days, it is true, but the passes which he followed were great international highways two thousand years old. Of course, Braddock possessed neither the adaptability nor the genius of Napoleon, but—on the other hand—the forces at his command were but poorly provided with engineering appliances. Besides, Braddock's royal troops were pitifully inadequate and were not partial to the idea of turning themselves into wood-choppers or road-diggers, and most of this un-

military work was left to the few, while the many looked on in idleness, lending merely their 'moral support'.

Yet mile by mile the narrow roadway was cut through the forest, and—a few years afterward—proved its utility as an invaluable avenue of commerce and immigration. Eventually came the railroad, which followed the old 'Braddock road' for many leagues, being a still further stimulus to the settlement of the vast expanses of virgin country beyond the Alleghenys. Let us therefore cease to disparage the achievements of Braddock and rather accord

to his name an honored place among the makers of America.

As we follow this historic 'right of way' behind our hard-puffing engine struggling up the mountain grades, we are reminded of the days of Braddock by many little stations up among the hills which bear names reminiscent of his time; and in the neighborhood of some of them are to be seen bits of ruin which undoubtedly could tell interesting stories of the past.



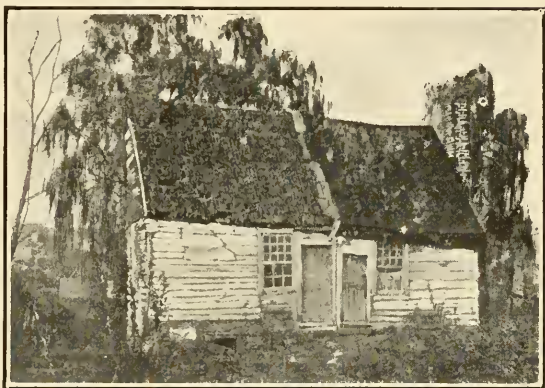
Patrick Street, Frederick, Md.

At Cherry Run, 32 miles from Harper's Ferry, are the remains of Fort Frederick, built in 1755, while a few miles farther, 'Sir. John's Run' commemorates Sir John Sinclair, who was Braddock's quartermaster. Again, 'Patterson's Creek' has a familiar sound; this hamlet, where the railway crosses the Potomac and again enters Maryland, was well known to Braddock and Washington, and is mentioned in the latter's contemporary accounts of his several expeditions.

From Cumberland,—where Braddock's expeditionary forces had lingered until the 10th of June, engaged in parleying with the friendly Indians who were encamped nearby, and awaiting the arrival of the long-promised wagons,—the army pushed along the usual route to the Youghiogheny. The attempts of Braddock and his colleagues to secure the co-operation of the redskins had not been very successful, in fact their proximity worked more harm than good to the cause. The squaws who had accompanied the dusky

warriors proved a grievous temptation to some of the officers, and it was eventually necessary to dispatch them on their homeward way in order to avoid serious complications.

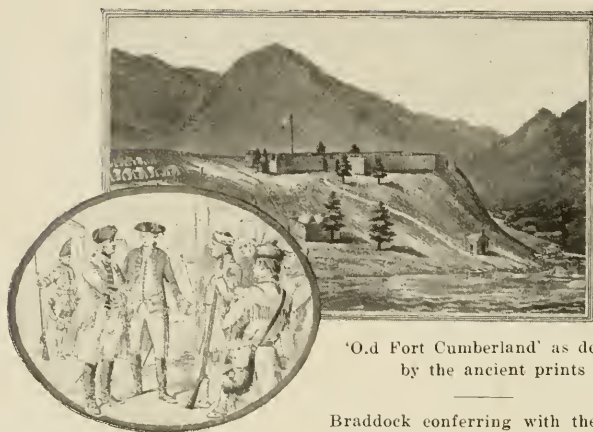
In reality Braddock neither availed himself of the services of the Indians nor of those of the numerous scouts,—trained in border warfare—who were ready and willing to accompany the expedition; but so much has been written concerning these costly errors that we can well allow the subject to rest. Yet very soon, through utter inability to cope with the undreamed of difficulties incident to this kind of campaigning, the General



'Washington's Headquarters', Frederick, Md.

was obliged to turn to Washington for advice. "Leave your impedimenta", suggested the latter, "with a small following division, and push forward in light marching order with the main body of troops." And thus it transpired that Colonel Dunbar tarried behind—with the rear guard and almost all the supplies and ammunition,—and pitched camp on the summit of the Laurel range near the Gist plantation. Braddock endeavored to make better time after parting with his baggage train, but anything like speed in these wild and broken regions was out of the question.

Soon a fever laid hold upon poor Washington, and he himself was forced to 'lay off' for a few days under the personal care of Dr. James Craik, one of the surgeons upon the staff of the general. Between the young Scotch doctor and his patient there soon developed a friendship which was destined to continue through many eventful years, in fact,



'Old Fort Cumberland' as depicted
by the ancient prints

Braddock conferring with the Scouts

until the close of Washington's distinguished career. Dr. Craik, after the French war, established himself at Alexandria. He passed through most of the engagements of the Revolution, being intimately associated with Washington, both on the field and in the later period of his political activities. They continued to be lifelong neighbors, and it was Dr. Craik who closed the eyes of the dying master of Mount Vernon. So, in the wooded wilderness,—where 'a friend in need is a friend indeed',—a rare intimacy had its beginning; one of those happy friendships which wear well either in sunshine or in rain, and the long-standing spirit of confidence and brotherhood between the honest doctor and the illustrious Washington offers a pleasing commentary upon the character of each.

While Washington was incapacitated, the expedition had passed the ruins of Fort Necessity, grim reminder of the disaster of the preceding year, and had pushed on over the mountains to the Youghiogheny, halting en route at the 'Washington Spring' site and at Gist's.

Between 'Great Meadows' and Connells-ville may be seen unmistakable traces of Braddock's road, — slight depressions through the meadows and hills, long aban-



Silhouette of
Dr. Craik

done and grass-grown,—which the more recent builders of the National Road have avoided in the construction of the present highly improved turnpike. In many places the old road and the new run nearly parallel, and the significant hollow traversing the daisy-fields bears mute testimony to the dogged Briton and his provincial laborers, whereas other sections of the original lay-out have lost their identity beneath ballasting of stone and coatings of tar.



An unimproved section of the 'Nemacolin Path', Laurel Hill, Fayette County, Pa.

Braddock, after passing over the Laurel range and fording the Youghiogheny, did not deem it expedient to follow the course of that river, but—on June 30th—turned due north and proceeded in that direction to a point a mile or so below the present town of Mount Pleasant, Pa. Here, at length, he veered to the westward and at last struck the Bush Fork of Turtle Creek near its union with the Monongahela. He was now indeed in close proximity to the supposedly watchful foe, but as yet had seen little to warrant him in the belief that they were preparing to contest his progress.

The critics have complained that Braddock, in approaching the French stronghold of Fort Duquesne, followed a long and strangely circuitous route. Undoubtedly he was

inspired by motives of caution; yet in making this last detour he was but adhering to the well-defined Nemacolin trail, which wound over the upland meadows in distinct contrast to the lower and more dangerous river path. The historian who seeks positive evidence of Braddock's passing on these last miles of the long march will find the clearly identified trail running through what is now Westmoreland County, a region less rugged than that of the Laurel Hills, but



UNION SPRINGS MT. PLEASANT, PA.

The twin springs seen to-day are adjacent to Braddock's camp site; some nine miles north of Connellsville. (Photo by Ern. K. Weller, Washington, Pa.)

full of interest. There is much rolling meadow and bog-land; Jacob's Creek and Long Run and 'Salt Lick' to be forded, with a number of small hamlets—such as Hunkers and Circleville, 'ten miles from nowhere' so it seems,—thrown upon the map at random merely for the sake of providing a route for the Rural Free Delivery.

While Braddock was slowly 'feeling his way' through these solitudes, Washington managed to pull through the critical stage of his illness, and although too weak to ride in the saddle, had made shift to travel in one of the baggage wagons of a small convoy which had come through from Cumberland. Accompanied by these reinforcements, he

overtook the advance column on the 8th of July, as it lay encamped on the Monongahela, just one day before the fateful battle.

The young colonel witnessed a soul-stirring scene on the following morning, when the troops, splendidly disciplined and faultlessly equipped despite their long and toilsome marches, gaily forded the river and again re-forded to



BRADDOCK'S BATTLEFIELD, SEEN FROM KENNYWOOD PARK
Now embraced within the town of Braddock, Pa.

Photo by James Hadden, Uniontown, Pa.

the northerly bank near 'Frazer's Run', preparatory to the expected meeting with the enemy.

The attack by the lurking French and Indians was sudden and vigorous when it came, and—as every American knows—the personal bravery of Braddock and the blind obedience of his British veterans proved unavailing to counteract the advantages of surprise and the cunning of their nimble and vengeful opponents.

So much has been written concerning the ambushade, the 'charmed life' of Washington, his reckless daring as he dashed about the fatal field, of the fall of Braddock, and of

the pitiful retreat in which the disheartened and terrified soldiers—alternately fighting and fleeing—strove to save their scalps from the howling savages, that the details of the story need no repetition.

The present town of Braddock, Pa.—a suburb of Pittsburgh—perpetuates by its name the location of the battleground of 1755 and the memory of the chief among the fallen. So entirely unromantic is the aspect of the place, that it is impossible to imagine it as a locality where history was made. The busy hives of industry, the maze of railroad tracks, and the humble homes of the workers in its shops, tell the prosaic story of a struggling and accomplishing *present* rather than a picturesque and gallant *past*. It is well-nigh out of the question to form a correct idea of the original condition of Braddock's field, although there is a sort of ravine a short distance back from the river which some authorities have identified as the place where the Frenchman De Beaujeu and his mixed force of regulars, Canadians and savages lay hidden while the unsuspecting British were fording the Monongahela and getting into marching order. There has always been more or less doubt as to the origin of the shot that brought down the bull-dog leader of the British expedition. Opinion seems to lean to the statement that he was fired upon by one of the Pennsylvania recruits, a certain ne'er-do-well Tom Fausett, who,—angered because of Braddock's perversity in insisting upon 'open fighting'—(whereas the provincial troops were quick to utilize the protection of every rock and tree after the manner of the red-skins), deemed it a service to his fellow soldiers to bring down the wilful hero. Fausett,



Major General Edward Braddock,
of His Majesty's Collstream Guards



COL. THOMAS DUNBAR'S ENCAMPMENT,

near the Soldier's Orphan School, Jumonville, Pa., on the crest of the Allegheny Mountains. Here Dunbar was encamped at the time of Braddock's defeat (July 9th, 1755) and here, a few days later, he destroyed his ammunition.

It is to day a fruitful site for relic hunters.

Photo by James Hadlcn, Uniontown, Pa.

who lived to an advanced age, was wont to insinuate that it was he who killed the general. Still I think we prefer to leave the matter in doubt. Amid the hail of bullets on that disastrous field, one shot more or less mattered not, and even though the well-meaning buck-private took a flying shot at his leader, neither he nor anyone else could know positively whether this ball or some other, aimed with equally benevolent intent, did the deadly work.

Braddock, though mortally wounded, seems not to have lost his 'nerve'. Still entertaining hopes of a successful stand he dispatched Washington post haste to Dunbar's camp, while he, with the harassed remnants of his command, attempted to keep up some semblance of organization. And Washington, riding all that night in the drizzling rain, through the black darkness of the lonely forest, hastened toward the supply depot with the tidings of the defeat. At

daybreak on the 11th, he broke the news to the astounded Dunbar.

We shall have occasion to go with George Washington through many trying ordeals before we reach the end of our tale, yet I do not think he ever afterward in his career lived over such another forty-eight hours. Half sick at the outset, and riding a pillow-softened saddle; suddenly called upon to bring order out of chaos; twice thrown from mortally wounded mounts, and four times narrowly escaping death from bullets which passed so near as to puncture his clothing; forming and covering the retreat of his comrades; and then the wild ride for succor,—wet, chilled and downcast in heart! And withal, he kept his courage and his wits.

Luckily, the victorious French and their savage allies attempted no serious pursuit, being content with the spoils and scalps of the battleground. Uninterrupted, the retreat of the British continued. Braddock, game to the last, was dying when Dunbar's camp was reached. On the fourth day after the battle the end came, and that night, while the fugitive army lay sleeping the sleep of exhaustion on the borders of Great Meadows, Braddock was buried.

It is a solemn scene. A little group of officers, wounded, weary and wretched, have gathered to perform the last service for their unfortunate commander. Wrapped in his regimentals, he has been reverently lowered into a shallow grave in the middle of the rough and newly cut mountain road. By the light of flickering torches, Washington reads in measured tones the simple Anglican service for the dead. As with the burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna, not a gun was heard nor a funeral note; naught save the plaintive hoot of the night-owl and the chirping of the tree-frog, uniting in Nature's nocturnal requiem. With the coming of a new day the retreat is continued, and the rumbling wagons, rolling over the spot, effectually conceal the location of the grave from any ghoulish pursuers.

So completely were the traces of Braddock's place of

interment obliterated, that even Washington himself, seeking the spot many years later in order that it might be suitably marked, was unable to find it. Not until 1804, when some repair work was being done on the old road, were the remains discovered. The presence of military buttons and the insignia of rank exhumed with the bones, made the identification almost positive. Tom Fausett, the alleged slayer of Braddock, being at that time a very old man, still residing in the neighborhood, assured the diggers that this was the spot where the body had been buried.

At the time of their finding, a re-burial of the bones was made at a nearby spot,

contiguous to the present course of the National Pike running into Uniontown, a mile or two from the site of Fort Necessity and about three miles from the village of Ohio Pyle. Seventy years later, Mr. Josiah King, editor of the Pittsburgh Gazette, planted four sturdy hemlocks around the neglected grave and enclosed it with a neat fence. It was not until 1913 that the citizens of Fayette County erected and dedicated the beautiful memorial which is now plainly visible from the much-traveled highway and which catches the eye of every passer-by.

It is a worthy tribute to the memory of a brave soldier.



BRADDOCK'S GRAVE as it appears to-day, showing the recently erected monument. At the dedication of this memorial in 1913, Secretary of State Knox and General Codrington of the Coldstream Guards were present and made appropriate addresses

Although it has now become familiar to those who pass by the spot from day to day, I feel sure that it is as one of the *new things* along the life-path of Washington which I am privileged to present to the great body of history-loving readers throughout the country.

Upon the front of the memorial is a bronze bas-relief of Braddock with the dedicatory inscription; upon the opposite side the names of the committee who furthered this commendable project; the western bronze recounts the historic details of the campaign of 1755; while the remaining tablet is a tribute sent from over the seas by the present officers of the famous Coldstream Guards, in brotherly recognition of the fact that Braddock commanded some of the soldiers of that historic regiment upon the fatal field where he fell.

What a wonderful record is that of the British army, with its long roster of gallant leaders! In India you will find memorials to Clive and Havelock; in Egypt the footprints of Gordon and Kitchener; in Belgium the victorious field of Wellington; and here—in the rolling meadow-land of Pennsylvania—a tribute to Braddock, who despaired not in defeat! To die far from home has been the reward of many another noble warrior and true, and if ever the hoped for *reveille* of the resurrection soundeth through the firmament, there will on that great day be a wonderful gathering of Britons from the four corners of the earth and from the islands of the sea! The present world dominion of Great Britain, “a mightier empire than hath ever been since the beginning,” has been achieved at an appalling cost.

There are several most interesting relics of Braddock in existence to-day, all of them affording tangible evidence of that border warfare which now seems but an echo of the far distant part. One of them is his immense silk sash, which was swung between the saddle bows of two steady horses and upon which he was borne, as in a hammock, when he could no longer endure the jolting of the wagon.

This priceless souvenir came into the possession of President Zachary Taylor, from whom it descended through his daughter to its present owners, one of the leading families of Virginia. Another memento of the ill-fated Braddock is his dining table, which he left behind at Alexandria when he set out for the front. This fine old piece of English furniture is now in the possession of the Misses Eleanor G. and Sarah C. Hewitt of New York City. Then too, his gold watch—with case intact, but with works completely corroded—has been brought to light, having been found, not so long ago, near Great Meadows, at the 'Orchard Camp-site', possibly where it fell.

It cannot be doubted that Braddock, rough and ready though he was, entertained kindly feelings toward Washington; for just before he died he expressed the wish that



Section of the original 'Braddock's Road' near Great Meadows, Fayette Co., Pa. Braddock's Grave is beneath the trees on the left. He died at 'Orchard Camp' a half mile away, at a point beyond the rising ground to the right. The slight 'dip' in the meadow which is noticeable in the foreground and which leads in that direction marks the course of the abandoned roadway.

his favorite horse might become the property of the young colonel. Washington, on his part, was ever willing to say the kindest things about the fallen hero, profiting by his errors rather than criticizing. Braddock's devoted body-

servant, Bishop, who had braved the dangers of battle and had attended his chief to the last, at once attached himself to the person of Colonel Washington in a similar capacity, and continued for many years to faithfully perform the duties of his humble station.

As the depleted ranks of the defeated and returning ex-

pedition neared the settlements they found that news of the disaster had arrived before them, spreading consternation among the dwellers on the border.



BRADDOCK'S ROAD, BRIERY MOUNTAIN

One of the most romantic stretches of the old Nemacolin trail, passing over the east slope of Briery Mountain between the 'Great Crossings' of the Youghiogheny at Somerfield and the village of Farmington, Pa.

Photo. by Ern. K. Weller, Washington, Pa.

Busy as he was with caring for the sick and wounded, Washington—none too well himself--found time, upon reaching Cumberland, to dispatch that now historic letter, in which he reassured his mother as to his safety, and briefly recounted the story of the battle, amid the dangers of which an over-ruling Providence had preserved him safe and sound.

Col. Dunbar, having hastily broken camp and joined the shattered troops of Braddock as they passed over Laurel Hill, had destroyed all of his ammunition and surplus stores. He continued with the Virginia contingent as far as Cumberland, but then, to the utter disgust of all in the provinces

he made haste to reach Philadelphia, and in that place settled down tranquilly for the winter. Meanwhile, the distraught frontier was left to look after itself, the name of Braddock to tarnish under the stigma of defeat, and as for Washington, there was naught for him to do but to encourage the settlers with promises difficult of fulfilment and to seek the friendly shelter of his Mount Vernon estate for a brief period of recuperation.

Washington felt keenly the ill-success of Braddock's expedition as, for the second time, he came out of the wilderness, blameless, yet without the laurels of victory. It is plain that his mind could not have been filled with many consoling excuses, for he writes about this time in a spirit of deepest dejection — "I have been on the losing order ever since I entered the service, which is now nearly two years." Yet notwithstanding his vicissitudes, he seems to have gained rather than lost in personal prestige. He had given ample evidence of courage and capability for leadership, and, with the royal forces out of the colony of Virginia, he was universally recognized as the resident military head. He himself, despite the fact that his special voluntary service had ended with the close of the campaign, continued to act as adjutant general of the northern division of the province.

The Virginia militia, through a spirit of self-preservation, I suppose, continued to hold together, and in these volunteers Washington never lost faith; although his patience was sorely tried by the 'red tape' of the Dinwiddie government at Williamsburg. His attitude was one of constant readiness to serve, although — as he wrote to his mother in response to her entreaties to risk his life no more — "if it is in my power to *avoid* going to the Ohio again, I shall."

But the call did come again, and that right quickly. Governor Dinwiddie, yielding to public opinion, shortly appointed him Commander-in-chief of all the forces of Virginia "raised and to be raised."

For the next three years Washington's position was a most trying one. With a meagre force, seldom exceeding 700 men, he faced the problem of defending a frontier some 350 miles long. During these long months, when, tired by waiting and tried by circumstances beyond his control, his health again broke down. For a lengthy period he was completely incapacitated, and lay critically ill at Mount Vernon, which circumstance, as may well be imagined, added greatly to his disgust.

When he was able to be up and around once more, he established his headquarters at Winchester, where he found himself confronted with the two-fold problem of protecting the terrified inhabitants of the border and inducing his recruits to stay with him. So intolerant of restraint were some of the soldiery that Washington was forced to resort to severe measures of compulsion. There came also another annoying complication — when the British Captain Dagworthy, in charge at Fort Cumberland, refused to execute the orders of Washington because of the fact that the latter was merely a colonial officer. Determined to have *all* the jurisdiction over his territory or *none*, Washington journeyed all the way to Boston in order to obtain an authoritative decision from General Shirley, the supreme commandant of the royal forces in America. Reinforced with Shirley's sanction of his position and authority, he hastened back to Virginia, where he made herculean efforts to stir up the apathetic legislature of his native colony to a realization of the desperate straights of their constituents in the border territory. He was partially successful in this regard; a few more companies of troops were eventually organized and Fort Loudoun was erected to protect the Shenandoah Valley.

Winchester is the most readily accessible of all the places associated with Washington's frontier campaigns. The remote border settlement of 1756-'58 has grown into a town of goodly proportions, enriched by much Civil War

history, with memories of many an exciting cavalry action, rapid march or midnight raid. Yet "Washington's Headquarters" is still preserved — a little house, half frame, half stone, in which he lodged at intervals during those years when the rugged path of duty crossed and re-crossed the great divide.

Washington realized that the French forts on the Ohio were an ever-present menace, and until this disturbing factor could be eliminated there could be no rest for the settlers on the frontier. The Indians, encouraged by the French, persisted in acts of wanton hostility, and Washington—who sympathized thoroughly with the harried pioneers, -- began urging another well-organized movement against the common enemy. Those Virginians high in authority agreed that the idea was excellent, but months and years passed with nothing definite accomplished. Not until the summer of 1758 did Washington receive orders to proceed to Fort Cumberland, where—after another long period of waiting,—he joined his forces with those of Maryland and Pennsylvania, to proceed, under the direction of General John Forbes, in a final attempt against Fort Duquesne.

In spite of the fact that the Braddock road through Great Meadows offered a well beaten path for the expedition, some of the royal officers decided upon opening a new track over the mountains through the southern counties of Pennsylvania. There were two reasons for this; first, the British forces were, in 1758, operating from Philadelphia



Washington's Headquarters, Winchester, Va.

via Carlisle and Shippensburg, — second, the Pennsylvanians wanted an avenue of communication with the West traversing their own colony. In short, General Forbes' expedition was not, as Braddock's had been, organized in Virginia and chiefly guided by the policies of that province.

There was much talk of dividing the forces; thus permitting the Virginians to follow their own favored route. Against this alternative, as well as the opening of the new road, Washington strongly protested. While successful in his advocacy of a united advance, he 'lost out' in his arguments against the projected course through the unbroken forests of Pennsylvania. Thus it was that several months were consumed in breaking the trail from the Potomac to Raystown and then cutting due west through virgin forests over the northern reaches of the Alleghenys to Loyalhanna, (near what is now Latrobe, Pa., on the trunk line of the Pennsylvania railroad from Harrisburg to Pittsburgh). This new path across the mountains is known to historians as 'the Glade Trail' and was destined—like the Braddock road—to become a great commercial highway.

Not until the 15th of November did the entire expeditionary force arrive at Loyalhanna, still separated from Fort Duquesne by fifty miles of rugged country. Already



OLD 'CARLISLE INN', CARLISLE, PA.

Here Washington is reputed to have 'put up' when visiting the small settlement of early days.

(Courtesy of Guy Carleton Lee)

the French had given evidence of watchfulness, having utterly routed an advance party sent out under Major Grant. This dis-spiriting encounter, with the rapid approach of another winter, nearly turned the purpose of the enterprise.



ALONG THE 'FORBES ROAD'

A birdseye view of Schellsburg, Bedford County, Pa. Here, in 1758, Sir John St. Clair, (who was a veteran of Braddock's campaign) erected a redoubt, at or near the site of the old Shawnee village.

Photo by Prof. John K. Lacock.

General Forbes was ill; in fact during almost the entire campaign he had been carried on a litter. Colonel Bouquet seems to have borne the responsibility for the making of the new roadway, in the construction of which difficulties had been encountered very similar to those which faced Braddock three years before, although, to be sure, Forbes' route crossed but three mountains and not nearly so many streams as did Braddock's, and was besides thirty to forty miles shorter. Prof. John Kennedy Lacock of Harvard University, who has made a careful study of the subject, gives the following authoritative facts:

"Braddock's experience had revealed the necessity of having a stockade camp and blockhouses, with magazines for provisions closer together. This Forbes did, and in addition erected a number of redoubts which in case of defeat would furnish a refuge for the troops if hard pressed. Remains of many of these breastworks or redoubts can be seen to this day. The one in the best state of preservation is McLean's redoubt, seventy-two feet on every side and in some places three feet high, situated on the summit of Allegheny mountain, a short distance from the Wilderness Club house. In the mountains, where the cut is sometimes as deep as ten feet, evidences of the road are very pronounced. Its course lay through the counties of Bedford, Somerset, Westmoreland, and Allegheny, passing at or near the following places—Bedford, (O'd Raystown), Wolfsgton, Schellsburg, Edmonds Swamp (three miles north of Buckstown), Stoystown, Ligonier, Youngstown, Unity Church, (near which spot it crossed the line of the present Pennsylvania railroad), Old Hannastown to a point four miles east of Bushy Run, Bouquet, Murrysburg, and so on to Pittsburgh."

General Forbes has been criticized almost as bitterly as Braddock, yet we have evidence that he gave his closest reflection not only to the subject of the advance, but also to the safeguarding of his line of retreat. Nevertheless, the encampment at Old Hannastown might have marked the farthest progress of the expedition had not fortune unexpectedly interposed in favor of the British commander.



OLD HANNASTOWN, WESTMORELAND COUNTY, PA.

Situated on the 'Forbes Road' some three miles north of Greensburg, Pa., and about twice that distance west of modern Loyalhanna. A few rods westward was the site of the 'Three R-doubts Fort', built in 1758.

Photo by Prof. John K. Lacock.

While debating as to the prudent course, chance information came to the effect that the French themselves were at their wits' end to subsist, their supplies and reinforcements from Canada having failed them completely. Encouraged by this news, the wavering Forbes determined upon a rapid dash to the Monongahela, — with Washington in personal command of the vanguard of a thousand men, — exercising a caution born of the remembrance of poor Braddock's fate. The last episode of the French and Indian War was destined, however, to be bloodless. The garrison of Fort Duquesne, aware of approaching retribution, determined to exercise discretionary valor, and forthwith hastily decamped, leaving nothing but a smouldering ruin to fall into the hands of the victors. Thus, on the 25th of November, 1758, were the efforts of five years rewarded



SITE OF 'FORT LIGONIER', LIGONIER, PA.

This strong position on the Loyalhanna Creek was the first fort built by the English west of the Allegheny Mountains. In 1758 it served as a main base of supplies between Bedford (Raystown) and Pittsburgh. A few rods from the fort, the 'Forbes Road' forded the stream.

Photo by Prof. John K. Lacock.

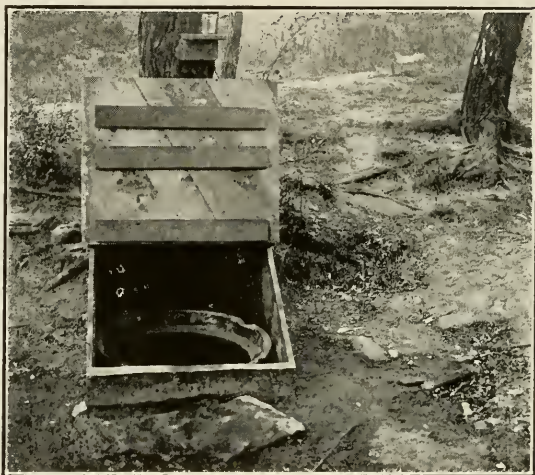
and the British assured of the future mastery of the Ohio and its tributaries.

Pittsburgh, the mighty commercial city of to-day, named in honor of William Pitt,—that able British statesman who was, in turn, the friend of the struggling American colonies and of the free United States—has arisen around the ancient site of Fort Duquesne; not merely 'at the forks of the Ohio', but spreading in all directions away beyond the confluence of the Allegheny and the Monongahela, a vast metropolis of industry. Amid its tall buildings, stacks and shops there is preserved just one relic of pioneer days. Down at the extreme point where the waters meet, once tucked between modern structures and but lately awarded its just quota of elbow-room, stands the time worn block house portrayed at the beginning of the chapter. It occupies the site of the original fort, and was built in 1764 by Colonel Henry Bouquet, one of the officers who had served with Forbes and Washington and who subsequently continued in command at this outpost.

The people of Pittsburgh justly regard this old fort as their historic talisman, for it exemplifies the spirit of determined enterprise and perseverance which has made their city 'the Gateway of the West'. Fort Pitt, although built six years after the fall of Duquesne, is contemporary with Washington's activities and was most certainly seen by him when, in 1770, he again visited the lands of the Ohio valley. It fitly commemorates the goal of those ardent efforts of his early years, when "in the service of the Crown," he looked ahead into the future.

Of still

greater significance is this little square house of darkened brick when we recall that it marks the first great step in the Westward course of our expanding empire. By this route, with faces toward the ever-receding sunset, have passed in turn the Kentucky pioneer, the settler bound for the vast wheat lands of the Middle West, the future ranchman of the Dakotas and the gold-seeker of California. At Pittsburgh the East ends and the West begins. No one can stand at the point of land where the Ohio has its birth without thinking of the great Mississippi into which it flows. The flat-bottomed steamboats—with end paddle-wheels and pairs of crown-rimmed smoke stacks—carry



BRADDOCK'S SPRING, McKEESPORT, PA.

On the site of one of the last halting places of the ill-fated expedition of 1755, before the battle of the Monongahela.
Photo by Ern. K. Weller, Washington, Pa.

your thoughts away to the cotton-piled levees and the Southern gulf. At Fort Pitt the original border-land which our fathers won for freedom merges into the greater America beyond the mountain barrier which newer generations have reclaimed from the wilderness and made habitable.

It is impossible to visit Pittsburgh without experiencing a thrill of admiration for its marvelous industrial growth. Millions and hundreds of millions of capital, invested in iron and steel, have resulted in a bewildering expanse of founderies, smelters and furnaces. To one unfamiliar with the sight, the night approach to Pittsburgh seems unearthly in its fearful grandeur; it is one of the world's wonderful experiences. For miles the banks of the Monongahela are lined with mighty establishments, which—illuminated by the ghastly glare of ascending flames, exhausts and white-hot metal—present a never-to-be-forgotten panorama, compared with which the fabled 'infernal regions' must be cool and quiet. But instead of tormenting lost souls, these busy plants are filling pay-envelopes and bringing independence and comfort to industrious thousands.



Queen Aliquippa's Rocks, McKeesport, Pa.

Near this rugged bluff was located the Indian village at which Washington stopped on his return journey from Venango in 1753.

Photo by Ern. K. Weller, Washington, Pa.

Let us now go back to 1758, when the victorious troops of General Forbes turned their faces once more to the East, leaving the ensign of Britain fluttering gaily to the breezes of the Ohio from the ruined palisades of the French outpost. Washington realized that his work was done. With

the soldiers of France put to flight and their Indian allies disposed of, the prospect of a peace of long duration seemed assured. The long-suffering settlers could now breathe freely, and the Virginia Colonel, with a sense of duty well performed, was nothing loath to resign his command and repair once again to Mount Vernon. Although it was mid-winter, with snow upon the ground, perhaps—and squally blasts whistling through the beeches by the mill creek—December at the cheery Potomac mansion must have seemed to him as pleasant as May.

The twenty-seventh year of Washington's life had, in many ways, been an eventful one. Besides bringing him military honors, it had witnessed the rising of his political star. While far removed from Virginia, with such a thing as 'electioneering' un-thought-of, he had been elected a member of the House of Burgesses from Frederick County, being victorious over four opponents. The celebration of this triumph at the polls had been rather a costly proceeding for the frugal Washington. A certain Colonel Wood stood proxy for him in his victory pageant, and was carried around the town of Alexandria upon the shoulders of the



THE FORDING PLACE, SALT LICK CREEK, HUNKERS, PA.

Another historic spot on the famous 'Braddock Road' between Mount Pleasant and McKeesport. At this point the trail has long since been abandoned for newer and more convenient highways.

Photo by Ern. K. Weller, Washington, Pa.



WILLIAMSBURG, VA.

This is another section of the Duke of Gloucester Street, now 'improved' into a 'corduroy road' by planking, thrown across the mud. Colonel Washington passed this spot whenever he journeyed to the provincial capitol.

crowd amid deafening huzzahs. The admirers of Washington then proceeded to run up a goodly sized bill for liquid refreshments, which—according to custom—he was bound to settle. Some 'forty pounds worth of punch, wine and strong beer' was consumed by his zealous adherents on the occasion of this jubilee. Quite a nice little party, was it not?

Again, the year 1758 was one never to be forgotten by 'Colonel George of Mount Vernon' because it settled his matrimonial fate and sealed his conjugal fortune. With the advent of a new January there came also wedding bells.

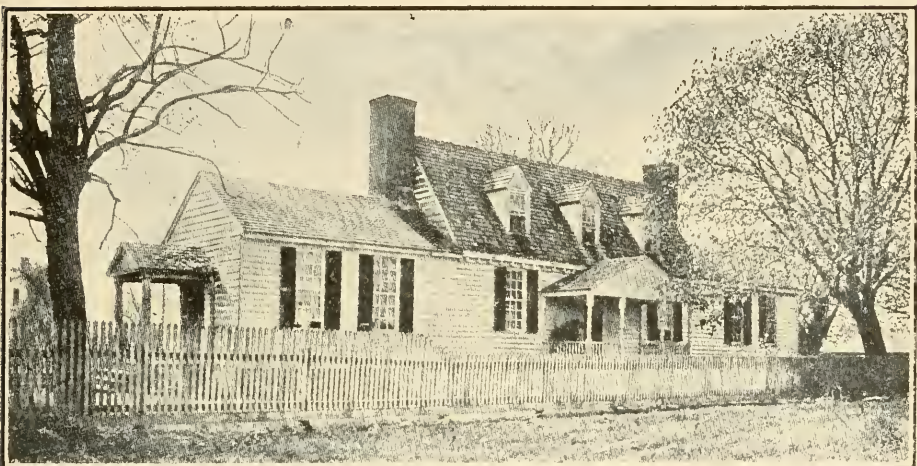
At the outset of this chapter we promised to weave into the fabric of our narrative a few bright strands of romance, and to tell all we knew about Washington's love episodes. So-called 'love' and its coincident follies is no respecter of persons, and usually takes stronger hold upon the world's men of mark than the plain, ordinary, 'no account folks' whom we run across in the everyday walks of life. As a matter of course the foibles and short-comings of those in

high places are widely exploited and receive more than their due of publicity and sometimes censure. Happily, the biographers of Washington have been confronted with few rough spots which have required 'glossing over', or deep stains on the escutcheon of his character to tax their evasive ingenuity. Admittedly, his record is far above the average, and his uniform good judgment asserted itself so forcefully in his private life that we find nothing therein to shatter our ideals.

I doubt not that he was very human, and there may be some foundation in fact for the yarns relative to his escapades, which stories—having been passed from one generation to another—are still current in Virginia. Even accepting as truth the veiled intimation that some of his adventures were by no means platonic, we like Washington none the less, being drawn closer to him by a knowledge of our own vulnerability. Certain it is that he was highly respected by those who knew him best. The Virginia gentleman of to-day, who is more apt to regard him as a 'late lamented neighbor' than as America's greatest citizen, will probably appraise him, in terms of affectionate familiarity, as a "high class sport." This was the precise language used in my hearing on one occasion. And indeed such an estimate, coming from a man of the world, is about as appreciative a tribute as one gentleman—not too Puritanical—could pay to another.

We gather, from the frank admissions in Washington's boyhood letters, that he began to be susceptible to the charms of the opposite sex at an early age. But in those days he had small opportunity for 'skylarking'. Whatever may have been his inclinations, he was tightly bound by maternal restrictions during the years spent at Fredericksburg, and it is not surprising that—smitten with admiration for someone, out of reach by reason of his youth and colonial discipline—he occasionally succumbed to 'the blues'. Little scraps of his boyish verse have come down to

us, poetry immature yet eloquent,—grandiose attempts at the expression of that passion which older minds realize cannot possibly be expressed—attesting to the fact that he was devoured by the internal fires of the ‘girl-craze.’



The quaint old Cary House at Williamsburg in which once lived an early sweetheart of George Washington

At Mount Vernon he found himself free from the restraints of boyhood, and at seventeen—that age so aptly delineated by Booth Tarkington—he devoted more or less time to the writing of letters, some of them still extant,—in which sentiment occupied a conspicuous place. Young Washington dearly loved the company of refined women, and at Belvoir and Williamsburg found opportunity to meet some of the most charming *debutantes* of northern Virginia. These friendships undoubtedly contributed to broaden and polish the character of the youthful surveyor.

The story that he courted Sally Cary, who became the wife of his friend George Fairfax, is quite evidently an error, for she had been wedded for a year before Washington met her, and was his senior by at least six years. There was, however, a younger sister, Molly, who frequently visited Belvoir, a “very agreeable young lady” for whom ‘G. W.’

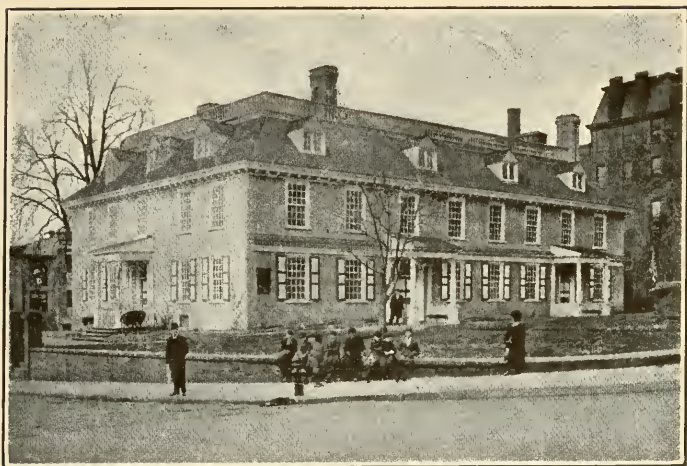
evidenced a high regard. Were it not, as he himself wrote, for a certain "lowland beauty," the aforesaid Molly might have completely captivated him.

The identity of this "lowland beauty" has been a favorite subject for dispute. Until quite recently she was thought to have been a Miss Lucy Grymes who subsequently married Henry Lee and became the mother of 'Light Horse Harry' Lee of Revolutionary fame. But the discovery, not long ago, of a letter written by Washington in his twentieth year to one William Fauntelroy of 'Naylor's Hold' on the Rappahannock, about fifteen miles from Wakefield, seems to indicate that it was the latter's daughter Betsy who had appealed so strongly to the youth in the wilderness. That she had, moreover, given Washington 'the mitten', is quite evident from his epistle, which ventures the hope of a "revocation of the former cruel sentence." She must therefore have spoken her "nay" before Washington's visit to Barbados, when he was but nineteen and she 'sweet sixteen'. Cruel sentence indeed, which perhaps she afterward regretted; for her unsuccessful suitor not only 'lived through it' but repeatedly thereafter made love in the good old fashioned way.

One of the more mature exploits of Washington in the field of heart-conquest was his brief intimacy with and lasting admiration for a New York girl—Mary Philipse of Yonkers,—whom he met upon the occasion of his first visit to the North in 1756. After his stirring adventures in Braddock's campaign, his recep-



MARY PHILIPSE-MORRIS
Original portrait by John Woolaston
in possession of the Misses Philipse
of New York



The PHILIPSE MANOR HOUSE, Yonkers, N. Y., the most notable land-mark in Westchester County. Not only as the home of Mary Philipse, for whom Washington entertained high regard, but for its two and a quarter centuries of regional history, is it justly venerated and adequately cared for.

tion was everywhere most enthusiastic; he was, in fact, regarded as a social lion, the hero of the hour. Under these circumstances,—an elegant young soldier, representing the ‘blue blood’ of Virginia,—he was received with distinction by the aristocracy of the Hudson. Among those who smiled upon him was fair Mary, and George smiled in return. Yet it is probable that the short duration of his stay permitted little more than the beginning of a promising friendship, which, after Mary’s marriage in 1758 to Major Robert Morris,—one of Washington’s companions in arms during the border war,—must of necessity have vaporized. Had Washington been a resident of New York City, it is likely that his wooing would have been prosecuted with great ardour. As it was, he returned to Virginia a ‘free lance’.

The old Philipse Manor House, built—some declare—as early as 1682, still adorns the principal street of Yonkers and is the most interesting building in Westchester County. In 1755 it was occupied by Frederick Philipse, who was accounted one of the wealthiest land owners on the Hudson. In 1776, when Washington again passed through the town

in his 'fighting retreat' it was forsaken by its royalist owners. There can be no doubt that the patriot leader felt more than ordinary interest in this ample homestead, although well-remembered Mary, with her husband—who had also espoused the cause of the King,—had been driven from her New York mansion before the advance of the Americans, and subsequently embarked for England. Who can deny that there is something fascinating about meeting an old sweetheart or passing beneath her once-frequented window ledge?

The Yonkers house is still well preserved, and was until a few years ago used as the City Hall. It stands on Warburton Avenue, one block north of Main Street, and as an interesting memento of Washington and his times, is well worthy of a visit.

The circumstances of Washington's first meeting with the 'widow Custis', who finally captured his hand and heart, are quite well known. In the midst of his preparations for the final campaign against the French, he had occasion to make a hurried journey from Winchester to Williamsburg. En route he accepted the invitation of a Major Chamberlain, who lived near the Pamunky River in New Kent County, to tarry for dinner. Among the guests at the Chamberlain house was Mrs. Martha Dandridge Custis, the widow of Colonel Daniel Parke Custis and the mother of two handsome little children, John and Martha. She was just three months younger than Washington. From the time of their introduction, it seems to have been a case of a strong mutual liking. We might almost say of 'love at first sight.' Thus George Washington, who had for ten years been tossed about on a sea of conflicting amours, met his Waterloo.

When a captivating widow looks with favor upon a sincere but hesitating youth, she, of all women, knows how to bring his attentions to a focus and help him across the 'psychological moment' which bridges the eternal instant

between single blessedness and wedded bliss. Widows have had the benefit of experience, and usually know their own minds, which is a knowledge seldom possessed by either gallant swains or blushing misses. Widows, naturally, have a keener insight into the heart of a man; they can see his weak points, maybe, but they also have the ability to recognize true worth and to justly estimate character.

Washington's fate was sealed from the moment of this chance meeting. During his brief stay at the colonial capital he made it his business to visit Mrs. Custis at her own 'White House' not far from Williamsburg, and when he set forth on his last march to the Ohio he carried in his heart her promise. Quick action indeed: far speedier than the progress of the campaign, which moved so slowly that our hero had yet another opportunity of paying a flying visit to his betrothed before actual hostilities commenced.

It is a source of little wonder that within a month after Washington's return from Fort Duquesne,—on January 6th, 1759, to be exact—the wedding was duly solemnized "on a scale commensurate with the wealth and standing of the contracting parties," as an old writer expresses it. The time-worn adage about marrying in haste and repenting at leisure was not proven in this instance, for the union turned out to be a fortunate and happy one, and neither of the 'parties thereto' ever had reason to regret the momentous step which was to make them one for forty long years.

Martha Custis, it may be said, was independently



MARTHA CUSTIS, the charming widow who won the heart of Washington. Quaintly described as "not tall but extremely well shaped, with an agreeable countenance, dark hazel eyes and hair, and frank, engaging Southern manners."

wealthy in her own right, for Colonel Custis had bequeathed to herself and children a fortune variously stated as between one and two hundred thousand dollars. This ample competency coupled with Washington's own assets, swelled their joint fortune to what was, in those days, an enormous figure. It is a known fact that in his latter years George Washington was rated as the wealthiest man in the colonies.

The historic nuptials were celebrated, it is presumed, at the Custis residence. J. T. Headley, the biographer of Washington, gives the following description of the event:

"From far and near came the laced coats and powdered hair and long eyes, till the hospitable mansion overflowed with the wealth and beauty and pride of the colony. And a noble couple they were—the colonel six feet three inches in height, towering above all around, and the beautiful bride radiant with happiness. The rafters of the huge mansion rung that night with mirth and gaiety."

The Reverend David Mossom, for forty years rector of the little parish of New Kent, was the officiating clergyman, and upon the day following their marriage the 'newly-weds' attended services at St. Peter's Church a few miles distant. The contemporary description given below, with the incident information regarding the trousseau of the bride, may possibly interest the ladies:

"They came in bridal state, coach and four and a train of wedding guests, among whom was Speaker John Robinson and members of the House of Burgesses. At the marriage ceremony, the bride was attired in a heavy brocade silk interwoven with silver thread, embroidered satin petticoat, high heeled satin shoes with buckles of brilliants, point lace and ruffles; her ornaments were a pearl necklace, earrings and bracelets. The bridegroom appeared in citizen's dress of blue cloth; the coat embroidered white satin, his shoes and knee buckles were of gold; his hair was powdered and at his side hung a dress sword."

About this time Colonel Washington repaired to Williamsburg where he was to take his seat as a member of the Assembly, and for the period of the session resided with the new Mrs. Washington at her old home near the capital. Permit me to once again quote from Headley:

"During the session the speaker was directed, by a vote of the House, to return the thanks of the colony to Colonel Washington for the distinguished military services he had rendered. This the eloquent speaker did in a manner to suit himself, and poured forth a strain of eulogium at once unexpected and embarrassing. Washington, taken wholly by surprise, rose to reply, but could not stammer forth a single word. Out of his painful dilemma the witty speaker helped him as generously as he had helped him into it. 'Sit down, Mr. Washington,' said he, 'your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess'. Nothing could have been more elegant and skillful than this double stroke, which at once relieved Washington, while it enhanced the compliment."

Somewhere about the middle of April, 1759, Colonel Washington brought his bride to his own beautiful estate at Mount Vernon and entered upon a sixteen year span of well nigh unalloyed happiness. He had now secured a complete title to the Potomac mansion, for upon the re-marriage of Lawrence's widow, he had bought out her interest in the property for a liberal consideration. John Augustine Washington, who had long looked after these broad acres, had beaten his brother George in the marriage game by a few months, and had set up for himself farther down the river near Wakefield, where the first of the family had settled sixty years before.

George Washington, pre-eminent-ly a practical man of business, found no difficulty in securing competent overseers for his extensive property holdings. Assuming as he did the role of general manager and executive head, farming for him possessed no element of drudgery. Slaves, well fed, well housed and exceedingly prolific, solved the 'labor ques-



BUST OF WASHINGTON (after Houdon).
Constructed by James Hadden, of Uniontown, Pa.,
from the wood of the wild cherry tree which grew
within the lines of Fort Mifflin.

tion' without dispute. His immediate subordinates were drilled in efficiency and loyalty, his ample means and unquestioned rating assured him a ready market for the product of his fields, and prosperity crowned his business ventures as good fortune had rewarded his marital determination. Washington was not one to be satisfied with merely a comfortable living. For him there was no 'burying of the talent wrapped in a napkin'. To his mind, years of abundant harvest without financial gain would have been time wasted. Yet in his private business affairs as in the service of the public, he always gave one hundred cents on the dollar. He was an ardent advocate of square dealing, although sharp in driving a bargain. We have record that he prided himself on the uniformly excellent quality of his flour, affirming confidently that it was the equal of any similar product milled in Great Britain. So, by dint of the conservative thrift which had now become habitual, he continued to add to his fortune, notwithstanding the open-handed hospitality which, as master of Mount Vernon, he ever extended to his widely increasing circle of friends.

During the halcyon and idyllic years between 1759 and 1775—the period of repose and calm before the Revolutionary storm,

a Sycamore	16
b Sassafras	28
c Poplar	16
d Red Oak	16
e Red Oak	32
f Mock Orange	2
g Hemlock	28
h Tree at H. Hill	4
i Yellow Willow	28
k Magnolia	28
l Catalpa	4
m Oak Tree	28
n Black Oak	16
o English Walnut	4
p Holly	24
q Lilac	20
r Dogwood	28
s Chestnut	28
t Sweet Red Berry	16
u Althaea	16
v Black Thorn	16
w Cedar	28
x Service	6
y Lilac	
z Holly & Dry: abn	

1 Balm of Gilead on Holly	
2 Horse Chestnut	4
3 Line	4
5 Pine	20
6 Poplar	20
7 Black Sun	18
8 Elm	14
9 Maple	22
10 Mulberry	20
11 Aspen	20
12 Ash	22

which was to lead him, involuntarily, through the deep waters of trial to the foremost place in the annals of American history—Washington realized his ideals of domestic felicity; his manner of living was exactly as he had planned it, and thoroughly concurrent with his conception of ‘getting the most out of life’. The long and agreeable intervals between his legislative duties at Williamsburg (for he continued to serve his constituents at each succeeding assembly) gave ample opportunity for the systematic expansion of the Mount Vernon plantation, and the development of its resources with scientific precision. One item of routine in this connection seems to have afforded especial delight to Washington. It was the mathematical and clerical work of the farm. True to his early instincts, he gloried in the making of maps and surveys, detailed drawings of projected improvements, and carefully tabulated account books and memoranda. Not until the beginning of the Revolution did he relinquish his ‘book-keeping department’ into other hands, while the worthy Tobias Lear, his private secretary of later years, does not appear on the scene until the presidential period and Washington’s last sojourn beside the Potomac. Washington’s business documents and records, like the copy-books of his boyhood, all evince neatness and painstaking care, although sometimes he has fallen down in his orthography.

Colonel Washington, in the autumn of 1770, made his fifth excursion to the west of the Alleghenys. It was a nine weeks tour, undertaken in company with his friendly neighbor and physician, Dr. Craik; these two being joined at Stewart’s Crossings by Colonel William Crawford, one of the pioneers of Pennsylvania. No longer was the path endangered by lurking Frenchmen, for with Wolfe’s sacrifice upon the plains of Quebec in 1759, the continent had been won for England. Hence, their arrival at Fort Duquesne—on the 17th of October—was that of peaceful travelers, who “lodged at Sample’s, a very good house of public entertainment.” According to Washington, the post was

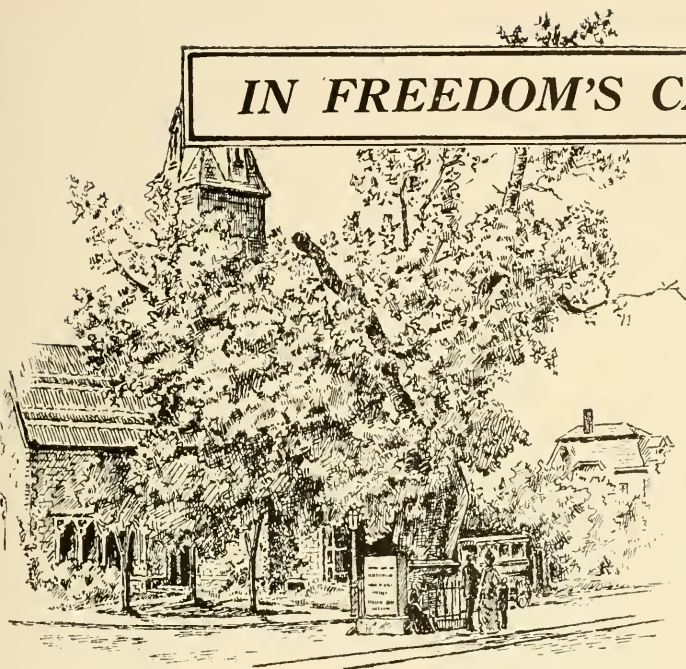
now considerably more than a block-house, for they "found there a town of about twenty log houses on the Monongahela, 300 yards from the fort, inhabited largely by Indian traders." The little party then proceeded down the Ohio to the Great Kanawha, where they viewed the lands awarded to the Virginia troops for their military services. On the return journey, Washington visited some of his own property in what is now Mt. Pleasant township, Washington County, stopped overnight at Thomas Gist's estate, renewed old acquaintances with Fort Necessity and Great Meadows, and cut back over the mountains by the well-remembered Braddock road.

Washington's sphere of activity had somewhat narrowed during the years of peace and plenty at Mount Vernon. Never demonstrative in the performance of his commonplace duties for home and province, he seemed likely to be hidden henceforth from the eyes of the world and in a fair way to enjoy forever the 'simple life' he coveted. Yet the fact that even his near neighbors regarded him as something out of the ordinary may be gathered from the following contemporary description, as recorded in the words of a fellow Virginian, Captain George Mercer, who had traveled in his company to Boston in 1756 and who knew him intimately:

"He is as straight as any Indian, measuring six feet two inches in his stockings, and weighing 175 pounds. His frame is padded with well developed muscles, indicating great strength. He is wide shouldered, is neat wristed, broad across the hips, and has rather long limbs. His head is well shaped and gracefully poised on a superb neck. A large and straight rather than a prominent nose; blue-gray, penetrating eyes—which are overhung by a heavy brow, high cheek bones and a good firm chin. He has a clear though rather colorless skin, which burns with the sun; dark brown hair—which he wears in a cue; and a pleasing and benevolent though rather a commanding countenance. His mouth is large and generally firmly closed, and his features are regular and placid, although expressive of deep feeling when moved by emotions. In conversation he looks you full in the face, is deliberate, deferential and engaging. His voice is agreeable rather than strong and his demeanor at all times composed and dignified. His movements and gestures are graceful, his walk majestic, and he is a splendid horseman."

This then was the manner of man who had faithfully served his sovereign and state, had dealt honorably with his fellow-men, had proven himself a dutiful son and a devoted husband, and who now—like Moses in the wilderness—was being held in reserve for a higher and more noble service in freedom's cause!

IN FREEDOM'S CAUSE



"THE OLD ELM", CAM-
BRIDGE, MASS., UNDER
WHICH WASHINGTON
TOOK COMMAND OF THE
CONTINENTAL ARMY —

1775

Samuel Adams has been called "the father of the Revolution," and because of the prominent part played by New England in the opening days of the struggle for independence, most of us have unconsciously become imbued with the idea that the war had its beginnings 'away down East.' Men of the type of Hancock and Otis, Hopkins and Sherman, who here gave free expression to their convictions; and such stirring events as the Boston Massacre and the Tea Party, have tended to focus our eyes upon the northern colonies. And while it is true that the guns of Lexington marked the actual commencement of hostilities, we must not forget the fact that for several years prior to this open rupture with Great Britain every one of the provinces had been deeply stirred by a sense of royal injustice, and that during the months immediately preceding that eventful "nineteenth of April in 'seventy-five,'"

the spirit of ferment had openly manifested itself in all the leading cities of the Atlantic seaboard and the provincial capitals where commerce and industry had felt most heavily the hand of the tax-gatherer and the domineering presence of the king's rapacious minions.

It was purely as a Virginian that Washington gradually became affected by the disturbing trend of local events and the increasing restlessness of the times. Virginia was in no respect more backward than Massachusetts in asserting her sovereign rights, and as early as 1765, Washington [still representing his constituents at Williamsburg] found himself in the midst of a hot-bed of discontent consequent to the passage of the 'stamp act.' I do not propose to re-write the history of the ten years of agitation prior to the Revolution, when the first sparks of resentment, fanned by oft-repeated acts of Parliamentary tyranny, smoldered awhile and then burst into flame.

While Hancock and 'the Adamses' were stirring New England, while New York was erecting liberty poles on 'Golden Hill', while sedate Philadelphia protested solemnly through the warning voices of Franklin and Ross, the balmy breezes of the Southland were likewise fanned into whirlwinds of remonstrance.



The old "Powder Horn", Williamsburg, Va.

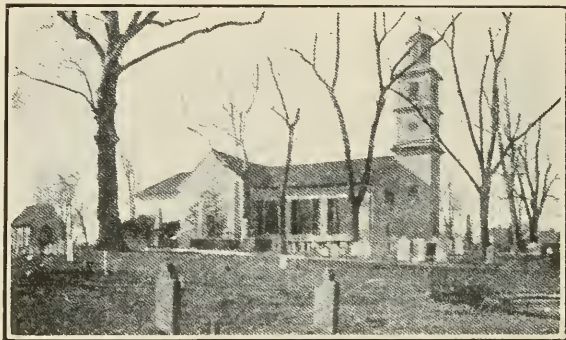
Williamsburg became a 'nest of sedition'; at least so thought Governor Dunmore. In this now drowsy town a

torch was lighted which in turn kindled the beacons of liberty upon a thousand hills. Dunmore prorogued the House of Burgesses, but the representatives of the people reconvened at the old Raleigh Tavern and had their say. Of course, it was 'unofficial,' but it was far more efficacious in its consequences than all the check-mating designs of the King's ministers. The famous 'Virginia Bill of Rights' had its birth here, giving immortality to the names of Patrick Henry and George Mason, and entitling Virginia to a place first among the colonies who openly voiced defiance to the crown.

The famous old 'Powder Horn' at Williamsburg is a relic of these disturbed times. It is a very unusual octagonal tower with walls eight feet thick, erected somewhere about 1715, during the administration of Sir Alexander Spotswood, one of the 'good governors' of very early days. Situated on the main thoroughfare, (the Duke of Gloucester Street) it has been in closest touch with the local happenings of two centuries. As its name implies, it long served as a magazine; and here, just prior to the Revolution, the enraged governor seized a goodly store of gunpowder, lest it should be appropriated by patriot hands for use against royal authority. Seventy years ago this ancient repository for combustibles was a store-house of 'spiritual fire' for it was then used as a Baptist meeting house. To-day we find it transformed into a museum, with a great variety of interesting but dusty curios under the guardianship of a chatty spinster. While she does not maintain a 'tidy house', she is most obliging and courteous, and the visitor who happens to saunter in during a quiet hour will be amply compensated, although the dingy old *donjon* with its stone-paved floor and lofty beams, entwined by cobwebs long undisturbed and supporting a roof leaky with age,—reminds the visitor of a sombre and musty cell in a medieval castle rather than a relic of colonial America.

The immortal "give me liberty or death" speech of

Patrick Henry, perhaps the most famous of all expressions of early American patriotism, was voiced in the presence of the tense and awe-struck 'Virginia Convention', assembled in 1775 at old St. John's Church, *Richmond*; for in the city on the James, already beginning to be a place of some consequence, the righteous anger of the people demanded expression in no uncertain tones. The ancient sanctuary stands to-



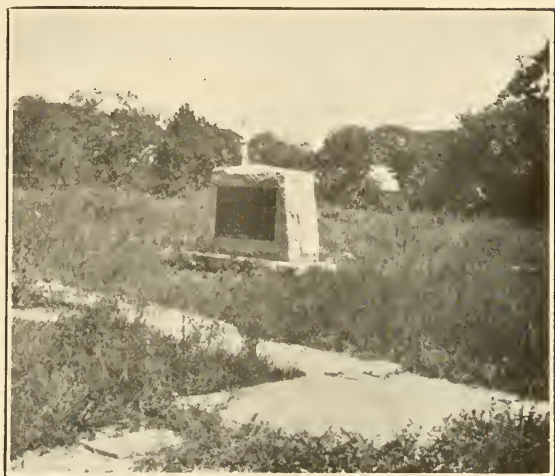
St. John's Church, Richmond, Va.

day in time-honored simplicity, just as it did when the energetic little lawyer roused the spirit of the long suffering delegates to the point of frenzy.

The far-away events of this glorious epoch seem intensely vivid to the traveler in old Virginia. South of Richmond we find ourselves riding in a vestibuled car over practically the same road that Patrick Henry traveled on horseback, and we have no difficulty in conjuring up from the dead past his curious figure, with three-cornered hat and coat tails a-flutter, as he rode from Hanover Court House to Williamsburg. And in the latter town we rattle over a 'thank-you-ma'am' corduroy road to the very spot where the entire colonial assembly of Burgesses congregated,—the site of the Virginia capitol,—where from 1759 to 1775 Washington himself represented his constituents with dignity and decorum. This historic structure was long since destroyed by fire, but upon a bit of open ground at the southerly end of Williamsburg's long avenue, the sturdy foundations may yet be seen. Here also is a monument, and the traveler who is sufficiently interested to pause and read the

inscription upon its tablet of bronze will learn that those other famous words of Patrick Henry, the ominous warning to George the Third, were uttered upon this very spot.

Shut out for a moment the brightness of the Virginia sunshine and the beauties of the flower-bedecked field in which you stand; forget all about the practical little auto which pants noisily in the road behind, better cut off the 'gas' and let it wait your pleasure. Fancy yourself within the long-vanished, high-windowed hall of the eighteenth century. The house is jammed: the honorable burgesses are in their allotted seats. Privileged visitors line the walls: without is a crowd of those



SITE OF THE COLONIAL CAPITOL AT WILLIAMSBURG, V.A., where Washington learned his first lessons in statesmanship; and where the sons of Virginia, in the years that followed, gave voice to the cause of a new freedom.

less fortunate—with due accompaniment of waiting horses, chaises and sedan-chairs. The Legislature convenes, debate begins; one after another of those whose names are destined to go down into history take the floor and speak in no uncertain terms. Yet it remains for the little barrister from the backwoods,—he of the unprepossessing mien and conspicuous, horn rimmed spectacles, to cap the climax with that startling burst of eloquence, which shall go ringing down the ages as the challenge of the oppressed to the oppressor.

One wonders just what were the innermost thoughts of Washington at this historic moment, as he sat with folded

hands and head bowed in thought. His attitude toward the mother country had always been one of affectionate regard. By ancestry he was an Englishman, and he naturally shrank from the idea of a course which should be openly hostile to the motherland in whose service he had valiantly distinguished himself. Yet when the time came for a definite decision, a little later on, he hesitated not. Regardless of the fact that position, property and even life were at stake, he cast his lot with those who championed liberty. I heard Theodore Roosevelt,—making one of his characteristic pleas for out-and-out Americanism, just a few months before his death, cite the attitude of Washington as an example for all to follow. Excoriating unmercifully the hyphenated American, T. R. laid emphasis upon the fact that no 'finer sensibilities' deterred the 'father of his country' from open allegiance to the cause he knew to be right.

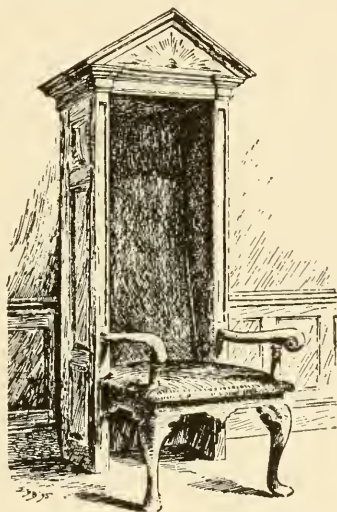
The quaint and imposing 'Speaker's Chair' which was used at the Williamsburg capitol for many years, is now a venerated relic in the present State House at Richmond. It was made in 1700, when King William ruled the then peaceful and satisfied colonies, and is a most interesting specimen of 'period furniture'. Within its capacious depths have sat dozens of Virginia's eminent statesmen, and upon its carved pediment,—with radiant sun-burst, strikingly emblematic of the glory of the free America that was to be—the deep set eyes of Washington must often have rested as he listened patiently to the drawn-out debates of his learned conferees in the ante-bellum days, wishing rather for the activity of his plantation and the industrious clanking of the mill-wheel by the creek, which—while noisy—was productive of results. Too often argument is a useless waste of time, and speech-making is to no purpose; particularly so in times of peace and prosperity when men talk merely for talk's sake. It is in periods of stress that oratory is born, and usually the lasting impressions are made by words few but forceful.

Washington never claimed the gift of eloquence and infrequently addressed the Assembly. When he did speak, upon rare occasions, he was heard with respect, for his presence somehow carried weight and inspired confidence. Patrick Henry himself, referring to the first Continental Congress which assembled in Philadelphia a little later, designated Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina as the foremost among American orators, but added that "if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on the floor."

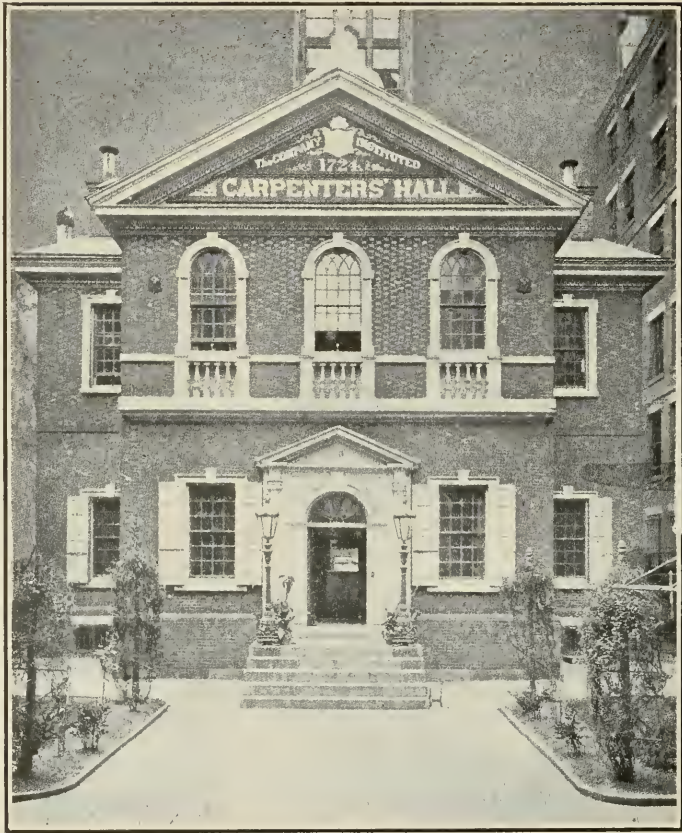
The ancient high-backed chair of the president of the Assembly seems indeed like a relic of an age long past; the old colonial capitol is no more; and the heroic voices of Virginia's Revolutionary sons have given place to the warble of the robin and the nightingale, and the eternal harmony of Nature.

Yet no melancholy thoughts need mar the pleasure of him who stands beside the monument at Williamsburg, for what greater memorial could the patriots have desired than a place in history and a treasured remembrance in the hearts of their countrymen? Their words have gone echoing down the aisles of time, gathering volume with the passing years,—keeping pace as it were with the progress of events,—and seemingly applicable to every present crisis.

It is certain that, up to the fall of 1774, Washington decried the necessity of an open break with England, but—on the last occasion when the Virginia Assembly met he acquiesced in the resolutions which resulted in the convening of the First Continental Congress. Governor Dunmore



THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR formerly used in the Virginia House of Burgesses at Williamsburg



CARPENTERS' HALL, PHILADELPHIA; where the First Continental Congress assembled, in 1774

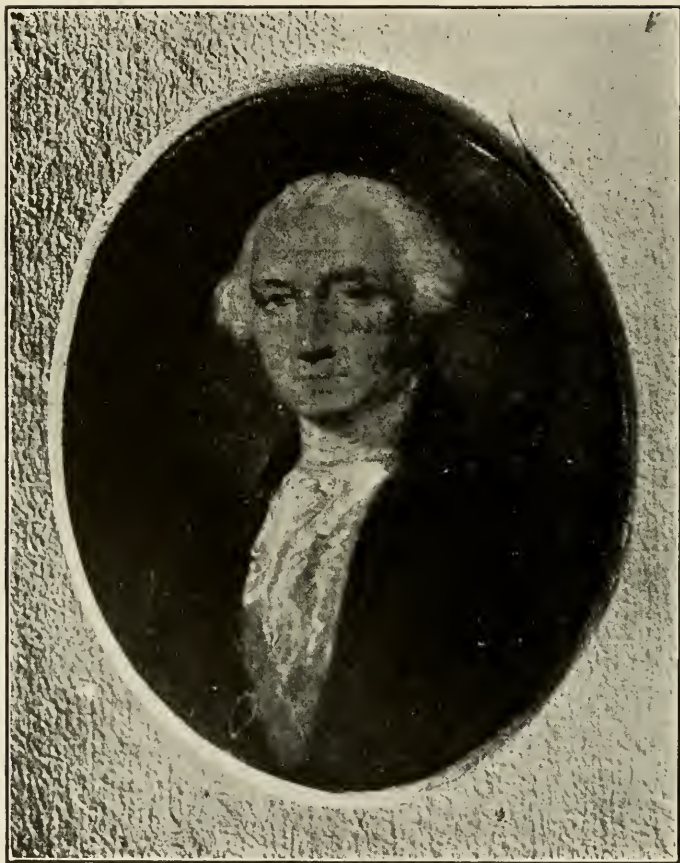
had burned Norfolk, and the Virginia delegates to the convocation were instructed to demand a declaration of independence. In Williamsburg the British flag was hauled down to give way to a banner of thirteen stripes, and almost before he knew it Washington found himself *a rebel!*

Old Carpenters' Hall, in Philadelphia, witnessed a notable gathering; when, on the 5th of September, the fifty-five representatives, chosen spokesmen of the several colonies, came together for the first time. Again it was Patrick Henry of Virginia who sounded the key-note of the Con-

vention. "The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers and New Englanders are no more," said he. "I am not a Virginian, but *an American!*" And so George Washington, another of the Virginians, found that *he* was something *more than a rebel; he, too, was an American!*

At Philadelphia, being thrown into intimate relationship with this assemblage of the greatest men upon the continent in point of abilities, virtues and fortunes, Washington had full opportunity for ascertaining at first hand the various phases of a situation which had now become a national problem. Massachusetts, he well knew, had been one of the first provinces to 'take the bit in her teeth' and uncompromisingly balk at the mandates of England, so — fully to satisfy his own mind — he personally interviewed the New England delegates. After convincing himself of their sincerity and the 'rectitude of their intentions', he seems to have committed himself unreservedly to the new cause, satisfied that his fellow representatives were actuated by none but the noblest of motives and were fully warranted in their defiance of that kingly authority which he had been taught to venerate. Yet even as late as the 9th of October we find him writing: "I am well satisfied that no such thing [independence] is desired by any thinking man in North America," and, "it is the ardent wish of the warmest advocates of liberty that *peace and tranquillity upon constitutional grounds* may be restored."

The assembly-room in Carpenters' Hall remains in much the same condition as of yore, — a large, bare chamber—whose walls are hung with precious pictures and notable documents. The speaker's desk occupies the same position it held in 1774, and some of the original Windsor chairs stand behind a protecting railing. The so-called 'Colonial type' of architecture was but an adaptation of the classic Greco-Roman; and the dignified simplicity of the façades and interiors of the Revolutionary period seem to have been



REMBRANDT PEALE'S MINIATURE OF WASHINGTON, (after Gilbert Stuart)

This rare and unpublished portrait is now in the possession of Mr. Erskine Hewitt, of Ringwood Manor, N. J., and New York City, through whose courtesy it is presented. This interesting picture formerly belonged to Lafayette, and was presented by him to one of his American friends. The original is framed in red, white and blue plush, just as it came to this country from the chateau of the beloved French marquis.

thoroughly in keeping with the sturdy spirit of the times. The stately apartments—like this at Carpenters' Hall — wherein were voiced the deliberations of America's true aristocracy, were as worthy the honor as was the marble rostra of the Roman Senate House to echo the words of Cicero.

Carpenters' Hall, which is the true 'cradle of liberty', stands near the foot of Chestnut Street, between Third and Fourth, wedged in among tall modern structures, and fronting a narrow alley. It occupies a tiny quadrangle which seems almost a place apart from the turmoil of the city; a quiet nook where one may 'hear himself think'; similar in many ways to those delightful rest spots off London's busy Strand, — the sacred precincts of St. Bride's, and the hallowed enclosure of the Temple, where Goldsmith lies in undisturbed repose. True, Carpenters' Hall has experienced its vicissitudes. Watson, the famous 'annalist' of Philadelphia, tells us that in 1829 the upper rooms of Carpenters' Hall were occupied by the students of a private academy, while the famous assembly room was devoted to the use of an auctioneer, being "lumbered up with beds, looking-glasses, chairs, tables, pictures, ready made clothes, and all the trash and trumpery which usually grace the premises of a knight of the hammer." Thus was this dignified chamber once desecrated; the contents of many attics humbled in confusion and airing their disconsolate misery in the "sublime apartment which first resounded with the indignant murmur of our immortal ancestors."

All through the years, however, the building has remained the property of the Carpenters' Company; here they assembled before the Revolution and by them the hall is still regarded as official headquarters. Surprising as it may seem, this association—founded for mutual betterment, proficiency and benevolence—was nothing more or less than an early type of the now sadly degenerated labor union. Nothing is more to be commended than a body of artisans combining for their own advancement, but I fear that some of the modern leaders of 'organized labor' have fallen from their high estate. Would that those rabid agitators, demagogues of Bolshevism—who lead their greed-blinded followers into the mire of 'slacking' and *sabotage*—might stand before the hall of the Carpenters and learn a lesson

in Americanism! Never can the loud-mouthed sluggard rank with the honest toiler. Those who endeavor to undermine the foundations of well-earned 'capital' make a grievous mistake. The righteous principle we call *American liberty* had its beginnings in Carpenters' Hall; the much-envied capitalist, who makes 'big business' possible, got his start—nine times out of ten — by *hard work and thrift*. There is no royal road to riches. The man who would be king in the business world can do no better thing than to emulate the frugality, honesty and loyalty of the patriots of Revolutionary days. If the hours wasted in complaining were devoted to industry, the dissatisfied worker might lay the foundations of a competency and join the ranks of those who employ the labor of others. But to proceed with our story.

While the 'First Congress' was yet in session, came news of serious clashes between General Gage and the people of Boston, and before the next gathering of the Colonial delegates on the 10th of May, 1775, the tidings of Lexington and Concord had spread throughout the provinces. So it was that the members, as they assembled for the second time in the "City of Brotherly Love," realized to a man that there could now be no turning back, but—doubly firm in their convictions that "rebellion against tyrants was obedience to God,"—they resolved to face the issue unflinchingly.

In reviewing the events incident to this Second Congress, it is to the world-famous Independence Hall on Chestnut Street that we must transfer our attention. In the east room on the first floor began a session destined to last, with but a few short interruptions, until December 12th, 1776;—to be exact, for 582 days,—during which time the Convention of Delegates transformed itself by the Declaration of Independence into a genuine Continental Congress, representing a free people, — a "new nation, conceived in liberty."



INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA

We are told that Washington was in Virginia—dining with his old friend Lord Fairfax at Greenway Court—when tidings came to him of the affair at Lexington. For these two staunch friends it meant a final parting of the ways. What his lordship said has never been recorded. Washington sadly took his leave. They never met again.

Without delay Washington repaired to Philadelphia, riding north from Mount Vernon with Patrick Henry and Edmund Pendleton. They found that there was still some disposition on the part of the Convention to hope that the King might yet be brought to his senses through an energetic armed resistance, toward which end every effort was being put forth. Boston was already closely invested by General Artemus Ward and the troops of Massachusetts, but Congress had adopted the war as begun in New Eng-

land as a national responsibility; the soldiers there under arms had become the duly accredited military force of the confederation, with the question of the supreme command alone to be decided.

Washington's appointment came solely because of his undoubted fitness. By general consent, so it seemed, he had been chosen chairman of the joint committees having charge of military affairs; as such occupying the position of greatest responsibility in the matter of organization, regulations and preparation for defence. It should be remembered that the personnel of the first and second Congresses was of the highest type, the men who represented their fellow patriots in these conventions being the flower of the American statesmen of the day. There was, therefore, no dearth of available material for a Commander-in-Chief. Hancock, the presiding officer, would not have been averse to trying his own hand at the job, while others among the New Englanders were equally deserving of recognition. The delegates from Virginia made no efforts to advance Washington as their candidate, while he himself — although being the only member of the Assembly habitually to appear in uniform — was in no sense a party to his own selection. So diffident was he that when Johnson, delegate from Maryland, placed his name in nomination, he hastily withdrew from the conference chamber. This was on the 15th of June, and his election followed without one dissenting vote. Upon being informed of this unanimous expression of confidence, Washington made no attempt to conceal his mingled emotions. Frankly avowing that no ulterior motives nor thoughts of personal aggrandisement prompted his acceptance, he called "every gentleman in the room" to witness that he considered himself unequal to the task, and refused all compensation for the service he was about to begin, save a reimbursement for the actual expenses he must necessarily incur.

Truly may it be said that the Virginia farmer—"the

transplanted English country squire"—prepared to assume his new duties with reluctance. The thoughts of a long separation from all he held most dear oppressed him in measure equal to the realization of the magnitude of the undertaking just ahead. Notwithstanding all this, but two brief days elapsed between the receipt of his commission and his departure for New England; the celerity with which Washington put his private affairs in order being proof



Home of FRANCIS HOPKINSON, one of New Jersey's five 'signers' of the Declaration of Independence, still standing at BORDENTOWN, N. J., through which village Washington passed when on his way to take command of the army in New England.

sufficient that in this crisis, as in times past, he had been prepared in advance of the emergency. Not unlikely, he had mapped out his course weeks beforehand. This may seem to be at variance with his self-depreciatory attitude before Congress, but it is characteristic of life. We half fear, half hope, sometimes,—doubting ourselves, maybe,—yet not unconscious of the powers which lie within us, and mindful of our weight of influence. So it was with Washington, who knew in the depths of his heart that he had honestly won the confidence of his countrymen, and—knowing this—had prepared for eventualities.

At this juncture in his career there is again granted us a delightful glimpse of his personal nature. How genuinely human and humble is his communication to his brother, John Augustine,—to whom he once more entrusts the management of his estates—in which he expresses the hope that..... "my friends will visit and endeavor to keep up the

spirits of my wife as much as they can, for my departure will, I know, be a cutting stroke....." Again, in a farewell note to Mistress Martha, he says with unaffected simplicity..... "I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home, than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad if my stay were to be seven times seven years. I shall feel no pain from the toil or danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know *you* will feel from being left alone....."



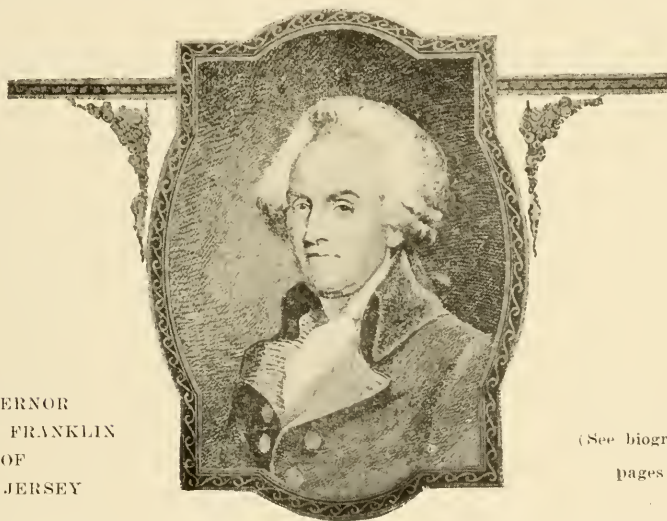
THE DELAWARE RIVER AT BURLINGTON, N. J.

To the left is seen the Pennsylvania shore. Near the aged tree in the right foreground stood Governor Franklin's 'executive mansion' in colonial times. The steamer plys between Burlington, N. J., Bristol, Pa., and other river ports.

The passage of Washington across New Jersey, New York and Connecticut afforded an opportunity for many of the patriots in these provinces to view the person of their champion. All accounts agree that he made a profound impression as he passed through the principal towns along the way, accompanied by Generals Schuyler and Lee, and attended by a brilliant cavalcade of officers. The newly chosen commander was now in the prime of his manhood and every inch a soldier; austere enough to inspire respect, and conforming perfectly to all the traditions which demand

that a leader of men must be able to command their admiration.

New Jersey greeted Washington with enthusiasm, as—shortly after leaving Philadelphia—he passed over the Delaware and proceeded northward through Bordentown and Burlington. Unlike the colonies of Virginia and Massachusetts, New Jersey had suffered less from external oppressive influences than from bitter partisan strife within her



GOVERNOR
WILLIAM FRANKLIN
OF
NEW JERSEY

(See biographical note
pages 164-5)

own borders and between citizens of divergent sympathies. This state of ferment had been brought about, in large measure, by the misrule of William Franklin, the royalist governor, only son of the learned patriot and philosopher whom America will never cease to honor. Burlington, as the provincial capital of New Jersey, had been the residence of Governor Franklin before his forced retirement, and here, on the famous 'green bank' fronting the broad Delaware, we may still see his residence—now considerably modernized—and one of the veteran sycamores which he planted by the water's edge.

After the ousting of Franklin, the center of Jersey's activities shifted across the state to Elizabethtown, where



OLD HOUSE, PEARL STREET, BURLINGTON, N. J.—This humble dwelling is a relic of Revolutionary times. It has not only witnessed the passing of Washington, out—being near the waterfront—was a spectator of the British attack in 1777

Concerning Washington's line of march as he journeyed to Boston, one might say that it was "a continuous ovation", yet his reception was one of mingled curiosity and enthusiasm rather than profound confidence. Regarded in 1776 merely as a brilliant *hope*, it remained for him to prove his sterling worth, and to earn—through seven years of steadfast adherence to an unshaken purpose—the universal esteem which was to be his ultimate reward.

In order to gain a proper understanding of the situation in and around Boston in the summer of 1775, we shall do

resided the new executive, Governor Livingston,—a man quite differently disposed — who soon came to be regarded by Washington as a bulwark of patriotism, strong, sturdy and ever-ready. They first met upon this fateful journey of the Commander-in-Chief to the 'Bay State' in 1775, when Washington tarried at Elizabethtown for a few hours before embarking for the city of New York.

The life of WILLIAM FRANKLIN, the royalist executive of the colony of New Jersey just prior to the outbreak of the Revolution, offers a singular and profitable character study. William Nelson, in his 'History of the New Jersey Coast' says that it is much easier to determine his negative points than the qualities which would entitle him to recognition. Unlike his distinguished father, Benjamin Franklin, whom (with Lincoln and Roosevelt) we may reckon as being one of the most typical of Americans, Governor Franklin was tried and found wanting in the great crisis. He had received a liberal education, had come into touch with the leading men of Great Britain when, as his father's secretary, he had traveled abroad, and, in 1763, was honored with the royal appointment as governor of Jersey, possibly to influence the attitude of Franklin the elder in the impending controversy over the matter of taxation, of which the British ministry, at this early date, already discerned unmistakable signs. Unfortunate consequences followed this ill-advised selection. The stress of circumstances developed William Franklin into a rabid Tory, and caused an estrangement between father and son which was never wholly healed. The governor, failing to estimate the strength of the undercurrent of popular opinion, early came to be regarded with suspicion, his attempts to maintain the supremacy of the crown by 'gag methods' and the proroguing of the state assembly created open hostility, and he was

removed from office by the patriots when the storm broke. Taken to Connecticut for safe-keeping, he was later permitted to sail across the seas to England, where he continued to reside. It is a matter of quite general knowledge, however, that he was present when the treaty of peace between the successful colonies and the mother-country was signed in 1782.

well to indulge in a brief resumé of the happenings in New England immediately preceding the arrival of Washington. By so doing, our catalogue of reminiscences will be enriched by one of the most delightful jaunts imaginable—an expedition leading through old 'Boston Town' and the incidental trip to Lexington and Concord.

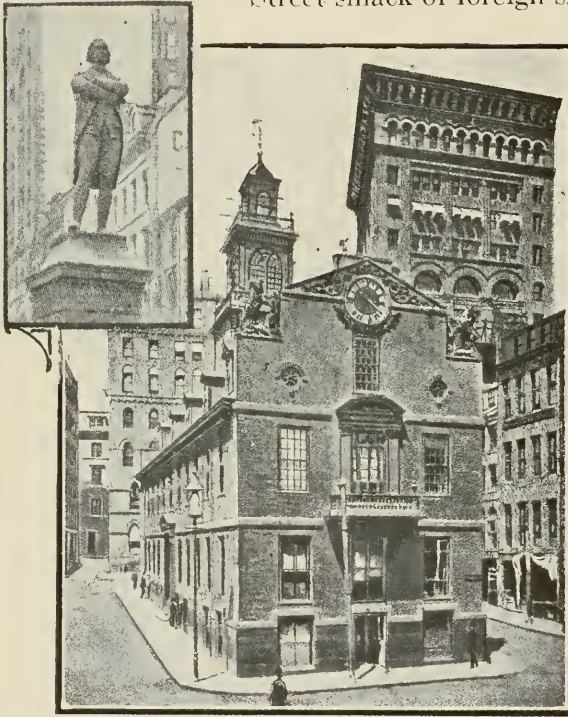
I suppose that every visitor to Boston in these days—except it be the traveling salesman—comes well stocked with a fund of information and a hat-full of great expectations. He knows all about the Old State House, the Monument and Faneuil Hall; he has formed a vivid mental picture of the famous 'Common' and the old North Church; and—besides the purpose of realizing history—he has prepared himself for a literary feast among the book-shops of 'the Hub', or an artistic seance at the Public Library, where the murals of Abbey and Sargent will completely captivate his heart. And surely in Boston, the "Athens of America,"—whose literary character is vitalized by a liberal intermingling of Spartan blood—every pilgrim will find that for which he came a-seeking—and much more.

In many respects the old red-brick State House on Washington Street, in the ancient and hopelessly congested quarter of the town, is the most historic building in Boston. It was built in 1713 and as the Province Court House it figured conspicuously in the days prior to and immediately preceding the Revolution. From the little balcony overlooking State Street, the Declaration of Independence was read to the people of the city after the British had been expelled, and within these old walls John Hancock was inaugurated first governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The site of the 'Boston Massacre' of March 5th, 1770, is not far distant, being indicated by the peculiar

round paving near the intersection of State Street and Exchange.

The wharves of Boston and the streets adjoining,—with the offices of shippers, importers and dealers in maritime supplies—are very interesting. India Street and Fleet Street smack of foreign shores; the famous Long

Wharf, (beneath which now runs the tunnel to East Boston) was once-upon-a-time the landing place of all the notable servants of the Crown who came from over-seas to the colony of Massachusetts Bay; while it was at the now vanished Griffin's Wharf that the obnoxious cargo of taxable tea was spilled. The precise spot where the 'Tea Party' incident took place is now far inland; a tablet at the corner of Atlantic



STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

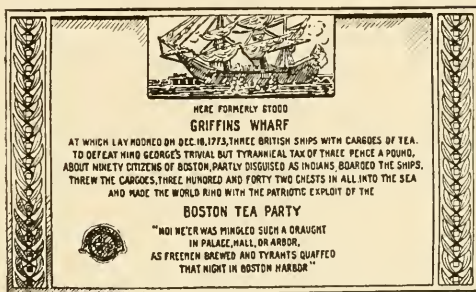
Inscrpt. statue of Samuel Adams, in Adams Square

Avenue and Pearl Street telling the humorous story of the event. In the course of the city's development, the water line has been pushed far out into the bay and the Fort Point Channel; so that, strange as it may seem, the actual spot where the aromatic cargo was thrown into the water is now solid ground.

Adams Square is the heart of Boston; here stands what is perhaps the most expressive monument to any of

the New England patriots, — Miss Whitney's statue of Samuel Adams, represented in the plain dress of a citizen, with folded arms and face finely indicative of determined purpose, much as he must have looked when—confronting Governor Hutchinson after the massacre of 1770,—he demanded the instant removal of the royal troops.

Nearby is Faneuil Hall, where ineffectual protests shaped themselves into deeds. Still fulfilling the original intent of Peter Faneuil, its donor, the first floor and basement of this

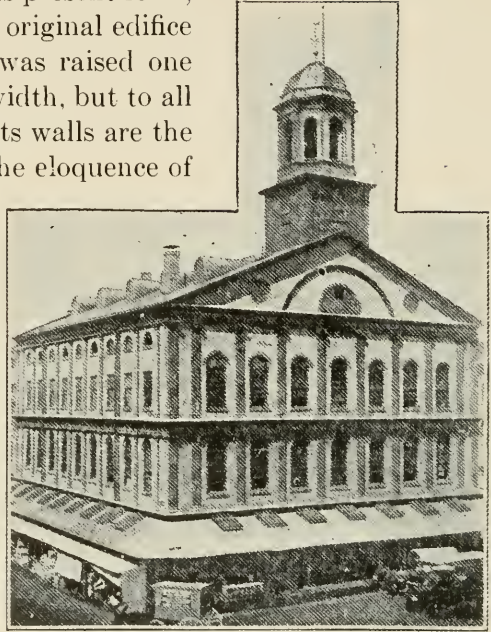


THE "TEA TABLET"—BOSTON

rather singular structure serve the purposes of a public market, surrounded on all sides by a community of produce and commission merchants. By day, amid these purely utilitarian environs,—swarming with carts and drays, bargaining housewives and scurrying urchins—much of the noble significance of Faneuil Hall is lost. Vociferating hucksters and crates of green-goods are out of harmony with fire-breathing oratory and Puritan patriotism.

You will be well favored by fortune, if—by chance—she plays a trick upon you like that which made memorable one of my own 'first impressions' of Boston some years ago. Late in the evening I was prowling around the lower section of the town, after the fashion set by Baghdad's famous Caliph, trying to lose myself in the labyrinth of old lanes for which this portion of the city is noted. Thus it was that I came, quite unexpectedly, face-to-face with the seemingly spectral apparition of Faneuil Hall in its most favorable mood and familiar likeness. Abrupt as was the introduction, the sturdy old ghost seemed so honest and friendly that I felt inclined to extend my hand in greeting.

Faneuil Hall, in its present form, is an expansion of the original edifice of 1742. In 1805 it was raised one story and doubled in width, but to all intents and purposes its walls are the same that rang with the eloquence of Boston's earnest champions of liberty; as such a Temple of Freedom, we may well regard it with veneration. Seen in the silver radiance of a quiet moonlit night (and this part of the town,—like lower New York City—is very still after business hours) Faneuil Hall comes up to and beyond expectations. Within this



FANEUIL HALL—BOSTON

Famous for its wealth of historic associations. In the upper floor the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, formed in 1637, and the oldest military organization in America, still maintain their armory.

hall, gaily illuminated, a joyful throng gathered in 1766 to celebrate the repeal of the Stamp Act; here in 1774, General Gage, the new governor, was received with some degree of hope; during the blockade of Boston the British staged amateur theatricals upon its inspired platform; and amid the great excitement of anti-slavery days eighty years later, men like Chas. Sumner and Wm. Lloyd Garrison have here stirred their audiences to depths of emotion. Little wonder then, if—on occasion—some of the spirits of the illustrious departed meet together here in phantom reunion. In troublous times like those of the present, it may be that the shades of good old Adams and Hancock and Otis discuss in strict confidence the 'railroad tie-up' or the 'high cost of

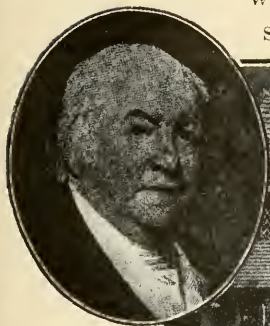
living', heartily pitying us mortals of the present day who know not when to be satisfied.

Many of us have regarded Paul Revere as more or less of a mythological character; a sort of 'John Gilpin' in American history. Contrary to this notion, the visitor to New England will soon become convinced that this worthy Bostonian was a very real personage, and that he truly and worthily performed the exploits for which he has been given credit. At numbers 19—21 North Square, we may still see his humble cottage, carefully preserved and fittingly inscribed. It is said to be the oldest building in the city, and was erected about 1676, on the site of the parsonage of Dr. Increase Mather, that begowned

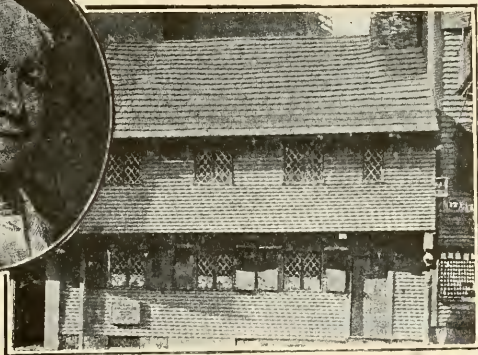
bigot of the 17th century, who possessed much 'religion' but precious little Christian charity.

Christ Episcopal Church, in Salem Street, is claimed by some

to be the 'Old North', from the belfry of which the signal lanterns were displayed—as described in Longfellow's poem—warning the waiting horseman and a few trusted citizens of Charlestown that the 'red-coats' were up to mischief. More probably, the now vanished church which stood on North Square—and which was the only 'North Church' in 1775, deserved this distinction. As to Revere's famous ride, the accepted narrative is strictly true with this exception: he never reached Concord, being intercepted beyond Lexington and held prisoner by the British for some hours. But he had had ample time to warn the inhabitants of the intervening hamlets, and by his lusty voice to rouse brethren



PAUL REVERE
and the
little house he
called home.



Hancock and Adams, who were soundly sleeping at the Clark House in Lexington. Undoubtedly it was Paul Revere's foresight that insured for the invaders the warm reception which greeted them on the morrow.

I am not altogether facetious in my use of the term "brethren" as applied to the worthy John Hancock and Samuel Adams. Both they, Paul Revere, and a surprising number of our notable Revolutionary heroes were members of the Masonic Fraternity, and undoubtedly the lofty principles of that organization fitted well with their own sterling characters and the high cause for which they fought.

There are few, if any, existing souvenirs of Washington himself in the great modern city of Boston. Boston was a British stronghold and a refuge for those of royalist leanings from the opening of hostilities until the evacuation, and Washington figures chiefly in the role of besieger, operating from without. This being the case, we may not permit ourselves to tarry longer in the city, however strong may be the inclination, but must repair to its now populous suburbs. We cannot do better than to follow the "clattering hoof-beats" of Revere, out over the Charles and the Mystic, to Lexington—the scene of the first break between Mother England and her unruly offspring.

The triangular village green of Lexington remains to-day in about the same condition as it was when, in the small hours of that famous April morning, the militia began to assemble at this rendezvous from every little hamlet of the adjacent countryside in answer to the message of the midnight rider. Still ranged around it are half a dozen of the houses that witnessed the two phases of the initial struggle of the Revolution: first, the incident of Major Pitcairn's men firing upon the rebels who declined to disperse upon request; second, the fighting retreat of the British as they were returning from Concord—made miserable by the 'dogging' of the minute-men.

Lexington is directly upon the road to Concord, the

objective of the British in their decidedly hostile attempt to appropriate or destroy the munitions of war which the Americans had there collected. The existing monuments on Lexington Common tell interestingly the two-part tale of how the patriot farmers 'got a whack at the enemy' both coming and going, for the green of to-day was the battle-ground of 1775. Here you will see the famous boulder marking the spot where Captain Parker exhorted the provincials to stand their ground, now suitably carved with representation of flint-lock and powder-horn. The bronze statue of the 'Minute-man' with the drinking fountain behind it, which now adorns the eastern end of the Lexington green, occupies the site of the Revolutionary Meeting House; while the now vanished place of worship is commemorated by a stone pulpit whereon lies a closed volume—presumably representing the 'Good Book',—although why it should be closed I cannot conjecture, for surely we of the present generation are in no whit more Godly than the old-time worshippers of the New England village.

On the Bedford road we see the antiquated battle monument built in 1835, now somewhat the worse for wear, but adorned by a kindly mantle of English ivy. Beneath it lie the honored remains of the victims of the encounter,

CHRIST CHURCH,
SALEM STREET,
—BOSTON—

From the belfry of which General Gage witnessed the Battle of Bunker Hill, and which is claimed by some to be the place where Revere's lanterns were hung.





THE LEXINGTON MINUTEMAN

brought hither from their original place of interment in the village cemetery. The graveyard itself is just off the green; here you will see carved upon the stones the familiar names of almost every old family in the village. The popular material for 'down East' tombstones in the olden days was a blue, slate-like stone of fine texture, and many of these slabs have weathered the storms of two centuries with few visible signs of decay—except their tendency to lean forward, backward or sideways, like Revolutionary sentries tired with a long vigil.

The best known house in Lexington is the beautiful colonial Harrington homestead, to the threshold of which its master, wounded in the battle on the green, dragged himself with the strength of desperation, only to die a moment later in the arms of his wife, who had been a witness of the combat. He was one of the eight Americans killed on this occasion and he lies, with his fellow martyrs, beneath the monument across the park.

The other famous building is a very plain little cottage painted brown, a short distance up the Concord road. It is the Clark-Hancock House where, as before mentioned, Adams and Hancock were awakened in time to permit them to decamp before the arrival of the enemy. This is where the 'Sight-seeing Autos' from Boston make a prolonged stop, and disgorge their crowds of curious humanity, who tramp through the house with great gusto, following a guide, who—with raucous voice—expatiates upon the history of the town, adding fiction to fact at his own discretion.

Most of the boys of Lexington have become contaminated with the money-mad ambition to follow the example of these older knights of the megaphone. No private conveyance can pass through the village without being held up by these mercenary urchins. Partial as I am to the society of boys, I confess hearty disgust with my own selection. Despite my suggestion that he tell me all he knew of the historic landmarks in a straight forward, conversational way; the little rascal persisted in rattling off a sing-song and uninterested formula before every house and marker, exactly as a soulless parrot prattles about crackers and good looks. I therefore paid him to desist, and went on my way the happier for his absence.

From Lexington a trolley-line runs out to Concord following the road so eminently historic. The latter town has a wider interest than Lexington because of its added literary



THE HANCOCK-CLARK HOUSE,
LEXINGTON



THE 'OLD MANSE' ADJOINING THE CONCORD BRIDGE

Ralph Waldo Emerson was a son of the Revolutionary divine who lived here at the time of the battle. His 'Centenary Ode' and the descriptions of Nathaniel Hawthorne, another distinguished tenant, are New England classics.

associations. So many noteworthy men and women of letters have either lived or worked at Concord that an entire section of the Public Library in this highly favored community is devoted to the works of *Concord authors!* Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne and the Aicotts have all labored at Concord and left their stamp of culture in the beautiful country village.

First and foremost among the attractions of Concord is the world-famous bridge over the headwaters of the Concord River. If you have read those portions of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse" which refer to the Concord Fight, any impressions of mine will seem but unworthy repetitions. The old parsonage where the Reverend William Emerson lived at the time of the battle, and whose musty walls served to inspire Hawthorne's facile pen two or three generations later, has become inseparably linked with the story of the rude rustic bridge and its patriot defenders. The old grey manse remains exactly as he has described it,—decidedly weather-worn, somewhat sombre, and showing unmistakable signs of neglect; while beyond the area of its shadowing trees and clinging vines, the sunlit meadow behind the house slopes gently down to the reed-bordered river.

You will pass by the open gateway of the 'old manse' as you walk out from Concord village along Monument Street, turning—after a few more steps—into the short avenue, bordered on each side by a double row of fine old trees, which leads to the celebrated North Bridge. Nowhere else in America does an historic site come so fully up to expectations. Far overhead the tree-tops meet, forming an arcade of verdure, through which darkened perspective we behold—gleaming in the brilliant light of the mid-day sun—the narrow bridge and its monuments, one on either side the stream. The old obelisk marking the British position, set in a patch of green at the near



THE NEW CEMENT BRIDGE AT CONCORD

end of the bridge, is somewhat shaded by the trees, but the 'Minute-man' across the creek stands out boldly in the sunshine, recalling the fact that at the hour of noon, on that eventful April day, the four hundred and fifty Americans here opposed the passage of the enemy.

The present bridge is a replica, in permanent concrete, of the old structure of former days, and the path across it ends abruptly in a little flower-bordered plot around the Minute-man, as though to inform you that your quest had terminated. Indeed, once you have arrived here, any wandering farther afield is unnecessary, for this is the fountain-

head of all the epic poetry and proverbial patriotism that America supplies. The early morning encounter at Lexington had been rather one-sided, but here a decisive action was fought which turned Major Pitcairn and his regiments back toward Boston. "They shall not pass" was the determination of Colonel Barrett and everyone of his men, who—true to their trust, like Horatius of old—*had kept the bridge*. Of this spirit, the familiar statue of the 'Concord Minute-man' is indicative.

It is difficult to state just how numerous were the casualties in the Battle of Concord, as the British brought off most of their seriously wounded. At least two of King George's men were buried near the spot where they fell and a tablet in the rough stone wall separating the 'Old Manse' farm from the road marks the place of their interment. The fitting words of Emerson's 'Centenary Ode' were inspired, of course, by an intimate knowledge of a locality within ear-shot of his study window, and these are they "who came three thousand miles and died—to keep the past upon its throne." "The rude bridge that arched the flood" was for him a daily reminder of times past, and the echo of "the shot heard round the world" was about the only discordant note to make sweeter by contrast the harmony of his finely attuned and philosophical mind.

Concord possesses so many places of varied interest that a hurried visit is simply tantalizing. In the very heart of a purely intellectual community where old tree-stumps and historic gravestones are preserved with reverential care, where every other building has an historic or literary interest, a week might well be spent with pleasure and profit. In the village proper is the old Wright Tavern, which was the meeting place of the patriots before the battle, and where, a few hours later, Major Pitcairn of His Majesty's Marines indulged in a liberal dram of grog to warm his vitals for the unpleasant business of the day. Almost opposite is the Parish Church, and behind it the Sleepy Hol-

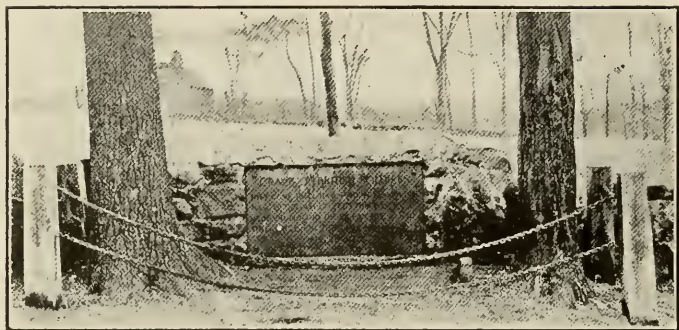
low Cemetery with the much visited graves of Emerson and Hawthorne. Thoreau's haunt, the famous Walden Pond, is not far distant; here the Pantheist may roam among the glades so often trodden by that strange lover of the wild-wood; while the disciple of Unitarianism—that branch of theology which seems to reconcile hard-headed reasoning with our heart longings—will find in and around Concord a multitude of those like-minded, and may visit the shrines where the independent thinkers of New England evolved the widely criticised 'Concord Philosophy' a half century and more ago.

After the repulse at Concord Bridge, the retreat of the British toward Boston gradually assumed the proportions of a disastrous rout. Their pursuers, ever increasing in numbers, lost no opportunity for retaliation. Running the gauntlet of unmerciful torment at Medford, Lexington, Billerica and all the way into the city, the raiders finally reached their haven of safety in a state of distress and exhaustion which would have been pitiable under other circumstances. So well had they learned their lesson, that a similar expedition was never again undertaken.



THE WRIGHT TAVERN, CONCORD, BUILT IN 1747.

Following closely upon the encounters at Lexington and Concord had occurred the battle of Bunker Hill. Like a swarm of disturbed hornets, the patriots had gathered upon the hills outside Boston, where they immediately began to throw up earthworks. General William Howe, who had several good British regiments in the city, was not at all



GRAVE OF THE BRITISH SOLDIERS, NEAR CONCORD BRIDGE.
Stable and grounds of the 'Old Manse' in the background.

pleased with the proximity of such a numerous and hostile array almost within musket shot of his fleet anchored in the Charles; and when, on June 16th, Colonel Prescott with twelve hundred men had the audacity to fortify Bunker Hill and Breed's Hill—almost under his nose—he determined to drive the Americans out of their positions.

The modern 'Bunker Hill Monument' is located on Breed's Hill in the heart of Charlestown, commemorating the defeat which was practically a victory. On the spot where the Americans twice repulsed the attacking columns and where they would have maintained their ground indefinitely had their powder held out, the great stone obelisk, 221 feet in height, rises above the city and overlooks a wide panorama of the country round about. This granite shaft was completed in 1842 after seventeen years of building. Its corner-stone was laid by Lafayette in 1825, and Daniel Webster was the orator of the day on both that occasion and its final dedication.

Carefully read, the story of the battle of Bunker Hill, leaves two impressions; the first as to the general character of the combatants and the objects for which they fought; the second as to the individual deeds of heroism on the part of the respective leaders.

Did it ever occur to you that the patriots had no flag

that day? --that 'they were an outlawed band of men *without a country*, fighting that they might have one? On the other hand, the troops opposed to them were the best in the world; with all the prestige back of them that able officers and the ensign of mighty England could give.

Gage was the nominal commander in Boston, but he contented himself with the role of 'military observer', while General Howe led his troops in person — three times facing death in their midst,—his silk stockings be-draggled with the blood of his own brave grenadiers, which had reddened the tall grass where they fell.

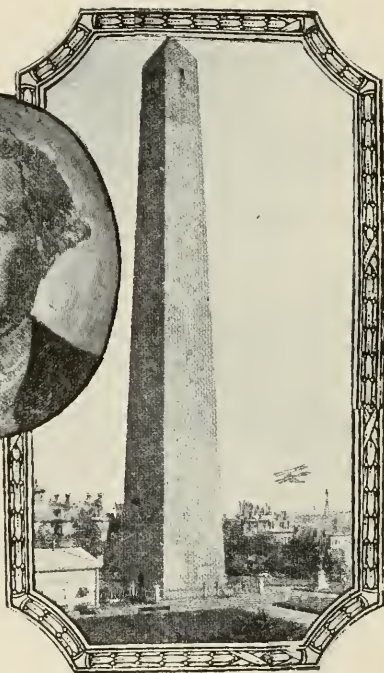
Dr. Joseph Warren stands out as the patriot martyr of the day. Although a general officer by appointment of the Provincial Assembly, he placed himself as a private under the orders of Col. Prescott, as did old General Pomeroy with his seventy years of experience. Warren was but thirty-five. Thus we find youth and age, wealth and poverty, rank and yeomanry, intermingling and fighting side by side behind the American breastworks, with all thoughts of precedence subservient to the common cause. Stark and Putnam were there too, with Knowlton and Reed, all of whom were destined to come through the first fiery trial in keeping for future deeds of valor. But Warren's first battle



COPP'S HILL BURYING GROUND, BOSTON.

Tomb on the right is that of the 'Reverend Mathers'. Here were mounted in 1775 the British batteries which fired Charlestown during the Battle of Bunker Hill, and opposite, there stood until recently the Galloupe House, occupied by General Gage during the early part of the siege.

was his last, and to-day—in the memorial building at the foot of the great monument—a statue keeps green the memory of the patriot-physician and a stone in the ground nearby marks the spot where he fell. Prescott himself is kept in remembrance by a bronze figure, garbed in the unconventional attire he wore during the battle,—the comfortable sombrero of a farmer and long seersucker coat of a rustic. The representative gesture of the left hand calls to mind his orders to the riflemen to hold their fire until the enemy were almost upon them. Although driven from his position because reinforcements and powder failed, Prescott implored General Ward upon the following day to provide him with sufficient troops to retake the hill. But old Artemas was rather more conservative and decided that the proposition was too risky. Warren was buried on the field of battle, but in the following year his remains were removed to Boston, where they now repose in Forest Hills Cemetery.



The Bunker Hill Monument
at Charlestown—Boston, Mass.
DR. JOSEPH WARREN,
hero of Bunker Hill.

A climb up two-hundred and ninety-five tiresome steps will bring the visitor to the observatory near the top of the monument. Below lies Charlestown, Boston, the Bay stretching seaward, and the historic rivers. Comparison of one of the old-time maps with the present lay-out of the

city might cause some degree of wonder to the uninitiated, for the reason that many of the hills in and about Boston have been levelled and the present Back Bay section of the city itself is built mostly upon ground reclaimed from the marshland of early days. Modern buildings also have a tendency to pull down the apparent height of elevations which were in former times considered strategic, and to the visitor of the present day Dorchester Heights and Winter Hill,—which the patriots soon occupied as they threw a cordon of besieging works around beleaguered Boston--seem comparatively insignificant.

To Cambridge, just eight miles outside of Boston—with the River Charles between—came Washington on the 2nd of July, 1775, here to assume the chief command of the army and to settle down to the forming of plans for the expulsion of the British.*

Cambridge possesses a great wealth of material for the student of our Revolutionary history, which is appreciated fully as much by her own cultured citizens as by the transient visitor. Like most other old New England towns, Cam-



Old Milestone, First Parish Churchyard, Cambridge.

One of the many set up by Benjamin Franklin along the roads leading to Boston, while Deputy Postmaster General of the British Colonies and before. Their particular purpose was to enable his Majesty's mail carriers to measure distances as they traveled on the King's business. In order to place the stones at proper intervals along the road without wearily measuring the distance with a chain, Franklin devised a contrivance which he attached to his carriage-wheel, and which, adding up the revolutions of the wheel, indicated the distance. This was the forerunner of the modern cyclometer and speedometer.

* News of the battle of Bunker Hill with an account of the death of Warren and the gallant conduct of the militia of Massachusetts had come to Washington shortly after his departure from Philadelphia. Upon the receipt of these tidings, Washington exclaimed, with great earnestness—"The liberties of the Country are safe!"

bridge understands and shares the enthusiasm of the tourist, and caters to his highest and best Americanism; whether it be in the pursuit of historic knowledge or in the payment of homage to her many geniuses of literature.

It may be that the presence of Harvard College, whose expansion has kept pace with the growth of the community, has made of Cambridge something of a 'high brow' among her neighbors. The very residence here of the presidents and professors of the university,—among whom may be numbered Longfellow and Holmes, Lowell, Agassiz and Phillips Brooks,—would in itself have been sufficient to bestow extraordinary *éclat* upon the town. Worthy John Harvard endowed the institution in 1638, and, ever since, Cambridge has displayed a dignified character in strict keeping with intellectual Boston across the river.

Many of the fine old houses of the town are very striking. The passer-by will remark many a curtained window-ledge adorned with a row of books, lending an unquestioned air of distinction to the premises and emphasizing the fact—known to all publishers—that Massachusetts is the best book-buying state in the union. The *dilettante* visiting Cambridge, noting at once these evidences of a taste in common with his own, feels immediately in his element and prepares to enjoy to the full the sweets of refinement.

Among the vast group of buildings comprising Harvard University, that possessing the greatest interest for us is old "Massachusetts Hall," from the fact that it is contemporary with the times of which we write. Erected in 1720, it was a silent partner in the enterprise of liberty, for within its substantial brick walls many of the hastily assembled levies were barracked. Just a few rods distant is the Wadsworth House, used from the days of Dr. Benjamin Wadsworth to those of Edward Everett as the residence of the college presidents; here too, immediately after reaching Cambridge, Washington established his headquarters, and remained for a little time until a more commodious dwelling could be

provided. It is a simple wooden structure with gambrel roof, built on the outer fringe of the campus, immediately adjourning the newly erected Widener Memorial Library, which splendid building perpetuates the memory of young Harry Elkins Widener of Philadelphia who went down to an

untimely death on the ill-fated Titanic in 1912.

Much could be written concerning Harvard, but space forbids. Visited during the school year, you will most likely meet some very interesting boys, who will gladly escort you about the grounds, through the college buildings, or even show



Old 'Massachusetts Hall'—Harvard College.

you the 'live spots' in the town itself, with a simple youthful enthusiasm which is refreshing, and many comments from their own up-to-the minute viewpoint which will mean a great deal to you. In summer you will encounter a different class of students. There are many short special courses arranged for those of all ages and both sexes who wish to avail themselves of the opportunity for self-improvement, and it will do you good to meet some of the men and women of mature years who are still young enough to expand their mental horizons. Above all things, leave the college grounds by the west gate, and as you pass out, read the words inscribed upon the arch above and treasure the admonition in your heart — "*Depart, better to serve thy country and thy kind.*"

It is conceded that the famous 'old elm' at Cambridge, beneath which Washington stood when he assumed command of the army on July 3rd, 1775, is the most noteworthy natural landmark of Revolutionary New England. Contrary to general opinion, this venerable tree still lives, and what remains



Wadsworth House, Cambridge—Formerly residence of the Presidents of Harvard University.

This was Washington's first headquarters at Cambridge.

of it is apparently hale and hearty. It was indeed disfigured a few years ago when a wide-spreading section, perhaps a third part of its bulk, gave way before the roughness of the elements; but the goodly portion which yet remains may, with a little care, be preserved for another half century at least. Surrounded by an iron railing, with its simple white-stone marker, it occupies a little insular plot of greensward in the middle of the old Boston road, in so conspicuous a situation that there is no fear of its being overlooked by any passing traveler.

History tells us that the ceremonies connected with Washington's assumption of office were fittingly brief, and that the impressive episode beneath the elm, which has been so often described and depicted was soon concluded. From the countryside for miles around had assembled crowds of curious spectators to view the person of the famous Virginian; the army being drawn up in review across the Green for the occasion. With Washington were probably Generals Charles Lee and Artemas Ward, two of the newly elected Brigadiers, the latter of whom had, up to this time, been the

acknowledged leader of the patriot forces operating around Boston. On this, the initial appearance of Washington as commander-in-chief, he did little more than to display his august personage,—tastefully attired in blue and buff “with rich epaulets and a black cockade in his hat”—and officially to unsheathe his sabre with dignified significance.

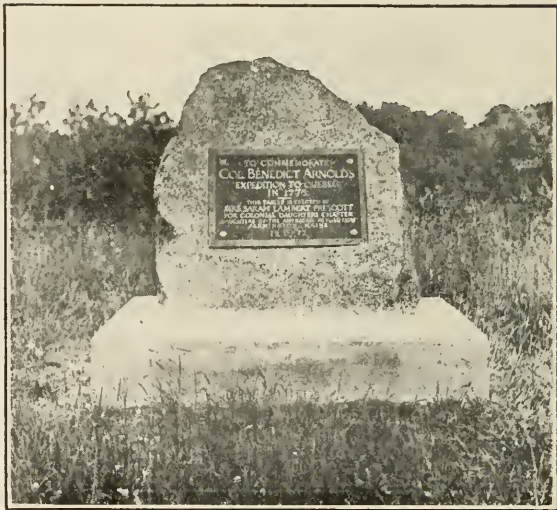
The so-called ‘little army’, over which Washington had been called to take command, was by no means so insignificant as might be supposed; there were, perhaps, fourteen thousand men quartered in and around Cambridge in the summer of 1775, a much larger force than he was to have at his disposal two years later. True, they were exceedingly poor as regards equipment, but their morale ran high: as yet no great disasters had befallen the cause they represented, and—as a nucleus of the military organization which was to defend the rights of America—they were not to be despised. As to this, the British were already willing to attest.

The first duties of the new leader were clearly evident. The intensive blockade of Boston must be continued, and the enthusiasm and loyalty of the troops—of which there was an abundance—must be turned to good account by the speedy co-operation of cannon and ammunition, which were as yet conspicuous by their absence.

During the interim between ‘Lexington’ and the arrival of Washington on the scene had occurred those spectacular exploits of Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga, Seth Warner at Crown Point, and Benedict Arnold at St. Johns, which have invested Lakes George and Champlain with undying interest. All of this beautiful ‘lake region’ was therefore under the absolute control of the New Englanders in the fall of 1775, and from this quarter it was determined to draw the ordnance necessary to oust the British from their snug headquarters in Boston town. To young Henry Knox, former book-seller of Boston, and volunteer in the colonial army, was intrusted the herculean task of bringing down this artillery from the scattered and decayed fortifications

along the Canadian border. This he accomplished mid the rigours of winter and in so doing 'won his spurs', for ever thereafter he was near to the heart of Washington and throughout the war was pre-eminently the artillery chief upon whom the commander relied.

But other less-fortunate events soon transpired in the Northland during that fateful first winter of the Revolution, and before spring came a more serious turn had been given to affairs by the failure of the ill-advised enterprise against the British posts in Canada, wherein Montgomery and Arnold were defeated before the walls of Quebec. On the last day of December, 1775, the former lost his life in a desperate attempt to scale the walls of the Canadian citadel, and Arnold—grievously wounded—had barely been able to withdraw his forces without a crushing disaster. It seems strange that Washington gave his sanction to this foolhardy enterprise, but it appears that he did not realize the full extent of the difficulties to be encountered. None more than he regretted the pre-



In Remembrance of the attempt that failed.
—Memorial Tablet at Stratton, Maine—

(Courtesy of Frank A. Kraus, Jr.)

mature death of poor Montgomery, and it is quite evident that ever after, throughout the long period of the war, *prudence*—rather than the chance success which might attend brilliant though risky enterprises—was the confirmed course of the Commander-in-Chief. We shall have no oc-

casian to revert to the Canadian campaign in the course of our narrative, but it may be of interest to those who read these pages to look upon the picture of a memorial stone, erected in the backwoods of Maine, reminiscent of the passing of Colonel Benedict Arnold and the patriots who tried and failed.

Meanwhile Washington, still at Cambridge, had taken up his permanent headquarters in the spacious Vassall mansion on the old Watertown Road—now Brattle Street. This elegant residence was one of several which had been the homes of those Royalist gentry who had discreetly retired to Boston when the patriots became active. Thus vacated, they afforded very acceptable housings for the increasing number of officers who, with their suites, gathered around the general base of mobilization. For eight months Washington made his home in this delightful manse, which has since come in for added literary fame through the long residence here, from 1837 to 1882, of the poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Painted tastefully in a pleasing combination of white and pale yellow, surrounded by an ample garden, with a clear parkway before its entrance-gate stretching down to the banks of the Charles, it is one of the beauty spots of New England.

Likewise is this elegant mansion rich in history. One hundred and sixty eventful years have passed over it without perceptible blemish. Before Washington's occupancy, Glover's Marblehead regiment had been billeted in its stately apartments; after the Revolution—when it came into possession of Dr. Andrew Craigie, who had been the Apothecary General to Washington's army—it offered hospitality to the famous Talleyrand, Napoleon's shrewd Minister of State. Here also lodged Jared Sparks, the eminent biographer of Washington, (when in later years, Dr. Craigie's widow maintained a boarding-place for college professors and other 'Brahmans' of the university town). It was in the humble role of a 'roomer' that Longfellow first set



THE CRAIGIE-LONGFELLOW HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE
An unusual view from the garden

foot in the mansion which he was later enabled to purchase outright. It does one good to contemplate the spectacle of a man of letters in a position of easy affluence: this was the happy situation of the genial author of "Tales of a Wayside Inn" during the greater part of his life in Cambridge.

The poet's study was the room which Washington had used as a private office, just to the right of the entrance on the ground floor. My photograph, taken from an unfamiliar angle, shows its two open windows. The corner chamber, directly above, is said to have been the sleeping apartment of the Commander.

Despite its memories of great Washington, the 'Cambridge Headquarters' impresses more forcefully of the poet than of the warrior. About the premises lingers such an aura of tranquility that in contemplation of the fine old colonial doorway we think rather of the picturesque Longfellow with snowy beard smiling a kindly greeting to little

children, than of the sterner Washington issuing directions to scurrying orderlies. Whatever there was of sentiment about the Vassall House during the military *regime* was probably supplied by Lady Washington, who came to Cambridge for the first of her several transient abodes by the side of her illustrious partner "for better or for worse." True to her inborn traditions of Southern hospitality, she utilized the drawing-room of the mansion to good purpose, and here held a number of receptions for the select social circle of officers and ladies attached to the Cambridge camp.

If Washington was grave and pre-occupied during these days, it was not without reason. Someone has said that it is not easy to see how he survived the year 1775, worried to a point of distraction by the colonial poverty, the exasperating annoyances, the outspoken criticisms, the continual dissensions in Congress, and the selfishness and stupidity of those in high places, which hampered his every effort to guide war-like preparations in widely separated parts of the country, and to create an efficient military system for a people entirely unaccustomed to such a thing.

From Cambridge, under date of September 21st, 1775, we have his letter to Congress indicating that already the war-time responsibilities and troubles had come in earnest. He tells of the want of discipline, the evils of short term enlistments, the lack of almost everything necessary to 'run' an army—the same story we shall hear told and retold a hundred times during the course of the struggle. Congress never set a pace for promptitude, and Washington, throughout the Revolution, was continually at his wits' end to induce the remittance of funds and the supply of necessities.

What was the type of 'the man in the ranks' during our struggle for independence? We,—who have recently witnessed the phenomenon of a great army in which businessmen and students, aristocrats and day-laborers, have met upon a common level and have been welded into a great

effective unit—are prone to speculate as to the personnel of the Continental Army.

As has been indicated, the short term enlistment was the thorn in the side of Washington, and volunteers of this type constituted the greater part of the army of 1775-'76. The later augmentations were largely state levies, consisting for the most part of conscripted men, whose terms of service depended upon the duration of the war. Each province had also its regularly organized local militia, which was often separate and distinct from the army of Congress. In many instances, when the emergency warranted, these bodies of troops acted solely under the instructions of state officials or their own accredited officers. As in the case of General Stark's 'Green Mountain Boys' at Bennington and Bemis Heights, they invariably fought with great valor, for it was for them a matter of defending homes and firesides.

Over three-quarters of the boys of '76 were farmers or farmers' sons. We have but to recall the fact that Mother England did not encourage manufacturing in the American colonies to comprehend this situation. Plain, honest and courageous, the lads of English or Dutch ancestry who formed the backbone of the patriot army were, as a whole, a sturdy type of frontiersmen. The officers were largely drawn from the so-called 'upper classes', for then, even as in our day, there existed a trace of distinction between the varied strata of humanity both in private and public life. Many men of prominence throughout the provinces having



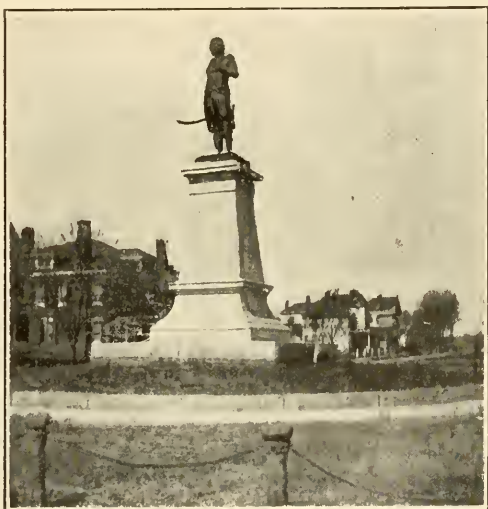
ONE OF GLOVER'S MEN

This bronze statue of John Russell, a soldier of Colonel John Glover's Massachusetts Regiment, (often referred to as 'Marblehead Fishermen') adorns the entrance to the Trenton Battle Monument. It is typical of the 'man in the ranks' of the Continental Army.

(Wm. Rudolf O'Donovan,
Sculptor)

had previous military experience in the Colonial Wars, or—as civilians—being patriotically inclined and well regarded in their particular communities, formed companies in their own bailiwicks, and usually went out with them into active service, commanding in person. Hence the frequent references to “Marion’s men,” “Maxwell’s New Jersey Brigade” or “Glover’s Massachusetts fishermen.”

As to the general officers of the army, every one of them was a volunteer, and all were men of sterling worth though representing many walks of life and shades of character, from the lordly Washington and the devout Muhlenburg to the rough - and - ready Morgan.



Monument to Gen. Hugh Mercer at Fredericksburg, Va., erected by the United States Government in 1906, in fulfillment of a long forgotten appropriation, made for that purpose over a hundred years ago

Congress, in issuing commissions to the brigadier generals, was influenced by many motives of policy, too. Each state had its popular heroes and demanded that recognition be awarded them. Washington himself was not averse to turning to his personal friends when he needed trustworthy men for high places and, in this connection, it is interesting to remember that the old city of Fredericksburg,—virtually the ‘home town’ of Washington—furnished two native sons who bore the title of General. Dr. Hugh Mercer conducted a drug shop in the old building still standing at the corner of Main and Amelia Streets, while George Weedon was the proprietor of the ‘Rising Sun Tavern’ a favorite rendezvous

of Washington in the same village. Strange as it may seem in this day when 'efficiency' is strangled by its own intricacies, the apothecary and the inn-keeper furnished the material from which generals were made at short notice,—but I suppose that extremity knows no precedent.

Mercer, who was a first-rate physician and had seen service at the side of Washington in the French War, proved to be a good selection; he was a most efficient and capable officer and his death at Princeton was a severe blow to the patriot cause. A splendid monument at Fredericksburg perpetuates his memory. Of Weedon, less can be said. He resigned his commission during the Valley Forge winter because of some controversy respecting rank, and thereafter is only mentioned as a minor figure in the events which were purely local to Virginia.

What is true of Mercer and Weedon, as representing officers of high rank, was true of the 'lesser lights' who wore the epaulets and exercised authority over others. Good officers were so beloved that often discipline suffered; bad officers were so heartily detested that chronic insubordination became the order of the day. Among the northern troops especially, where there were fewer social extremes, the pill of 'obedience to orders' was a particularly bitter one to swallow, and the soldiers chafed wretchedly under the unwonted discipline.

In and around Boston there was, at first, little attempt at vigorous enforcement of army rules and regulations. One farmer was a Colonel, his next-door-neighbor a private in the ranks. To shake hands and slap each other on the back was the natural thing to do. Nevertheless it was unmilitary; and sooner or later the lines of personal equality and army etiquette had to be sharply defined. Colonel Prescott, who—shortly after 'Bunker Hill'—was seen carrying home a quarter of veal, must—if he would command respect and obedience—gradually delegate such menial service to some orderly; while the captain of horse who at the outset had

no hesitancy in shaving the beard of a husky 'doughboy' found it necessary to cease his brotherly attentions, if he would expect the stern commands of the battlefield to be obeyed without question. Thus—in a democratic country—the breach between officer and private, opened through necessity, has widened into the great gulf which can never be bridged with safety.



General George Weeden's 'Rising Sun Tavern', Fredericksburg, Va.

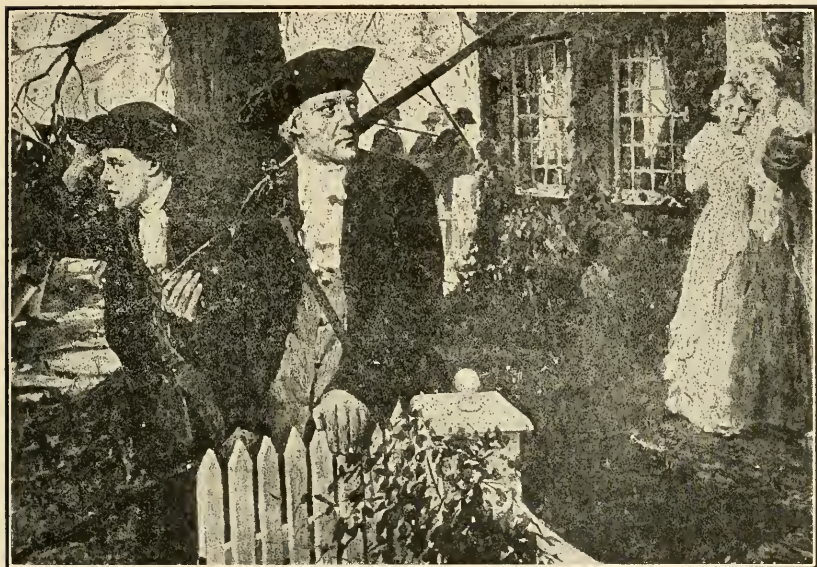
Washington himself was a 'stickler' for discipline. On one occasion he expressed concern because of undue familiarity between officers and privates, intimating that the latter would ultimately regard their superiors "as no more than a broomstick." Just what Washington thought of the general run of privates is something of a question, in the consideration of which we must bear in mind that he himself was never one who mingled freely with the masses. In their proper place, provided they were tractable and faithful, the soldiers could always count on him for a 'square deal,' but he was far from being one of the approachable type like Abraham Lincoln. This aloofness was part of his

nature; he was solicitous for the welfare of the soldiers, collectively, yet perhaps never took any of them to his bosom.

The pay of the private soldier was then, as now, exceedingly meagre. Washington, writing to Congress in September, 1776, advocated a more liberal remuneration for his troopers. Upon his recommendation there was granted to each man who should serve throughout the war an additional "bounty of twenty dollars and one hundred acres of land" with a "yearly suit of clothing" while in service. Many of the officers, in lieu of or in addition to their pay, received from Congress or the state legislatures very extensive grants of real estate. In many cases these large tracts of timber or farm land became the basis of an independent fortune to be transmitted to their posterity. The searching of old titles reveals many interesting instances of this nature. General Knox was greatly profited by reason of the able management of his New England grants; Baron Steuben owned a large parcel of ground in Bergen County, N. J., acquired in the same way. Quite recently the matter was brought home to my own door, so to speak, when I discovered that one of the small pieces of property owned by my father, in Onondaga County, New York, was originally part of a grant given by that state to a minor commissioned-officer of militia, who had fought with General Herkimer at the Battle of Oriskany.

The Pension Department at Washington has a very complete file of the soldiers of the Revolution. Surprising as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that the old regimental records were kept with great accuracy. Far distant as these times seem to the casual reader of history, they come astonishingly near when one takes the trouble to look up the data concerning his own colonial forefathers. Anyone desiring to establish his eligibility to membership in the societies of Revolutionary descendants will find this to be true.

To me it is a source of pride to be able to say that my mother's great-grandfather, John O'Neil, followed Washington as a private soldier, serving throughout the entire period of the war; yet some folks seem to be devoid of sentiment in this regard. A certain family possessed a fine old



"THEY GAVE US LIBERTY"

From Copyright Painting by H. M. Brett. (Acknowledgements to the Osborne Company, Newark, N. J., publishers of Art Calendars)

sabre, positively known to have been carried by a Revolutionary cavalryman. What, think you, was the fate of the historic sword? — a place over the parlor mantle? No indeed. Disgraceful to narrate, it was cut up into butcher knives "because it was made of good steel!" — a circumstance almost as ironical as the poet's fancied sacrilege, when mayhap "Great Caesar, turned to clay, might stop a chink to keep the wind away."

Charles Knowles Bolton, in his very informative book, "The Private Soldier under Washington," has rendered this generation a distinct service by his minute recital of the daily conditions under which the men in the ranks labored.

Quoting always from original authorities, he reveals interesting details concerning their hardships, recreations, duties, rewards and punishments, making a book well worth the reading.

The fact that there was very 'little doing' around Boston in the winter of 1775-'76 has given me the opportunity for rambling hither and yon; now to pick up the story of Washington where we left it—

Spring came with no prospect of relief for the British. Had they known that at one time, during those long months of inactivity, the Americans had scarce enough powder to keep two guns working for half a day, it is probable that a successful sortie could have been made. Of this condition—it is quite evident—they must have been blissfully unaware. Meantime the furnaces in the Jersey Hills had been working overtime turning out iron balls, some powder had been made by the provincials after a fashion, while still more had come in the nick of time from the South and from enemy ships captured by American privateers. The British were free to come and go by sea, and, of course, kept in closest possible touch with their homeland government, going so far—as was revealed by intercepted correspondence—as to plan for a diversion in Virginia, where the discredited Dunmore was ever-ready to inflict destruction. Yet they remained inactive.

The siege of Boston came to an abrupt climax, however, when the patriots suddenly took up and fortified a commanding position on Dorchester Heights south of the city, and planted batteries so alarmingly near the works of the enemy that they instantly 'sat up and took notice'. The



The Monument on
Dorchester Heights,
Boston

compliments of a few shells thrown into the city and as quickly reciprocated did not mend matters, but rather alarmed the poor civilian population, whose cup of misery, already filled to the brim, seemed about to overflow. General Howe had now to select between the unattractive prospect of having the city pounded to pieces about his ears, the dangerous course of openly attacking the Americans, or the humiliating choice of a complete withdrawal from the city 'while the going was good'. After some half-hearted preparations for resistance, he decided to follow the prompting of prudence; and intimating to Washington—in a round-about way—that the city would be spared further horrors if he were allowed to depart in peace, he hastily put his troops aboard the royal shipping and set sail for Halifax on St. Patrick's Day, March 17th, 1776. So you see that Boston may with good reason celebrate the birthday of Ireland's patron saint.

Upon the day following the evacuation, Washington entered the city in triumph. The bloodless victory had been well worth the waiting. Church bells pealed, the people rejoiced and made merry, and once more old Faneuil Hall rang with unrestrained expressions of patriotism, for on that day there remained in all the colonies from Massachusetts to Georgia not a single soldier of Great Britain supporting arms in behalf of the disputed authority of George the King.

There is a monument upon Dorchester Heights, resembling a detached church tower, which commemorates the expulsion of the British from Boston. This historic minaret, with the nearby Aquarium and Marine Park, is about all the tourist will find to claim his interest in South Boston. Roxbury contains many old landmarks of the colonial and Revolutionary periods, and the site of 'Roxbury Upper Fort', one of the positions in the American lines during the siege, is marked by the lofty tower in Highland Park. Every one of the towns adjoining Boston has something worth while to offer the student of history; finely preserved old

mansions which have sheltered patriot leaders, colonial dignitaries, or British officers. Should I begin to speak of them there would be no stopping.

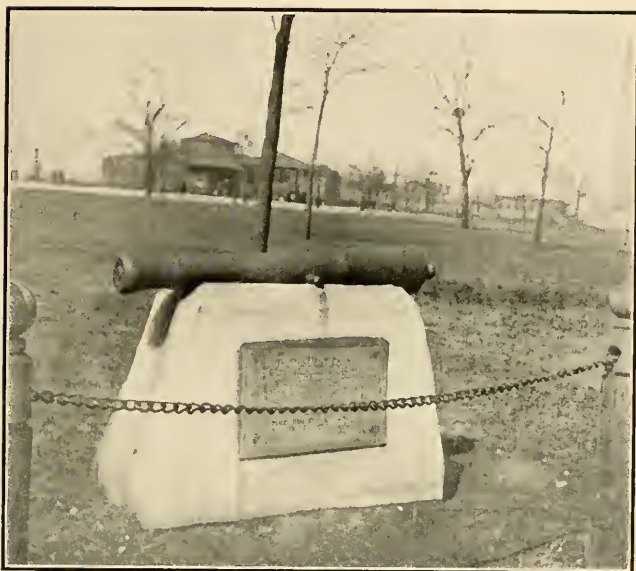


THE ENTRANCE TO BOSTON COMMON

In Revolutionary times the Common was a drilling ground for soldiers, in later years a rendezvous for the famous men and women who have made Boston their home. The State House, whose dome is seen on the right, occupies the site of the ancient 'Beacon Hill'.

Boston finally in the hands of the Americans, and measures taken properly to provide for its defense should another attempt be made against it, the thoughts of Washington turned to other fields, where, quite evidently, something unexpected in the way of reprisal might be looked for. General Lee had already been dispatched to New York City and then sent farther South in anticipation of the unforeseen; Putnam was presently ordered to Manhattan to take his place, and Greene was entrusted with the protection of Brooklyn and Long Island. Washington himself, pushing the troops before him, came down by way of Providence, Norwich and New London, arriving in New York on the 13th of April.

The first sign of renewed activity on the part of the ousted British came on the 28th of June, when their fleet appeared off Charleston, South Carolina, and attempted to



A RELIC OF REVOLUTIONARY NEW YORK

Now adorning "Battery Park."

Old Cannon excavated in 1892 on the site of 55 Broadway, corner of Exchange Alley, where stood the pre-Revolutionary fortification called "Oyster Pasty", 1695-1783.

gain possession of the city. But Colonel Moultrie, aided by such heroes as Sergeant Jasper, defended his log fort with such energy that the attacking squadron was not sorry to withdraw.

The cause of *justice* had been well vindicated in the year which had elapsed since Washington left Philadelphia: soon it was to be a recognized cause of *freedom*. The transition was gradual. While the army had been doing its best, the provincial Congress, despite its supineness at times, was attempting to fulfill its functions and anticipate in a measure, the inevitable course of events. When the liberty bell rang out the tidings of proclaimed independence, months of thought, and labor, and mental struggle found utterance. Thomas Paine, that much-maligned old skeptic, had in his 'Common Sense' pamphlet done much to prepare the minds of the people for this necessary and irrevocable step. Franklin, Hancock, Adams and Jefferson had been busy for

months as a committee to work toward this definite end, and the latter had burned the midnight oil for a week as he pored over the immortal manuscript of the Declaration.

No one visits Philadelphia without at least passing Independence Hall and indulging in a bit of approving mental comment because of its inviolate sanctity. During the course of the last few years it has been undergoing a series of changes, all tending to restore it to its original condition. As we see it now, it is practically as it was in 1776.*

First and foremost among the many objects of veneration treasured within the brick walls of the State House is the liberty bell, that sacred *icon* of American history. Cracked in 1835, while tolling on the occasion of the death of Chief Justice Marshall, it has occupied a silent place of honor for almost a century. That its injury may not become more serious, the original rift has been widened and reamed-out at its termination, and for its protection from too-ardent admirers, as well as from thievish relic-hunters, a heavy glass cabinet has been built around it. Only on some very notable occasion is this removed, and we, being but ordinary mortals, must deny ourselves the pleasure of endeavoring to test its tonal quality by rapping upon its brazen rim with pocket-knives or umbrella-handles.

That the liberty bell is dear to American hearts was abundantly demonstrated during the strenuous months of the World War. In the enthusiasm of popular song, the silent hero of the Revolution was besought to ring once again, and, depicted upon 'liberty-loan' posters as an incentive to patriotism, it made its own appeal,—spiritual perhaps, but never in vain.

*Since Revolutionary days various 'reconstructions' had been inflicted upon Independence Hall; and the examination of a complete series of old prints illustrative of Philadelphia's historic State House will reveal a strange series of variations in its appearance. In all of them, however, the central building and the square clock-tower have their identity. From 1802 until his death, Charles Wilson Peale, the eminent portrait painter and naturalist, utilized the upper floor of the hall for his celebrated museum, being granted this privilege, without payment of any rental, by the municipality. This truly noteworthy collection of paintings and art objects, together with specimens of the taxidermic skill of the collector, bones of extinct mammoth, etc., was one of the first of its kind in America, the fore-runner of our numerous present day exhibits of like character, permanently installed in the larger cities of the country.

Then there are the old leather chairs ranged around the 'Declaration Room', the identical seats occupied by the signers, which have one-by-one been acquired from their descendants. Some show evidence of careful keeping, apparently they have always been treated with wholesome respect. Others are decidedly the worse for wear, displaying signs of



THE HEART OF PHILADELPHIA

Independence Hall, with its bell-tower, in the foreground.

hard usage and neglect, with the dark leather frayed and torn and, in one or two cases, the 'stuffings' protruding. These historic thrones are marked, wherever possible, with the names of their former distinguished occupants.

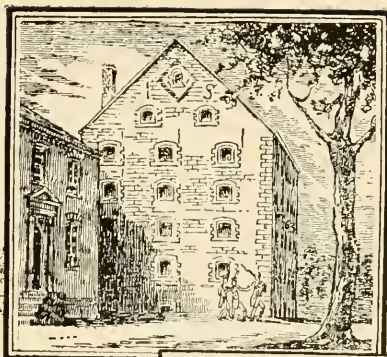
The portraits of the men who signed the proclamation of liberty are suspended from the walls of the spacious chamber. All of them are admirably executed in oil, and, we have reason to believe, with every attempt at fidelity. What a series of character studies they present to the visitor, who approaches softly to examine them in detail! There is kindly George Read of Delaware; gorgeous Lewis Morris of New York; George Wythe of Virginia, with bald and intel-

lectual pate; the devout Charles Carroll of Maryland; energetic Dr. Bartlett of New Hampshire; Roger Sherman, the sturdy Connecticut farmer; cultured Richard Stockton of New Jersey; Arthur Middleton of South Carolina, with head bowed in thought; and the honest John Penn of the North Carolinian province, who retired a poor man after long years of public life. No finer group of statesmen ever assembled on God's foot-stool than these representatives of the American people, who set their names to the proclamation of independence.

None of the military chiefs of the patriot army are numbered among the signers, for they were busily employed in other quarters, preparing to back by force of arms the new vision of an American Commonwealth—a dream which, as swiftly as galloping couriers could bear the news, animated the heart of every patriot from Pilgrim New England to the sunny Southland.

There had indeed been granted to the patriots a respite, all too brief, from the tense agony of war. It was, however, but the calm before the storm, a dead silence stirred only by the fateful pealing of the liberty bell. Scarce had ceased the cadence of its sonorous clanging, when the impending hurricane broke with all its fury.

ONE OF THE BARRED
WINDOW FRAMES FROM
THE OLD PRISON PEN, NOW
PRESERVED AT
VAN CORTLANDT PARK,
NEW YORK CITY



THE RHINELANDER SUGAR HOUSE
BUILT IN 1761
AND USED BY THE BRITISH AS A PRISON
DURING THE REVOLUTION

"THE

FIGHTING RETREAT"

LONG ISLAND

TO THE

DELAWARE

THE events of 'first magnitude', which had been transpiring in New England since the war began, seem to have completely overshadowed the happenings in and around New York during 1775. Most of us are familiar enough with the general course of events, but not one in a hundred has 'read up' on the series of thrilling episodes which marked Manhattan's year of preparation. The attention of Congress had, likewise, been focussed elsewhere, and it was up to General Lee* to make the most of the scanty means at his disposal.

For months prior to the coming of the British 'grand fleet', the frigate "Asia" had lain in impudent security off Staten Island. Then came another—the "Phoenix",—of forty-four guns. During the winter the ice in the bay had

*General Charles Lee was not American born, nor was he in any way connected with Richard Henry Lee or 'Light Horse Harry'. Originally an officer of the British Army, he had become something of a soldier of fortune, having served with honor in several European campaigns, and under various sovereigns. Settling in Virginia a few years prior to the Revolution, he immediately embraced the cause of the patriots and was awarded recognition on the strength of his military experience. By the British he was regarded as a 'turn-coat', by the Americans as a military genius. Later in the course of the war he lost prestige and was 'shelved'.



THE LOWER PORTION OF NEW YORK CITY AND THE BAY

The dim outlines of Staten Island are seen upon the horizon. The Brooklyn shoreline appears upon the left, with Governor's Island, (now the Eastern Headquarters of the U. S. Army) in the middle distance.

made the anchorage of the "Asia" insecure and she moved in so close to the city that she actually became grounded at the foot of Whitehall Street, exposed to the guns of 'the Battery'. Yet, as neither party availed themselves of this beautiful opportunity for a scrimmage, the incident passed off quietly when high tide released the unwelcome guest.

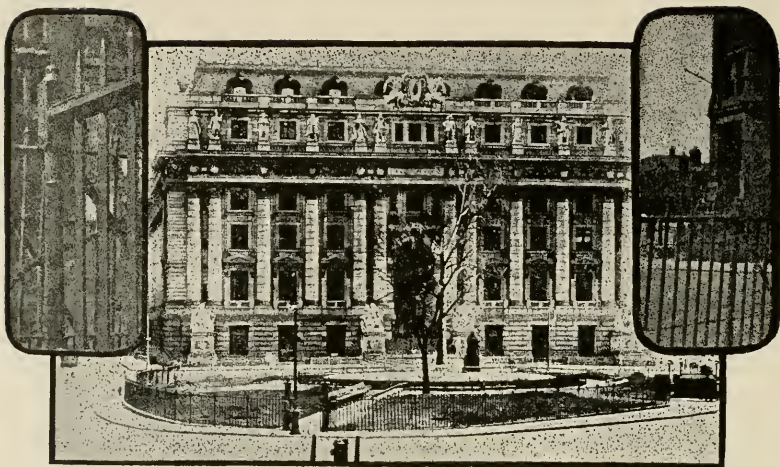
Surely the proximity of these hostile craft was an ever-present annoyance to the patriots of New York, and undoubtedly tended to check any great show of military activity on the part of the citizens. On the other hand, the ships' officers took no aggressive action for the sake of the royalists who still remained in the city, being warned by General Lee that any demonstration on their part would bring speedy retribution upon the interned subjects of the king.

Tryon, the royal governor of New York, who had made the utmost efforts, though in vain, to induce the people of Manhattan to cling to the cause he represented, had himself been obliged to quit the city and was living aboard one

of the floating fortresses, eagerly awaiting the coming of the flotilla which was to uphold his authority.

It has been said, with truth, that "the first American Navy came into being in New York waters." When the "Phoenix", tucking herself snugly away in one of the coves of Staten Island, began to play the part of blockader—pouncing out upon small and unsuspecting traders, whom she scuttled or robbed of their cargoes—it became necessary for the New Yorkers to do something in the way of reprisal. In this emergency, with their commerce well-nigh ruined, the patriots of Manhattan began to assemble a make-shift fleet. An unsightly collection it was,—schooners, sloops and whaleboats—but, manned by fearless volunteers, reinforced by longshoremen and fishermen, and commanded by Lieut. Benjamin Tupper (an 'old salt' who knew his business) it soon proved itself invaluable. Out through Long Island Sound these little vessels ran back and forth, retaliating time and again upon British supply ships arriving from Europe. So it resolved itself into a game of give and take, with the odds not altogether in favor of the enemy. Moreover, it was this same little fleet which was to save a large portion of the American Army, performing its last and greatest service as the factor which made possible their escape from Long Island a few weeks later.

The early summer of 'Independence Year' found Washington and his principal officers quartered in the lower portion of the city. Mrs. Washington, together with many others of the wives of the American leaders, shared their temporary lodgings; that of the Commander-in-Chief being located at Kennedy House, to this day known as "number one Broadway." The large office building which now occupies this historic corner would certainly never arouse the interest of the passer-by were it not for the bronze tablet which, all too briefly, tells us that not only Washington, but Clinton and Carleton (during the subsequent period of British occupancy) here maintained official headquarters.



BOWLING GREEN, NEW YORK CITY,
with the new Custom House in the background. Left-hand insert, section of the
Bowling Green railing. Right-hand insert, Number One Broadway from the Green.

Washington, upon his arrival in New York about the middle of April, found that General Lee had displayed good judgment in his preliminary attempts at putting the city in a state of defense. The few brass cannon which had been brought down from Boston were carefully distributed among the redoubts at the Battery, Red Hook and the strategic points about Brooklyn and the Jersey shore, while a providential shipment of powder, secretly arrived from France, was discreetly apportioned among the widely separated fortifications.

It was but natural that the southern extremity of Manhattan, where was located the colonial 'Fort George', should be given first attention. The familiar Battery Park of our own day covers an area somewhat larger than that of Revolutionary times, for the site of the present Aquarium was then detached from the mainland. There has been much 'filling in' hereabouts, and it would be difficult to name with precision the *exact site* of any of the defensive works of 1776. Washington attempted to strengthen the defenses already undertaken by Lee in other quarters, in addition to

which he began the construction of a second line across the Heights of Harlem, eleven miles from the Battery. Upon the highest ridge of the 'back-bone' of rock which underlies Manhattan Island, Fort Washington was laid out; while upon the companion bluff on the Jersey side of the Hudson, Fort Constitution (soon re-christened Fort Lee) was begun in high hopes of impregnability. With so extensive a cordon of out-works and such a far-reaching system of protective fortifications, Washington could do little more than bide his time and await the unforeseen developments of the future. The somewhat abortive attempt at the obstruction of the Hudson and the East River channels comprises a story in itself, being a subject upon which we shall permit ourselves more fully to indulge after we have disposed of the momentous events which are now rapidly pressing to the forefront of our tale.

It has been estimated that Washington's entire command did not, at this time, number more than twenty thousand, inclusive of the New England regiments. The so-called Continental Army was, at best, an inadequately outfitted and undisciplined body of recruits, and it is a matter of no wonderment that Washington looked forward with something like misgiving to the well nigh impossible task of holding the miles and miles of shore line skirting New York and Brooklyn, when the enemy should put in an appearance and prepare to contest the matter of ownership by force of arms.



British Officer's Belt Plate, With G. R.
in Bronze, recently found at Fort Hill,
Staten Island.

(Courtesy New York 'Times')

The fact that Staten Island was thoroughly British in sympathy must have been recognized by Washington, for he made no attempt to safeguard it. Indeed he visited this locality but once, the following brief item from his

celebrated 'Expense Book' explaining when and why:

"Thursday, April 25, 1776—To the Expenses of myself & party recong. the sevl. Landing places, &c. on Staten Island.....£16.10".

Staten Island seems, throughout the Revolution, to have been a refuge for the hundreds of loyalists who had drawn themselves away from their more patriotic neighbors in New York City and upon the Jersey mainland. In fact this flocking together of red-feathered birds led to the establishing of an isolated community in hearty accord with the cause of England; within sight of New York, it is true, but entirely alien in spirit. Hence it was that the British fleet, bearing Sir William Howe and the powerful force with which he proposed to operate



THE OLD CITY HALL, NEW YORK CITY

Near this spot, in July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was read to the American Army. Above the older structure, erected 1803-'12, appears the tower of the new Municipal Building

against the Americans, arriving from Halifax on the 28th of June, 1776, found a hearty welcome awaiting them, and a safe haven in "the Narrows." Joy was unconfined among the Tories. Governor Tryon immediately waited upon Lord Howe and laid before that worthy the full details of the situation, without doubt pouring out a lengthy tale of woe. As if to reassure the royalists that the day of reckoning was at hand, forty more British vessels anchored in the lower

bay the very next morning and began at once to disembark their contingents of soldiery. Day after day brought additional convoys of troops, among whom were fresh regiments of Hessian mercenaries direct from Europe, with such able officers as De Heister, Knyphausen and Dunop, and ere long Staten Island became a great armed camp, white with tents and bustling with activity. All this meant safety for the British sympathizers, but within New York reigned deepest anxiety and apprehension.

Lord Howe, establishing himself at Tottenville—toward the southern end of the island—proceeded at once to fortify his great encampment. About the middle of July he was joined by his brother, Admiral Richard Howe, and by the first of September, having been further reinforced by Clinton and Cornwallis, he found himself at the head of no less than twenty-five thousand men, thoroughly seasoned and faultlessly equipped.

Staten Island, thus completely alienated from the cause and control of the patriots, became the great base of operations for the enemy, and—by reason of its dangerous proximity—a continual ‘thorn in the flesh,’ for the Americans. Separated from Elizabethtown by a barrier no more formidable than the narrow Arthur Kill, communications in that quarter were constantly open, and the tale-bearing Tories of the interior of Jersey had ready access to the attentive ear of the British commander, who had much to gain by means of their nefarious schemes. Besides the major operation which was about to be undertaken against Washington, the several raids which devastated Jersey in a later period of the war had their origin here, and for six long years stolen provisions and chattels of all kinds found their way to the enemy’s General Headquarters at New York through this convenient ‘family entrance’.

There are some portions of Staten Island which we may visit to-day in the assurance that they have a positive historic significance; other note-worthy sites have given



Old 'Bellop House', Tottenville, Staten Island, built 1668. Occupied by Lord Howe in 1776. Here, after the battle of Long Island, he met Benjamin Franklin and John Adams in a last and futile attempt at conciliation. Howe offered 'forgiveness', but America had already pledged herself to the cause of complete
liberation

place to busy towns and pretty suburban communities thoroughly modern in appearance. As a matter of fact the entire island is liberally sprinkled with interesting places. The ruined stone houses amid the willows and low-lying marshes below New Dorp are romantic in the extreme, while upon the seaward-facing hills there are dozens of tall, white-pillared mansions,—many of them likewise forsaken,—telling of a period of opulence long since passed. Then there is Sailors' Snug Harbor,—with its splendid institution, heavily endowed, where old jack-tars have permanently cast anchor,—and the principal center of population, St. George, which is now the seat of greater New York's Borough of Richmond. Altogether, Staten Island offers a combination entirely different from anything I have elsewhere encountered, but in so far as our story goes we must regard it as British territory pure and simple.

Singular as it may appear, it is nevertheless true that affairs in New York City pursued their wonted course for nearly two months following the British occupancy of

Staten Island. Everyone was more or less peturbed in spirit, yet merchants bought and sold, and people went about as usual, attending to the routine duties of life. The news of the Declaration of Independence had traveled fast; and, coming to New York at a time when the enemy were within sight and hearing, its effect was electric.

On the 9th of July 1776, an uproarious mob of soldiers and civilians flocked to Bowling Green, pulled down the gilded equestrian statue of King George III, and after it had been knocked about and mutilated to the satisfaction of all concerned, the greater portion of it was sent to Connecticut to be run into bullets for the army,

One of the very few relics of these strenuous times remaining in lower Manhattan to-day is the circular iron railing surrounding tiny Bowling Green Park. Within this enclosure stood the regal statue. A close inspection of the crude hand-wrought iron pickets will convince anyone that it is the original fencing brought out from England in 1770, at the time the kingly effigy was erected.

Concerning the desecrated statue of his majesty, fat and fatuous, I may inform the reader, that several fragments, including the tail of the horse, are now in the possession of the New York Historical Society, having been brought up, when ploughing, on a farm near Wilton, Conn.; while one of the slabs of the pedestal turned up in Jersey City in 1818. After being used as a stepping stone for some sixty years more, it, too, was acquired by the Historical Society. Truly, royalty, both in effigy and in the flesh, hath had some tough experiences!



The Statue of George III, which formerly stood in Bowling Green, New York City.
From Drawing by Charles M. Lefferts.

New York experienced its first taste of actual warfare on the 12th of July, when five of the British ships sailed up the North River despite the opposition of the batteries on either shore. As they passed the wharves a destructive bombardment was opened upon the town, greatly upsetting the equilibrium of the inhabitants and filling the streets with frightened women and children. The smoke of battle hung over the city like a pall and the air was heavy with the smell of powder. The damage to the ships was inconsequential; and, continuing up stream, they experienced but little difficulty in forcing their way past Fort Washington. Not until they had reached the quiet expanse of Tappan Zee, opposite Haverstraw, did they cast anchor.



A PAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF OLD NEW YORK.

This curiously constructed building at No. 7 State Street, facing Battery Park, was a witness to the events of 'Independence Year'. During Washington's presidency it was one of the finest mansions in town. It is at present occupied by the Mission of our Lady of the Rosary, and outwardly has experienced little change since the time it was built. This is one of the very few Revolutionary houses remaining in this locality.

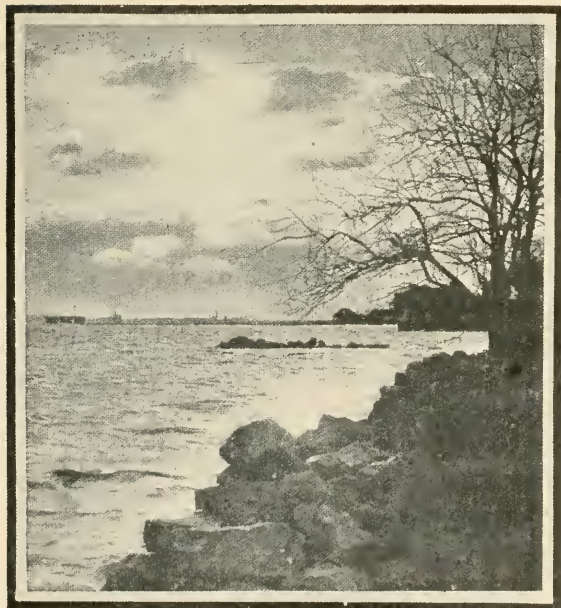
Here they remained for considerably over a month, a constant menace to the city far below. In a subsequent chapter we shall have something further to say upon this phase of the situation, coming more properly under the heading "The Watch on the Hudson".

After this episode, the British chiefs sought a parley. Several officers of high rank attempted to get into communication with Washington, and—after preliminary squabbles over 'diplomatic etiquette' (foremost among which was the

reluctance on the part of the Howes to address Washington by his military title of 'General')—Colonel Patterson, the British adjutant, finally secured an interview. Nothing was accomplished thereby, for the 'British Mission' could, at best, offer nothing more than a sweeping *pardon* to the 'erring' colonists, while the patriots were now fighting for liberation. This exchange of views took place on the 20th of July at the headquarters of Washington, Broadway and Bowling Green.

Realizing that further attempts at pacification would be useless, General Howe prepared to fight it out. Washington, too, made final dispositions for the impending conflict; he sent away his documents and state papers, and

called in every man who could possibly be spared from the outlying defenses, — from New England and from the Highlands of the Hudson. In a series of general orders to the army, he made it plain that a new campaign was about to begin, and urged upon all a spirit of fealty and united effort. Lady Washington left for Mount Ver-



THE BROOKLYN SHORE LINE,
near the spot where the British made their landing on Long
Island, August 21-22, 1776.

non, and the wives of the other general officers were likewise spirited away to places of safety.

By the first of August it became evident to the defenders of New York that the crisis was rapidly approaching, although the 'where and when' of the British attack were mysteries sufficiently puzzling to keep Washington constantly on the *qui vive*. A week later the city was in a state of feverish agitation; danger signals had been arranged, and steps taken to permit the instant shifting of reinforcements to any point which might be threatened. On the 17th the Commander received intelligence that some elaborate operation was afoot in the enemy's camp, on the 18th the British ships which had gone up the Hudson returned to their anchorage in the Bay, again firing on the city as they passed, and on the 21st came a courier from Livingston, governor of New Jersey, bringing positive information that a force of twenty thousand had embarked preparatory to a simultaneous attack on Long Island, central Jersey, and the Hudson River defences. Next morning the roar of cannon in the east and dense columns of smoke hovering over Long Island gave summary notice that the British had begun their second campaign for the mastery of America, the final result of which no human foresight might reveal.

The 'tramp historian' who visits Long Island nowadays in search of precise localities must not expect too much. Most of the events associated with the Battle of Long Island occurred within the limits of the present enormous Borough of Brooklyn. The British landed near Gravesend, made circuitous marches through Utrecht and Jamaica, and met the patriots in the decisive combat of the 27th of August by attacking what were then the works outlying the ancient village, but which have now—as a part of Prospect Park—become the center of the rapidly expanding city.

If Brooklyn be devoid of Revolutionary landmarks, we must make every reasonable allowance in the knowledge that the old city was continuously in British possession from the late-summer of 1776 until the termination of the strug-

gle; consequently we find no traces of prolonged and eventful patriot occupancy.

The growth of Long Island, in point of population, has been phenomenal. Its proximity to New York City accounts for the 'real estate booms' which have developed the multitude of suburban communities within easy reach of the metropolis, beyond which an even greater number of more select 'aristocratic colonies' have arisen, all tending to swallow-up or obliterate the isolated farm-houses of the Revolutionary period.* The present net-work of railroads and boulevards has, moreover, so completely altered the aspect of the countryside that the traveler must journey for over an hour from the heart of old Brooklyn before he smacks the salt sea air, homely frugality and Revolutionary history which, of right, belongs to Long Island. Then, alas, he will have gone beyond the territory made historically important by events of first magnitude.

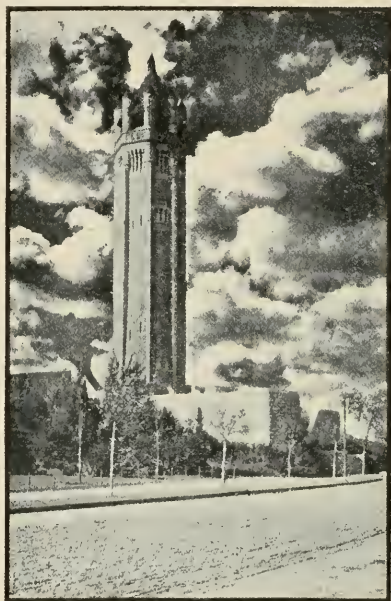
The site of the Long Island battle, which stands out as Brooklyn's greatest event so far as history is concerned, is compassed—for the most part—within the beautiful acres of Prospect Park. Just outside its boundaries there stands to-day a landmark, which—had it existed in 1776—would most certainly have changed the result of that disastrous engagement. It is a magnificent water-tower, sufficiently artistic in construction to serve—were it suitably inscribed—as an appropriate battle monument. Just below it lies a small municipal reservoir, adjoining the spacious grounds of the Brooklyn Institute, while across Flatbush Avenue are the inviting solitudes of the Park. From the summit of this tower, which would have made a wonderful observatory for the patriots of long ago, it is possible to gain a very comprehensive idea of the plan of the engagement. Looking toward New York, the older section of Brooklyn lies

* In Revolutionary times, many of my ancestors, members of the Horton and Gardner families, (some of them fisher-folk) lived on Long Island. They, like many others, handed down to their children's children stories of the British invasion. The red-coats swarmed into their little cottages; rummaging around, depleting larders and taking bread from ovens, but were—on the whole—not quite so blood-thirsty in their dealings with the civil population as one might expect.

spread before us like a map. To the northward is Wallabout Bay and the present Navy Yard, to the south Gowanus Bay—a small arm of New York harbor. Between these 'indentations', the inner lines of defense (enclosing the old town of some 1500 inhabitants) had been arranged by General Greene, commander of the American forces on Long Island.

Despite the numerical superiority of the enemy, Washington entertained some hopes of defending his outer line of entrenched positions, (stretching along the chain of little hillocks from what is now Greenwood Cemetery to Cyprus Hills), in which opinion he was strengthened, perhaps, by the leisurely movements of the British. Five days were consumed by the latter in skirmishing and driving in outposts. Both armies were augmented with as much secrecy as possible, the British spreading their lines toward Utrecht and Flatlands, the Americans busily strengthening "Prospect Hill", considered to be the key to the situation.

The visitor to Prospect Park, Brooklyn, will find no difficulty in locating this ridge, which runs parallel to modern Flatbush Avenue. It is intersected by several gulleys, chief among which is the defile known to-day as "Battle Pass", in ancient times traversed by the old post-road running into the city. Across this much-travelled highway was thrown a barricade of hastily-felled trees, among them being the



MUNICIPAL WATER TOWER,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Overlooking Prospect Park, scene of
the Battle of Long Island.

celebrated "Dongan's Oak," a century-old monarch of the forest, named for one of the colonial governors of New York province.

General Greene, thoroughly familiar with the scheme of defence and the routes by which the enemy might be expected to attack, fell a victim to a severe illness consequent to his untiring effort, and—when he could least be spared—was forced to entrust the responsibilities of the command to Putnam. This circumstance, coupled with Earl Percy's famous detour via the Jamaica road and his successful attack upon the thinly-protected north-flank of the Americans, was responsible for the disastrous result of the Battle of Long Island.

At daybreak on the 27th of August, the British attack commenced. As was anticipated, there was a spirited frontal assault upon "Prospect Hill." Here General Sullivan found himself assailed by De Heister's Hessians. General Stirling, defending the 'Bay end' of the Brooklyn lines, was likewise busily occupied, being confronted by large bodies of the enemy's troops. Washington, hastening over the East River from his headquarters in New York, had scarcely become convinced that the enemy had at last determined to force the passes, when—from his point of observation—he beheld with consternation the approach of heavy red-coated columns, bearing down from the north upon the unguarded American left wing. Telescope in hand, he witnessed from afar the agonizing spectacle of a disaster which all his foresight had been unable to avoid, and which no power under Heaven could, at that moment, avert. Notwithstanding their long night march, the troops of Earl Percy threw themselves upon the rear of Sullivan's regiments already seriously involved. Taken thus at a disadvantage and beset by superior numbers before and behind, the American defenders of "Prospect Hill" fell into fearful confusion. In the hand-to-hand struggle which followed at the hopelessly congested passes, the carnage was frightful. Vainly

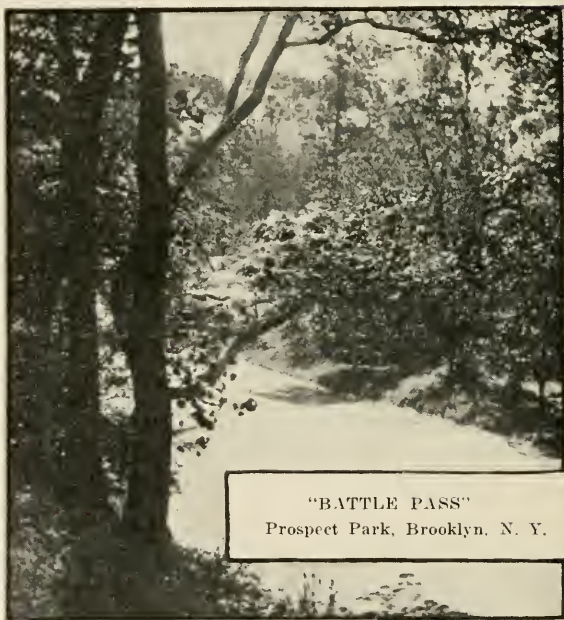
endeavoring to extricate themselves from the trap, nothing was left for the patriots but capitulation.

Stirling, at the southern extremity of the line with his Maryland and Delaware militia, found himself, ere long, in a like predicament. Falling back in the face of overwhelming odds, he was attempting to reach the inner lines by fording Gowanus Creek, when he encountered Lord Cornwallis* with another strong division, completely blocking his retreat. After a desperate fight, he, too, was obliged to make virtue of necessity, accepting the alternative of surrender rather than annihilation.

Thus it came about that, at the very outset of the British campaign, they successfully cut-off some two thousand men from the American army. Many of the unfortunate ones who were

taken captive were fated to languish for months in miserable prison pens; others of the general officers, notably Stirling and Sullivan, were shortly exchanged, and—before Washington's retreat across New Jersey—we find them once again in the American camp.

Through 'Battle Pass' there runs to-day a finely improved road, accommodating a constant stream of vehicular



"BATTLE PASS"
Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* This was the first appearance of Cornwallis upon a battle-field of the American War, in which prolonged contest he was destined to take a more prominent part than any other British officer. His final defeat, it will be called to mind, occurred under circumstances not altogether dissimilar.

traffic. How many, I wonder, among those who ride through this wooded gap in their luxurious limousines, have taken the trouble to familiarize themselves with its thrilling historic story? Surely there are plenty of informative and explanatory 'markers,' and the interested Rambler will find himself amply compensated for the time spent in a brief 'stop-over'. To loiter for a half-hour among the deep gulleys on either hand, now fragrant with modest flowers and bedecked with ferns, here to read the story of the brave defence of these picturesque knolls,—green carpeted and shady, is to study history with profoundest pleasure.

Most certainly the Continental army had been badly worsted in the initial phase of their defence of Brooklyn. Indeed, the battle had been lost before mid-day. Such remnants of the broken American divisions as were able to escape from the *melee* made all haste to place themselves within the temporary security of the stronger but less extensive inner redoubts. The next move of the victorious British was awaited with a feeling of gravest concern and apprehension. Evidently this was not to be long delayed, for—having followed up the pursuit of the fugitives with great ardour—Lord Howe's troops came upon the scene in record time. So elated were they with the achievements of the morning that it was exceedingly difficult for their officers to restrain them from an immediate renewal of the attack. Lord Howe himself appears to have been well-satisfied with what had already been accomplished, for he decided against further hostilities that day, settling into position a few hundred yards distant from the American lines, and allowing his men to work off their surplus energy by throwing up a series of light entrenchments. This was, perhaps, in strict accord with prudent military tactics; nevertheless Howe lost a golden opportunity thereby. His procrastination proved to be a 'life-saver' for our sadly-dejected little army and the great cause for which they fought.

The celebrated retreat from Long Island, retrograde maneuver though it was, stands out as one of the big events in Washington's military career. After such a decisive defeat as that which his inexperienced troops had just suffered, even the most sanguine hopes of the Commander-in-Chief gave no promise of a reversal of fortune by a further stand on Long Island. While the defenders of Brooklyn, disheartened but not yet despairing, waited the resumption of the British attack, Washington, with ceaseless energy, hurried back and forth across the East River, trying to devise some means of safely withdrawing his forces from the position which was hourly becoming more dangerous. The ships of the enemy might, at any time, force their way up the river, in which event the plight of the troops on Long Island would be hopeless.

A night of anxiety followed the battle, then came another day of uncertainty. To retreat in the face of the British was to court disaster, to give battle presented a risk still greater. The 29th of August was a day of drizzling rain; nightfall came, black and stormy, but thereby bringing with it the way of escape. That very morning General Mifflin had come down from Fort Washington with Col. Glover's regiment of Massachusetts men, most of them well accustomed to the handling of boats. Then it was that New York's little make-shift navy proved its utility. These nondescript boats and the fishermen of Marblehead were the salvation of the patriots.

"Never," as Washington Irving says, "did retreat require greater secrecy and circumspection." Unfavorable winds, a contrary tide, and some blundering in the communication of orders threatened, more than once, to disrupt the entire scheme. Yet, when morning dawned, nine thousand men—with horses and cannon—had been safely transported across the wide river to New York City, with the British in total ignorance of the exodus until the American lines were entirely deserted. It is said that Washington lingered

until the last man had taken to the boats, and he is known to have personally supervised the entire embarkation; assuredly it was his courage and sagacity on this occasion which saved the half of his army from the extremity of peril.



"BROOKLYN BRIDGE"

Connecting New York City and Brooklyn. Across this portion of the East River the American troops were ferried in their retreat from Long Island, (seen on the farther shore).

New York City could not, from its proximity to the British base of operations, be expected to offer Washington and his army any protracted tenancy. Equally disconcerting to the Commander was the prompt advance of the British fleet up the Bay and the epidemic of 'homesickness' which spread with alarming rapidity among his short-enlistment troops. Lower Manhattan soon became untenable by reason of the presence of the ships whose guns commanded the city. Having no desire to call forth a bombardment by reason of his presence, Washington moved northward toward the center of the island, far beyond the confines of the town.

During this interval, with the American army daily lessening in numbers because of the departure of troops

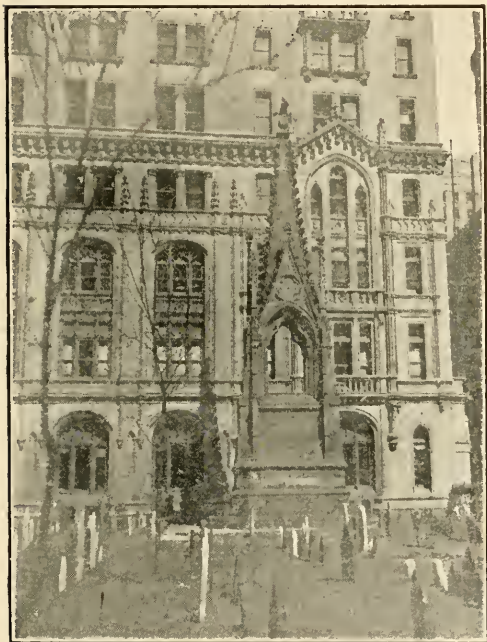
whose terms had expired and whom no amount of persuasion could induce to continue in service, the British commanders once again made conciliatory overtures to the Continental Congress. In consequence, Lord Howe received in conference (at the Bellop House, Staten Island) a committee consisting of Adams, Franklin and Rutledge, who—much to his disappointment—expressed themselves as being fully determined to persevere in the struggle for vindication, despite the reverses of the summer. This decision was made, moreover, in the knowledge that Washington, according to his own communications to Congress, must inevitably give ground again should the British press hostilities. The General, with this contingency in mind, was even then withdrawing stores and ammunition into upper Manhattan and New Jersey.

Meanwhile, the British had scattered themselves, like a plague of locusts, over the length and breadth of Long Island, had established outposts as far up as Flushing on the Sound, and had made themselves masters of all the farther bank of the East River. Paulus Hook (Jersey City) had also fallen into their hands without much effort, and by the middle of September, Washington, although still within five or six miles of the Battery, 'slept with one eye open'.

General Putnam, with about four thousand men, still lingered in the Murray Hill* section of the island, when, on September 15th, the British launched a simultaneous attack from both the Hudson and the East Rivers. The attempt upon the west shore, where the landing was made near Greenwich, seems not to have been of such proportions as that executed from Long Island. General Howe himself accompanied the East River contingent, comprising a great number of barges loaded to the water's edge with soldiers, who effected a landing near the present 34th Street Ferry. The militia, gathered to dispute the right of

* Murray Hill derives its name from Robert Murray, a wealthy Quaker who—in Revolutionary times—resided on what is now Park Avenue, between 36th and 37th Streets. This now populous section of New York City was then farm-land. Washington slept at the Murray homestead on the night of September 14th, 1776.

way, made but a feeble resistance despite the presence of Washington, who had ridden over from the Murray homestead at the first intimation of danger. It was on this occasion that the General, exasperated beyond measure, bitterly exclaimed: "Are these the men with whom I am to defend America?"



"THE MARTYR'S MONUMENT"

—Trinity Church Yard, New York City—

The lot of the prisoners taken by the British during the War of Independence was most deplorable. This Gothic spire perpetuates the memory of the men who succumbed beneath the intense rigours of their captivity. The old Rhineland Sugar House (illustrated in our Chapter Heading) where many of these martyrs died, was located at William, Rose and Duane Streets, where now stands a towering brick structure devoted largely to the printing trades. One of the ancient iron-barred windows of the Sugar House is preserved at Van Cortlandt Park, another has been built into the wall of the present building occupying the historic site.

They were, indeed. But Washington was destined to learn, before the war was over, that these same fellows were capable of doing and daring almost anything. After three or four years of campaigning, amid times of far greater stress than this, they proved themselves fully up to and beyond any preconceived standards of their illustrious leader, and none more than he acknowledged it.

In the present instance, however, a speedy 'get away' was more in order than a day-dream of future efficiency.

Washington sent off a courier to Putnam, ordering him to march with all speed for the Heights of Harlem, and dispatched instructions to his officers in that quarter to post

themselves at all vantage points before the enemy should be able to forestall them. He himself, being unable to prevent a junction of the two British landing parties, gathered his staff about him and proceeded to Mott's Tavern, which stood near the present intersection of 143rd Street and Eighth Avenue.

General Howe, who considered that he was making splendid progress, stopped for refreshment, with some of his officers, at the Murray house, so recently vacated by Washington. In the absence of her husband, the worthy dame Murray proceeded at their bidding to regale her visitors with 'the best in the house'. In the good old days this meant much. Cake and wine soon created a mellow atmosphere of comfort and conviviality which the honest Howe was loath of leave. So long did he linger over the 'cup that cheereth,' that Putnam's refugees secured a start of several miles before he dispatched his own dragoons in pursuit. It was then too late to intercept them.

Meanwhile, upon this eventful day (and it happened to be the Sabbath, at that) some momentous events were happening in 'downtown' New York. The officers of the British fleet had landed at the Battery and taken formal possession of the city, in the name of the King. And so for seven long years it remained, until the outlawed patriots came again into their own, having—by right of conquest—won "America for the Americans."

Early on the morning of September 16th, Washington arrived at Harlem Heights and at once established his headquarters in the Roger Morris house, overlooking the Harlem River. But the emergencies of the day demanded instant attention. Putnam had been quite closely pressed by the enemy, in fact the British, who had come up during the night, were already preparing to attack the advanced American lines near the present 130th to 135th Streets.

Fortunate it was that this terrain had been to some degree fortified during the early months of summer. The

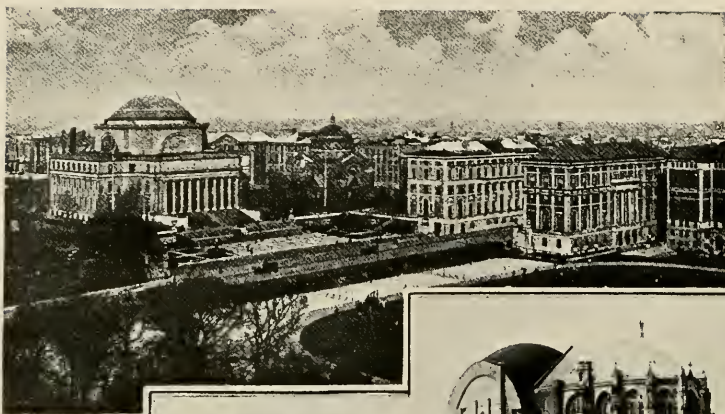
wisdom of these preparations was now apparent. With a considerable force at his disposal, the protecting works of Fort Washington behind him, and being encamped upon a commanding eminence, Washington might, with good reason, hope to maintain his ground for a time at least, and to administer a well-deserved check to the over-ambitious invaders. And this, in advance, is the story of the Battle of Harlem Heights. It was short and decisive.

To those of my readers who are familiar with New York City, the following description of the constantly shifting movements of the day will be quite clear:

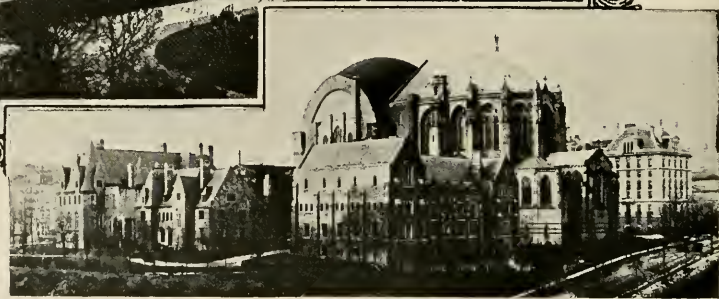
Manhattan Street now traverses a diagonal course from 125th Street and Morningside Avenue East to the 130th Street Ferry on the Hudson River. This natural depression between the heights was known in Revolutionary times as 'The Hollow Way'. On the northerly elevation, near the grounds of the present Convent of the Sacred Heart, were posted the advanced American troops under General Greene, when the British moved down into the valley from Riverside Heights (now crowned by the tomb of General U. S. Grant). This initial movement took place near the ponderous Riverside Drive viaduct. To out-flank them, a party of Americans under Major Knowlton cut across from the extremity of St. Nicholas Park, heading for the 'farm land' now occupied by the extensive buildings and campus of Columbia University. En route ensued the encounter in which Knowlton lost his life. The British, to avoid being cut off, desisted from their original purpose, and gave battle to the Americans in the 'buck-wheat field', to-day the site of Barnard College, (Broadway Boulevard and 120th Street). For some three hours longer the action continued, both sides drawing all available reinforcements. It was, however, more in the nature of a skirmishing fight, for the British were pushed back, slowly but surely, to their own advanced posts at 105th Street. The action ceased at three o'clock in the afternoon.

General Washington, at the outset of the battle, rode down to the farthest redoubts to direct operations, and followed the movements of his troops in the desultory combat across the upland fields. The success of the patriots in this small affair had almost the effect of a notable victory, animating the spirits of the soldiers and doing much to efface the impression of British invincibility engendered by the catastrophe on Long Island. The enemy had lost about a hundred men; the Americans a dozen killed and less than fifty wounded. The death of Knowlton, like that of Warren at Bunker Hill, was one of the grim tolls of war, another heavy installment paid toward the price of final victory.

The British soon drew back their lines to 100th Street, and there proceeded to 'dig in', forming a permanent barrier across the island; thus acknowledging that they had rather wait a bit before again tackling the hornet's nest. Indeed



The unfinished Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Morningside Heights.



LANDMARKS ON THE HEIGHTS OF HARLEM, NEW YORK CITY.

The battle of September 16th, 1776, was fought, for the most part, on the plateau bounded by Riverside Drive and Morningside Park. Both of the above beautiful architectural gems have been erected on historic ground.

General Howe needed no one to tell him that his efforts to trap the Americans on Manhattan had thus far been a failure.

The lover of history who has failed to pay a visit to Washington's headquarters on Harlem Heights—the captivating Morris-Jumel mansion—has missed a rare treat. On the entire island of Manhattan, this house alone remains to claim the honor of having sheltered the patriot chieftain. To-day it is hemmed in by populous apartment houses, yet is not entirely overshadowed, for it occupies a little patch of verdant park all its own, and—from its commanding situation upon the bluff which overlooks the Harlem River—still retains its outward air of distinction and preserves an interior atmosphere redolent with purest Americanism.

Up under the roof of its stately portico there is a little railed balcony, from which it must have been possible to obtain a magnificent view of the countryside in the days

A portion of the building of the University of Columbia showing the Library and Campus. The wall of the Engineering Building is embedded in the tangle of the commemorative the battle.

when broad acres of farmland and pasture stretched away toward the then distant city of New York. We are told that on the night of the 20th of September, the inmates of headquarters were roused from slumber to see the entire southern sky reddened with flame, and from this vantage point the Commander anxiously contemplated the fearful spectacle. What had happened in New York was revealed upon the following day by a British officier who came up from the city regarding the exchange of prisoners. The greater portion of lower Manhattan had indeed been devastated by a wide-sweeping conflagration, which the British erroneously claimed to have been the work of patriot incendiaries.



THE MORRIS-JUMEL MANSION, NEW YORK CITY.

Washington's headquarters, West 160th Street and Harlem River

In the foreground, beside the gravel path, are the foundations of a small building, believed to have been a 'guard house' of the Revolutionary period. Numerous relics, in the shape of buttons, shot, buckles, cutlery, etc., have been unearthed in various parts of the surrounding garden.

During the month spent here by Washington, General Howe seems to have relapsed into a laggard routine, devoting his energies to Tory recruiting and the issuance of glow-

ing proclamations, while Washington—busily scouting around the wooded heights, gorgeous in their Indian Summer garb—continued to cling to his ‘nest’ on Morris Heights, so conveniently located either for advance or retreat.

The Morris Mansion is indeed an aristocratic old place. That it has a multitude of claims upon our interest is made evident from a brief outline of its eventful history:

In 1776 it had already become famous, having been built in 1767 by Colonel Roger Morris of the British army, he who had fought by the side of Washington in the French War and had later married one of the objects of his admiration, Mary Philipse of Yonkers. Prior to the Revolution it had offered hospitality to nearly all the prominent British statesmen and soldiers in the American colonies, and was one of the most exclusive of the Knickerbocker manors. Colonel Morris decamped during the struggle for independence, and the mansion—after serving in turn the needs of Washington and the Hessian staff officers—changed owners repeatedly during the ‘transition period.’ In 1810 it was acquired by Stephen Jumel, a French merchant, and again became the rendezvous for the polite society of New York. Here the gorgeous widow, Madam Jumel, was married to Aaron Burr in 1833, and—until her death in 1865—the great white palace with its stately portico and luxurious furnishings, was the gathering place for a glittering *ensemble* of notables—‘foreign and domestic.’

Small wonder then that the well-informed pilgrim to the mansion is instantly conscious of a nameless, haunting thrill as he crosses the historic threshold. Patriotism and pathos hover at your heels or flit furtively before you as you tiptoe from room to room. Lafayette, Joseph Bonaparte and Prince Louis (afterward Napoleon III of France) have tarried here a little while and gone; Franklin, Fitz-Greene Halleck and General Sherman have—each in their day and age—strolled through the spacious hallway, partaken of earth’s good things and passed on to their duties and rewards. But who more than Aaron Burr, that Machiavelli of American politics, offers a tempting character study? The Jumel mansion knew him in his old age, a broken-down and sensuous adventurer, when—by his alliance with the wealthy and vain old lady—he strove to repair his shattered fortunes. His checkered career presents all the multi-colored phases of life beloved by the novelist: talent, trickery, treason and tribulation. Yet at the time when Washington was doing his utmost to defend New York, this same Aaron Burr, a youth patriotic and untainted, was manfully

trudging along with the artillery, on more than one occasion—by his ready wit—getting them out of tight places and displaying unusual qualifications for leadership.

The name of Aaron Burr is inseparably linked with that of Hamilton because of the tragic encounter which brought death to one and dishonor to the other. And it were a pity indeed did not the visitor to the Jumel mansion extend his journey a bit farther and steal a glimpse at the time-honored 'Grange,' the home of the great Federalist. The former abode of Alexander Hamilton has recently been moved bodily from its original site to a nearby location on Convent Avenue, a block or two from the College of the City of New York. Having suffered but little in transportation, we find it practically as it was in 1804, when its dignified yet

sprightly master set out for Weehawken to meet an adversary who was determined upon his ruin.

Is it not singular that Hamilton also was one of Washington's army during the summer of 1776? Whether he and Burr were acquainted at this time we do not know, but it is certain that both the young officers came under the critical



'HAMILTON GRANGE' in its new location
The home of Alexander Hamilton, on Convent Avenue, New
York City, preserved as a memorial to the
'great Federalist'

eye of Washington during the campaign on Harlem Heights. Hamilton rapidly rose in favor with the Commander, but the keenly penetrating mind of Washington seems never to

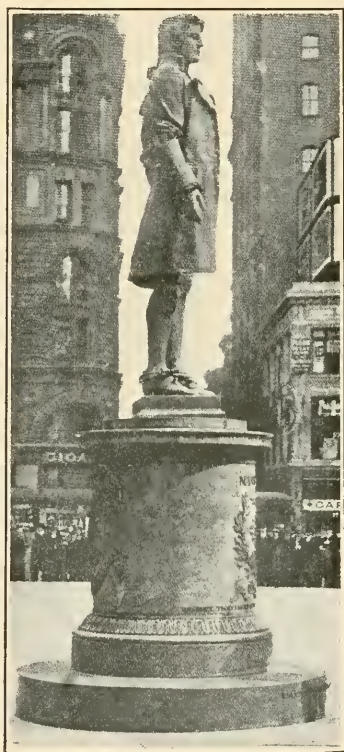
have placed implicit trust in Burr, for we find no evidence of intimacy between them either during the war or afterward. Aaron Burr reached great heights and sank, perhaps, to greater depths,—which is characteristic of his type of unstable genius—notwithstanding, he was a man of wonderful personalty and force. Standing before ‘Hamilton Grange’ and realizing its proximity to the home of Madam Jumel, one is prone to wonder whether Burr, out for an airing in madame’s fabled coach of gold and yellow, was not loath to pass the portal of his fallen enemy, and whether he did not, more than once, bid the liveried coachman follow the river road!

I shall make no apologies for my digressions; who could or would do otherwise? Yet for the sake of continuity, I must lead you back again to ‘headquarters’, for as such, purely and simply, Washington was forced by circumstances to regard the Morris House. In those weeks following the battle of Harlem Heights, he was kept busy trying by fair means and foul to ‘keep tab’ on the doings of the enemy, fearing more from a flank movement from Long Island through Westchester than from a direct attack from New York City. It was at this juncture that there occurred the well known tragedy of Nathan Hale.

Among the names of Revolutionary patriots, none has been more justly honored than that of this ardent young Connecticut schoolmaster-captain, who willingly sacrificed himself for the cause of liberty and whose only regret in dying was this: that he had “but one life to lose” for his country. It was from the Morris house that Hale was dispatched, at the suggestion of Colonel Magaw, upon the dangerous mission to the British camp. Through a doorway leading to the cellar, long since plastered over (so we are told) the volunteer spy took his way as he left the presence of Washington, departing with so much secrecy that not even the sentries at the entrance door were aware of his going. All went well with Captain Hale at the outset.

He made a landing somewhere near Huntington, Long Island, secured the information he sought and succeeded in passing beyond the British lines. But, hailing by mistake a boat manned by men from an enemy's guard ship, he was captured, tried—after a fashion,—and hung without ceremony in New York City. The place of his martyrdom has been localized at 45th Street and First Avenue, but his monument now adorns the historic City Hall Square downtown, where, I conjecture, half a million people pass it every day. His last words express the most noble sentiment ever voiced by an American. During the World War, a brick obelisk was hurriedly erected opposite the Hale statue, each brick representing a \$50.00 bond-subscription to the Fourth Liberty Loan.

The death of Nathan Hale and the successful consummation of our 'over-seas campaign' are epoch-making events separated by the valiant deeds of a century and a half. Yet, viewed side by side, these episodes well exemplify the great truth that the spirit of a free people, whose motto is truth and justice, can never change nor deteriorate. There are those who tell us that history repeats itself; that as Greece, and Rome, and Spain, and the Germanic Confederation have fallen in turn, so—at some distant day—will the American Republic be humbled in the dust. While these facts give



'NATHAN HALE'

The strikingly beautiful statue in City Hall Park, New York City, commemorating the foremost martyr of the American Revolution.

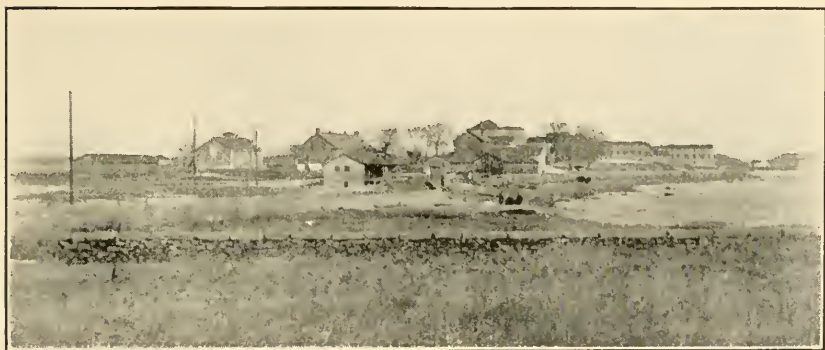
food for most profound thought, we may be assured that just so long as we use our inestimable national power with "honesty, decency and courage," (as Roosevelt used to express it) the great American Commonwealth for which Hale died, patriots fought, and loyal citizens have lived and labored, can never perish from the earth.

The news of Hale's fate came to Washington; followed very soon by tidings to the effect that the enemy had already landed at Throg's Neck on the northern shore of the Sound, had been met and repulsed by a detachment of Americans, but were evidently preparing to repeat this attempt in force. Thereupon the Commander-in-chief, after reconnoitering the British position, gathered his officers together in the spacious 'council room' at the Morris House to make the great decision as to abandonment of Manhattan Island.

A year ago, upon a raw and windy November afternoon, my companion and myself sat in the same commodious, octagonal chamber on the ground floor of the mansion. The white-paneled room, with its broad window-seats, old-fashioned mahogany furniture and rag rugs—partially concealing the wide-boarded floor—was warm and comfortable, the bright paper upon the walls seeming to invite us to make ourselves at home and stay awhile. Outside, the doleful wind sighed among the trees, a swinging vine ever and anon tapping fretfully against a square-paned window. We were alone. My friend leaned forward and half whispered the query, "what is there about this room that 'gets you'?"

Had I been an authority on psychic phenomena I might have given an intelligent answer. But possessing no mediumistic powers, I endeavored to explain that it was the association of ideas, that we—transients of a day—pictured ourselves in the presence of 'Washington in Council' and involuntarily became a part of that celebrated group of notables. How perfectly natural, too, to fill the chairs with uniformed figures in blue and homespun-buff: Washington, with one knee thrown across the other and hands folded

upon the ivory hilt of his sword, resting—cane fashion—upon the floor. Here also is Greene, still wan from illness; Charles Lee, back from the South and itching for more renown; Putnam, stout and puffing; Knox, gazing abstractedly into the fire; Wayne, fussy and irritable; Reed, the resourceful Philadelphia lawyer; Glover, sunburned and brawny; and Colonel Harrison, the 'old secretary,' adjusting his spectacles preparatory to a deliberate reading of the dispatches. Surely



THROG'S NECK, WESTCHESTER CO., N. Y.

The scene of the first British landing prior to the Battle of White Plains. On this ground they were repulsed by the Americans. The buildings illustrated comprise the barracks, storehouses and defenses of modern Fort Schuyler

the councils at the Morris House would have merited all the descriptive powers of a clever military correspondent, but—unfortunately—there was in those days no versatile Richard Harding Davis to 'cover' the proceedings.

I visited Westchester County not long ago and tramped out to Throg's Neck in order properly to understand the situation which confronted the American leaders at this critical juncture. The estuaries of Long Island Sound cut deeply into the northern shore line, and from the Harlem River all the way to Rhode Island there were hundreds of ideal landing places from which the enemy might select in planning a flanking enterprise. The modern Fort Schuyler occupies the end of the historic Throg's Neck peninsula, and—with its Long Island companion, Fort Totten—defends the Sound at its narrowest point. It was where Fort

Schuyler now stands that, on October 12th, 1776, the British made their initial attempt to gain lodgment in Westchester. Nothing within the limits of the fort is reminiscent of Revolutionary times, the existing batteries of heavy coast artillery being modern developments of earlier defences erected as a Civil War precaution. The narrow causeway or land approach to the present fortification was the scene of the cleverly officered and spirited skirmish which checked the advance of the first British landing parties and convinced them that it were better to try again at some spot less stoutly defended. Hence it came about that several days elapsed before they did actually gain a foothold on the mainland.



OLD BARN, THROG'S NECK, WESTCHESTER

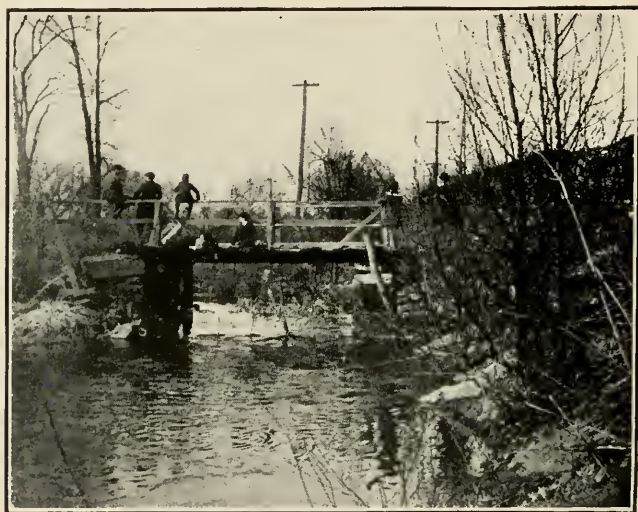
Not until the 18th did Howe withdraw his 4000 troops from Throg's Neck and make the successful landing at Pell's Point on the Hutchinson River, near the present Pelham Bay Park, known so well to the boys of our 'war navy' as a training place for 'rookies'.

I must say that the Throg's Neck section of Westchester is delightfully unchanged, remaining an open rural countryside with the azure indentations of the Sound seen to the right and left. The old Havemeyer House, a half-mile from the point—with its quarter-circle attic windows and spooky vacancy—suggest the days of Whig and Tory, while its ruined out-buildings afford opportunities for artistic picture-taking which one is loath to miss. The roadway along the 'neck', running to Westchester village and the heart of the Bronx, is the original highway of Colonial times, connecting with the Boston Post Road near modern Bronx Park.

The author experiences but one regret while indulging in these historic rambles, and that is the fact that those for whom he writes—living perhaps in the *new America*, the Dakotas, Texas or Oregon,—have not the privilege of studying history at first hand, which can only come through actual contact with these storied regions, but which ought to be shared by every American rather than monopolized by the dwellers in the '*effete East*'.

It was agreed by the officers in council at the Morris House, that it was imperative to display a front to the flanking Britishers, yet likewise inexpedient to abandon the position on the Heights of Harlem. So Colonel Magaw was left at Fort Washington, (to 'stick to the finish,' as it proved). Greene was placed in charge of Fort Lee on the Jersey palisades, and Washington, withdrawing the main body of the army into Westchester County, stretched them along the thirteen mile ridge of hills skirting the little Bronx River, and well to the windward of the British, whose well-disposed lines extended in the same general direction from New Rochelle to Mamaroneck. On the 21st of October Washington left the Morris House, and on the 23rd we find him at White Plains. Realizing that an engagement was pending, both antagonists skirmished for position. Washington pulled in his lines toward White Plains on the 26th,

and—intrenching himself on the lower reaches of the hills to the north and west of the present town,—awaited the enemy's attack.



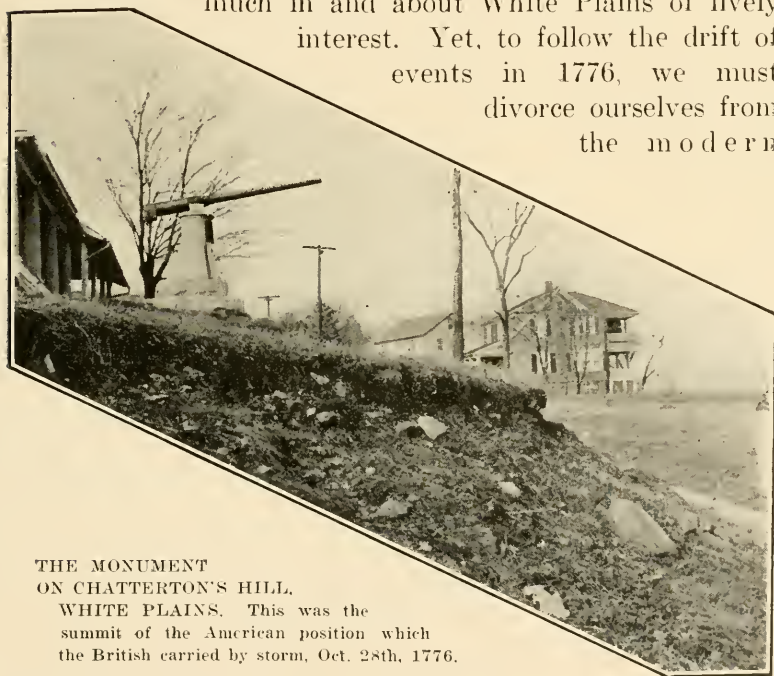
THE BRONX RIVER AT WHITE PLAINS

The traveler, following the windings of this little stream as he journeys from New York by rail, cannot fail to understand Washington's motives in occupying the chain of hills which flank it on the west from the Harlem River to White Plains.

October 28th, 1776, is the historic date in the chronicles of this region. On that day, Washington, reinforced by Lee, met the assault of the enemy. The British concentrated their first effort upon the outlying Chatterton's Hill and carried it by storm after a stubborn fight, but the enterprise consumed the better part of a day and, as was the case at Long Island, they desisted from their labors until the morrow. Again that morrow proved unfavorable; rain fell in torrents, and the patriots gained time for a further strengthening of their works. Bad weather continued; the British were still thinking it over on the 31st. Then, during the night, Washington resorted to his favorite trick, and quietly stole away to the heights of North Castle, five miles to the north, losing nothing by the movement but greatly disgusting the British 'general staff', to whom the prospect

of staging another indecisive fight was rather tiresome. Evidently they made up their minds that a further pursuit was useless, for they abandoned the neighborhood of White Plains on November 4th. Striking their tents, they marched overland to Dobb's Ferry on the Hudson, where—by a formidable concentration of troops—they soon had Washington speculating once more as to their next objective.

Illustrative of the struggle in Westchester, there is much in and about White Plains of lively interest. Yet, to follow the drift of events in 1776, we must divorce ourselves from the modern



THE MONUMENT
ON CHATTERTON'S HILL.

WHITE PLAINS. This was the summit of the American position which the British carried by storm, Oct. 28th, 1776.

town—which has grown remarkably—and remember that in those days the houses hereabout were few and far between, and that Chatterton's Hill, directly opposite the railway station and now covered with prosperous looking residences, was then merely a barren summit, and an ideal battleground for defensive purposes. The upward climb, now made easy by improved roads, must have been an unpleasant ordeal for the troops of Rahl and Leslie, galled

as they were by the fire of the patriots. We cannot but admire their 'grit' and acknowledge that the carrying of so formidable a position was a noteworthy and unusual achievement.

There is a monument on the summit of the hill, commemorative of the battle; a somewhat frail pedestal of granite — narrating the story of the assault — which is surmounted by a slender deck gun from the battleship 'Maine'. By its side is a tall flag-staff surrounded by a pile of heavy calibre cannon balls picked up in the vicinity. I am safe in saying that very few casual visitors to White Plains have trudged up to this spot upon the crest of the hill, nor have they known of its existence.



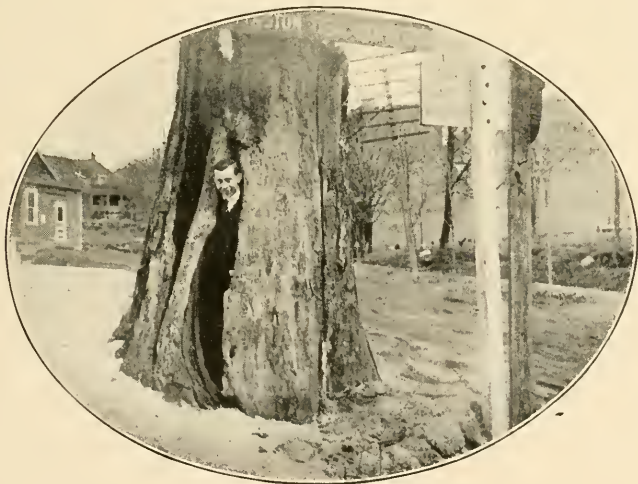
ON THE ROAD TO WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS
WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

This is the identical iron mortar, of which a sketch may be found in Lossing's "Revolutionary Field Book." Mounted upon a rough granite base, it now marks the site of the American 'rearguard lines' after the battle of White Plains.

The same may be said regarding another interesting site in the opposite end of the town, where one of the ancient intrenchments may still be seen. This is located on the south side of Broadway, a purely residential section of White plains, and is marked by a rough-hewn block of stone supporting an ancient iron mortar found nearby. This was one of the advanced positions of the American outposts after the initial engagement on Chatterton's Hill, when they lay awaiting the further movements of the British. Besides the heavy howitzer, there is a bronze

tablet which by its inscription strives to impress the reader with the fact that Sir William Howe—checked in his contemplated annihilation of Washington's army,—made no further attempts in this direction. This site, upon the ancient highway, (the Port Chester road,) is one of the most interesting milestones in the long course of the 'fighting retreat.'

Washington's headquarters during the greater part of his operations in Westchester was located at what is now North White Plains, a mile and more beyond the above mentioned redoubt. The humble cottage then occupied by Andrew and Elizabeth Miller was a well chosen retreat, for it occupied a secluded position in a charming



"NEAR TO NATURE'S HEART"

Not the tree (as the sign might seem to indicate) but a cottage near at hand was Washington's Headquarters.

little dell, contiguous to the main highway running north and south, and behind it was an open 'get away' to the region of the Hudson in the event of unforeseen developments. The modern tourist approaching from White Plains is guided by a sign nailed to the famous old oak tree before an ancient crossroads inn. The inn is 'dry' and the tree



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

Benson J. Lossing, in his 'Field Book' of seventy years ago, presents an easily recognizable sketch of this old house. Even the big tree which to-day spreads its branches over the ancient roof is clearly shown.

is dead: time having gnawed a great hollow in its sturdy heart after a century and a half of beauty and service. Without question it existed in Washington's day, and even in its present state of decay it serves as a fitting adjunct to the little cottage in the wildwood 'handy by'.

Not until very recently did the Miller House become state property, yet through all these years of private ownership it has changed but little. Here, from October 23rd to the 10th of November (1776) the Commander tarried; and the fact that he returned again in the summer of 1778—after the battle of Monmouth—and remained from July 20th to Sept. 22nd, besides a final sojourn in 1781 (while dickering with the French allies), surely speaks well for the Millers and their brand of patriotism.

Strange, but true, the White Plains Headquarters has not been widely exploited, and in seeking it out one naturally feels that he has done something essentially praiseworthy and patriotic. You will certainly be deeply impressed by the simplicity of the little frame cottage, and its seclusion and pleasingly-evident lack of 'restoration' make it doubly attractive.

As to the historic Bronx River, you will find it nothing more than an unostentatious little brook meandering tranquilly through the countryside and humbly preserving its equanimity except where, impounded upon one or other of the palatial estates at Scarsdale or Hartsdale, it has been spoiled by the luxury of its modern surroundings and persuaded to splash noisily over a few artificial cataracts.

With the withdrawal of the British to Dobb's Ferry, Washington again bestirred himself and hastened to face the uncertain issues of a new emergency.

While deploring the very evident plight of Magaw on the Heights of Harlem, (for the British had effectually placed themselves between Fort Washington and the main American Army) Washington dared not forget the possibility of a still more critical situation which might arise were the British to divert a portion of their troops into New Jersey and 'steal a march on him' in the direction of Philadelphia. With that city as well as New York in their possession, the enemy might well consider their work of subjugation more than half done. Washington dreaded such a contingency and did all he could to avoid it, yet he was to witness this very situation a year hence,—in spite of which the patriot cause lived on. In 1776 however, the Commander could not foresee the worst, and was ever on the alert to forestall any schemes to this end which might be lurking beneath the powder-sprinkled wig of Lord Howe.

So early as the 9th of November, we find Washington in communication with Jersey's governor, and making pre-

paratory movements of troops across the Hudson from Peekskill to Stony Point by way of King's Ferry. Upon the following day he himself left North Castle, bidding farewell to the ambitious Lee, with whom he left a command amply sufficient to protect the Highlands, with the admonition to carry the troops into New Jersey without delay should the British decide to press the campaign in that 'sector'.

Two more days were spent by the Commander in reconnoitering the river positions with the trustworthy Heath, into whose hands he confided the final keeping of the great river and its defenses should it be nec-

essary for Lee to move southward. Then, riding down the west shore, he arrived at Fort Lee on the 13th, where—to his great chagrin—he learned that the Fort Washington garrison had not only failed to evacuate before the meshes had closed around them, but had drawn heavy reinforcements from the Jersey side, so that now over twenty-five hundred men were in a fair way to be trapped. Yet General Greene persisted in his optimism. Nevertheless Washington, in anticipation of the retreat which he was convinced must shortly be undertaken, rode over the meadows of New Jersey to the town of Hackensack, in order to 'get the lay of the land' in his rear.



Looking across the Hudson, from Fort Lee, N. J., toward the site of Fort Washington, New York City.

Did the defenders of Fort Washington really have a chance of beating off their besiegers? No, they did not; but I am of the opinion that they felt over-confident of their position because of the unsuccessful attack which the enemy had made by land and water on the 27th of October. While Washington was busily engaged at White Plains, the defenders of Manhattan Heights had, with the help of the batteries of Fort Lee, managed to parry the first assault, and—having beaten off the enemy—they lingered in false security until the odds against them became fatally overwhelming.

No one who has visited the site of Fort Washington can doubt the strength of the position. The underlying strata of rock which forms the backbone of Manhattan Island here crops to the surface, and for a mile or more rises in a rugged plateau, flanked on three sides by most difficult approaches. Like Jerusalem, the place offered great defensive possibilities, its rocky and wooded slopes affording natural barriers upon all sides save the south—that facing the lower portion of the island. With ten thousand men and two hundred cannon to protect its outer works, Fort Washington could have withstood everything but famine. As it was, its great extent proved its ruin. The many avenues of approach, inadequately defended, yielded to superior numbers, and the inner fortifications,—merely earthworks thrown up on the summit of the hill—



FORT WASHINGTON MONUMENT,
Bennett Estate, New York City
(Photo by Joseph C. Davidson)



Remains of earthwork rifle-redoubt, FORT WASHINGTON PARK,
New York City. (Photo by Joseph C. Davidson).

were quite easily surrounded and rendered ineffective once the outlying defenders had been driven in.

Early in November the Hessian general, Knyphausen, had commenced operations by cutting off the means of egress to the north; on the 14th Howe had crossed the Harlem River from Fordham Heights in Westchester, while from New York City another force had advanced menacingly near the weakest side of the American position. No attempt was made by the besiegers to assail the works from the side of the Hudson, where the defenses approached close to the river, and upon that side, had they moved in time, the Americans could have made a dignified exit. Instead, they put up a stiff fight to their assailants along the great arc of outer positions, only giving ground after desperate resistance. But slowly and surely they were forced into their last lines on the brow of the hill and on the 15th of November came a first summons to surrender which was rejected. That evening, at nightfall, Washington rejoined the garrison at Fort Lee, after his reconnaissance in Bergen County, and was apprized of the critical situation across the river. Determining at last to take a hand in the proceedings, he is said to have hastily embarked for the New York shore, but encountering Greene and Putnam

in midstream, to have been persuaded to return to Jersey after a brief consultation. I do not understand why he did not attempt to draw off at least a portion of the Fort Washington garrison that night, for it seems that communications were still open. The next morning, after the final attack had been launched by the enemy, he sent a message to Colonel Magaw offering to assist should flight be attempted, but it was then too late.

From the brow of the Palisades, whose rocky bulwarks echoed and re-echoed to the thunder of cannon and the crack of musketry, Washington witnessed, through rifts in the smoke, the progress of the last struggle, realizing that nothing short of a miracle could save the patriot cause from another crushing disaster. Had he been on the scene in person, he would have witnessed the spectacle of a hand-to-hand encounter, with the gallant combatants of both armies grappling in a life and death struggle. Time and time again the attacking forces were driven back, only to renew the assault with the courage of desperation. At last, when two thousand Americans had been driven into their inner trenches and further resistance was evident folly, the flag of the patriots slid limply down the staff to be replaced by the triumphant ensign of Great Britain. From his post of observation, Washington saw the outcome of the contest and realized full well the import of the disaster. In fact, during the entire period of the Revolution, no engagement was so costly to the patriot cause. At Fort Washington almost a third of the fighting force of the colonies was lost.

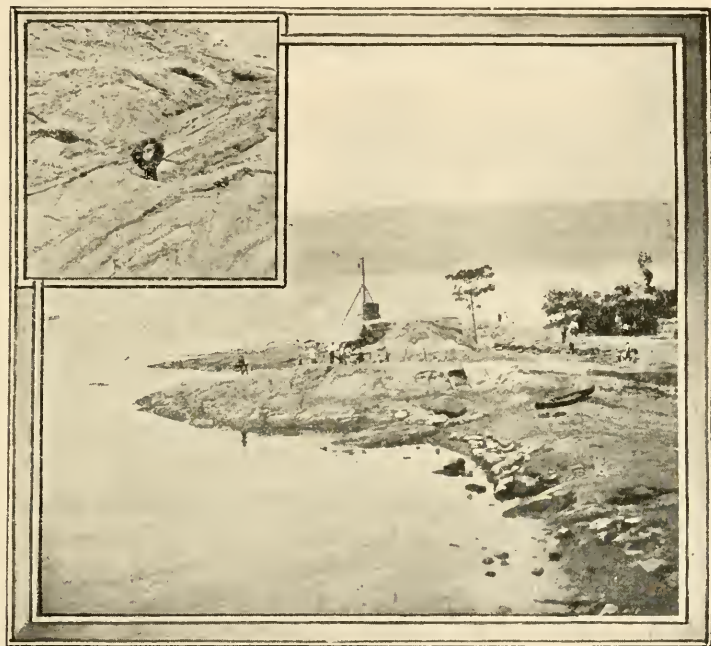
The scene of this historic engagement is well worth a visit and is easily accessible from any point in New York City, although it is still away up town. Fort Washington Park is a public reservation between Riverside Drive and the Hudson, as yet in an unimproved state and one of the few remaining spots in the great metropolis where you may encounter the old fashioned picnic parties, and clamber over rocks and through green fields without restraint or

"Keep-off-the-Grass" warnings. In the old days, before the advent of the numerous electric railways, the little Fort Washington station of the N. Y. Central railroad near 173rd Street was a stopping place of some importance, not merely for the occasional visitor to the 'fort,' but for the Harlemites who dwelt nearby. But now the poor old depot has been abandoned and its doors and windows are boarded up, for the line has been entirely given over to freight traffic. The 'park' is a great resort for idlers, very few of whom appear to appreciate the significance of the surroundings. On the occasion of my first visit I was somewhat amused by the spectacle of a meditative old gentleman seated upon the porch of the shelter house absorbed in the plot of a Laura Jean Libby novel, solaced by a corn-cob pipe and edified by the company of a gray tabby-cat, peacefully sleeping upon his knees.

While the most interesting portion of this historic ground is compassed within the municipal reservation, the spot best known to New Yorkers is that upon the higher ridge much nearer the Harlem River, where some scant traces of the inner lines of intrenchments may still be detected. Above 181st Street, Fort Washington Avenue traverses the brow of the hill running north and south, and here, upon the estate of the late James Gordon Bennett of *New York Herald* fame, has been erected a very effective monument. This interesting landmark has been built against the cliff at the side of the road, where all who pass may read upon its inscribed tablet the record of Revolutionary heroism. It is surmounted by a formidable looking cannon, and at its base is a wide marble seat where the stroller, en route to the northern end of Manhattan and Kingsbridge, may pause and rest awhile.

Surprising as it may seem, this memorial narrowly escaped destruction when, a few months ago, the Bennett estate was auctioned off piecemeal. Had it not been for the timely intervention of some history-loving citizens, this plot would

have been sold, with its companions, for building purposes. As it is, the site in its entirety is ruined, and all the hilltop where the patriot garrison made its final stand will soon be desecrated by modern apartments. During the lifetime of the elder Bennett, whose mansion occupied the spot, such



JEFFREY'S HOOK, FORT WASHINGTON, and one of the historic iron rings used in the fastening of the first river obstruction between this point and Fort Lee, opposite—1776.

commercialism was undreamed of. Up to the present, however, the property has not been greatly disturbed, and for a little while longer we may enjoy its unspoiled simplicity.

This upper section of Fort Washington is not so very far from the Morris- Jumel mansion and it is easy to take in both localities within the limits of a long afternoon. Combined with a detour down to the banks of the Hudson, the excursion will prove a most comprehensive lesson in Revolutionary history. First of all, the student will gain an adequate conception of the events during the summer and fall of 1776, and will see for himself the vast extent of

territory covered by the military operations of that period. He will find no books upon the subject half so enlightening as this bit of personal investigation. After viewing the hill and its rough approaches—even after the lapse of a century and a half—he will scarcely censure General Greene for believing the fort to be impregnable. Even the British historians admit that their troops and the supporting Hessians had a tough time of it before they succeeded in cornering the defenders.

The main redoubt which commanded the Hudson River, or—as some have called it—the ‘rifle-pit’, lies about half way down the slope, and is within the area of the ‘park’. It is the only earthwork remaining which is in a good state of preservation to-day, and it was, perhaps, the strongest of the outlying positions. This intrenchment was not carried by the direct-assault of the enemy, for the brunt of their attack fell upon the northern and easterly approaches to the hill.

That there may be no mistaking this historic trench, the Daughters of the Revolution have set up a flag-staff and a conspicuous marker, the latter consisting merely of a large field-stone placed on end, Druid fashion, with the inscription “American Redoubt,—1776” chiseled boldly upon its uneven contour. To my knowledge this is the only instance where so simple an expedient has been employed to serve a similar purpose.

Down on the bank of the Hudson is Jeffrey’s Hook, a little promintory of rock behind which, in those eventful summer days, a one-gun lunette was constructed. Between this point and the Jersey side of the river near Fort Lee, the first make-shift obstruction of the channel had been attempted.

A lighthouse has now been erected upon the little reef, but just behind it are the remains of the artificial bank of earth piled up in 1776 to protect the gunners, while if you will examine the rocks themselves you will find dozens

of drill-holes and several of the iron rings and bolts to which the ineffectual chevaux-de-frise was anchored; all of which serve to substantiate history's interesting narrative.

I have visited Jeffrey's Hook half a dozen times and on each occasion I seem to be repaid by some interesting experience. One summer afternoon I watched an artist at work, with some of the juvenile bathers for his models; at another time—in mid-winter, I had the pleasure of viewing the great Atlantic fleet of 'dreadnaughts' lying in the river after their return from the war zone. It was New Year's Day, a cold drizzling rain was falling and the Hudson was overhung with a heavy bank of fog through which the outlines of the battleships loomed dim and spectral.



THE REDOUBT MONUMENT—FORT WASHINGTON
(Photo by Joseph C. Davidson)

From the point of the hook, off which the northernmost of the flotilla lay half enshrouded in the mist, the long line extended down the river to the beginning of Riverside Drive—a distance of five miles; an impressive spectacle of American naval power. As I stood by the light-house I fervently wished that Washington could come back from the spirit realm and see with mortal vision a sight far greater than ever he had pictured through the eyes of faith. Washington hoped much for the future of America, even in dark moments like that when Fort Washington fell,

yet I do not believe his expectations went farther than the dream of a peaceful and prosperous community—stretching from the sea to the Mississippi—which should be an example of good government to the rest of humanity. That America should one day *redeem the world* was beyond his most sanguine aspirations. Yet these very ships, lying within gunshot of ill-fated Fort Washington, had proven the deciding factor in that same noble process of redemption!

The fall of Fort Washington, following within three short months upon the disastrous battle of Long Island, placed the American army in a precarious situation. Manhattan Island was now irretrievably lost, and General Washington foresaw that very shortly he must move into the interior of New Jersey if he would save the remnant of his forces from destruction. With this object in mind, he began to transfer his stores and ammunition to a place of safety. Four days had thus been consumed, when tidings came to the effect that 6000 troops under Cornwallis had crossed the Hudson from Yonkers and had landed on the Jersey shore in the neighborhood of Closter; furthermore, that they were marching rapidly in the direction of Fort Lee, with the evident intention of out-flanking the American position and cutting off the retreat of the garrison.

May we once more deviate from the prosaic historic narrative, and visit for ourselves the unfamiliar section of the western bank of the Hudson, where the British began their famous chase after Washington? The precise locality is known to-day as Alpine Landing; but is referred to in most old books as 'Closter Dock'. A narrow strip of low-lying shore here skirts the rugged precipices of the Palisades, to the summit of which the ascent may be made by a winding trail, shaded by luxuriant trees. The ferry to Yonkers, on the New York shore, carries passengers, but no vehicles, and it is the pedestrian, pure and simple, who may enjoy the climb to the heights along the path seldom if ever disturbed by horse and wagon. Up to a few years

ago, there were those who feared that in time to come the beauties of the Palisades would be destroyed by the stone crusher, the wood-cutter and the builder of factories, but of this dire possibility there is now little chance, for the beautiful 'Inter-state Park' which begins just at this historic point and extends for many miles up the river, has the sovereign guarantee of both New Jersey and New York that it shall remain forever a natural reservation of scenic loveliness. The descent of the Palisades at this point is almost as fatiguing as the climb, for the declivity is quite sharp in places. Should you happen to lose your footing and stumble, the probability is that you would go rolling down the slope with more grace than elegance. Even though you keep your feet, the pulling force of gravity along this rugged trail is really surprising.

Nevertheless, I enjoin you to visit Alpine, where—in the fall of the year, especially—you will see nature at her best. Gorgeously clothed in orange and red, every tree seems to be tempting the fleeting season of Indian summer to tarry yet a little longer. The squeaking little chipmunk, however, realizes full well that winter is at hand; and his frantic haste as he darts around among the mountain laurel seeking for more chestnuts for his already well-stocked larder, will do your soul a world of good and make you smile, whether you will or no, in the sheer delight of beholding his bustling and tireless energy.

Down by the water's edge remains an ancient dwelling known as "Cornwallis' Lodge," in which that ubiquitous nobleman spent his first night in New Jersey, following the landing of his command. Well preserved by repeated applications of whitewash within and without, its roof and trimmings painted a dark green, it reminds one rather of a rural post-office and general store than an historic landmark. Although closed to the public, its doors and windows are opened sufficiently to give a satisfactory idea of the interior layout. Besides this old house, the ferry-shed and a refresh-

ment pavilion, there are no other buildings at the landing, the Alpine village of to-day being perched atop the bluff.

Whatever else may be said of the Cornwallis House, it surely has witnessed some remarkable events; having been a silent observer of every one of those historic episodes, tragedies, pageants and commercial triumphs which have immortalized the great river. Some twenty years ago the building had a narrow escape from utter destruction when a ponderous fragment of rock came crashing down from the mountain above. To-day the boulder lies where it fell, perhaps twenty-five feet distant from its southeast corner; rather a 'close call', it would seem, for the venerable cliffside cottage.



CORNWALLIS' HEADQUARTERS AT ALPINE, N. J.
with the boulder that nearly wrought its ruination.

The 20th of November it was, in 1776, when Cornwallis, well satisfied with himself and the world as a whole, contrived to get his troops up the rocks and started for Fort Lee with really commendable secrecy and dispatch. Washington was at Hackensack, and General Greene, warned of his danger, began breaking camp with all speed, for it was again evident that the rapidly advancing British had the best of the situation, leaving no alternative for the patriots but instant flight. This hasty abandonment of Fort Lee cost the Americans the loss of tents, provisions and a

great quantity of supplies, with practically all the heavy guns of the stationary batteries.

Washington made no attempt to throw himself into the position and put up a defense. To cover the retreat of the garrison and to get them safely across the Overpeck Creek and the Hackensack River was as much as he could hope to accomplish. This indeed was a task of no small magnitude, for these streams, running through miles of 'salt meadow' and a waste of tidal marsh-land with banks of treacherous quagmire, are—even to this day—rather frightful barriers. With boats at a premium, and the few roads and fewer bridges choked with men and wagons, the march of the retiring Americans must have been a miserable ordeal. But it stands to reason that the situation of the pursuing British was in nowise more enviable. Having been cheated of their prey by a few hours, it was their unhappy lot to plod on in hot pursuit over roads left much the worse for wear, with not a boat of any character—as you may well imagine—left for their convenience by the fleeing army of Congress.

The region of all these retrograde movements is contiguous to New York City and easily reached by the tourist from the metropolis. Of Fort Lee itself, scarce a vestige remains. Historians claim that its position lay some distance back from the river, the batteries which were mounted on the Palisades being merely out-lying works. In that case, Fort Lee could have been little more than a fortified encampment. In support of this theory, some of the older residents of the village (which lies back of the cliffs) claim to have seen the remains of soldiers' ovens cut in the rocks which crop out here and there throughout the town.

Upon the conspicuous point of rock overlooking the present Fort Lee ferry we may distinguish some old masonry, half overgrown with weeds and sumac. Here, it is conjectured, one or two guns were mounted; and very likely Washington stood somewhere near this coigne of

vantage, a helpless spectator, during the attack on the fort—named in his honor—upon the opposite shore of the river. In the village of Fort Lee there is a rather interesting monument dedicated to the soldiers of the Revolution, to which there has recently been appended a bronze plaque commemorating the name of one of the local boys who fell 'in Flanders' fields.'

The night view of New York, which may be obtained from the crest of the Jersey Palisades, is one long to be remembered. When darkness has fallen, the majestic Hudson becomes a great gulf of blackness, beyond which—as far as eye can see—gleam the twinkling lights of the phantom, fairy city. Truly the spectacle is of such surpassing beauty that no Rambler



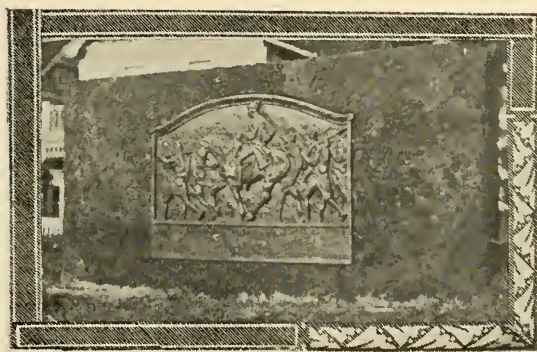
THE FORT LEE MONUMENT

who spends an afternoon at Fort Lee can afford to miss it. Bring with you, then, a sufficiency of eatables, build yourself a little camp-fire as evening approaches, roast a few 'spuds' among the embers. Then, solaced by your faithful brier pipe—satisfied in body and contented in mind—you may await the vision beautiful. Your own little fire will flicker and die out; the golden radiance of passing day will fade from the western sky before the fast creeping shadows of night; but yonder great and mighty city—like an allegorical picture of the existence for which we hope "beyond the river"—springs, as at the touch of an unseen hand, into radiance and activity.

An electric line now runs from Fort Lee to Hackensack, spanning the uncompromising bogs by means of slender trestles. The western slopes of the Palisades are fast

'Building up', and may almost be considered as bits of suburban New York; but Hackensack, true to its traditions, remains a genuine 'Jersey Dutch' town, its main street stretching along the river for two miles—much the same as when laid out by its stalwart pioneers. The Hackensack River has always been navigable, and to accommodate the ocean-going tug-boats (which have succeeded the picturesque 'wind-jammers' of early days) there is a series of fine draw-bridges, over which pass all the modern highways and railroads entering Hudson County from Bergen and Essex.

There has been a wide divergence of opinion as to where Washington crossed the Hackensack. Some histor-



'WASHINGTON PASSED THIS WAY'
The bronze tablet before the Presbyterian Church at Leonia, N. J., on the route of Washington's line of retreat to Hackensack in 1776.

ians maintain that it was away upstream at River Edge, others that it was as far down as Little Ferry. Mr. Burton H. Allbee, for many years a leading spirit in the Bergen County Historical Society, has made this matter a

subject of special study, and it is upon his authority that I state the fact, without fear of contradiction, that the main body of the Continental Army passed over the river by way of the so-called 'New Bridge',* into what is now North Hackensack, thence marching into the ancient Hackensack village by the long main street. There can be little doubt that the army moved westward from Fort Lee along the much-traveled highway which passes through the modern town of Leonia, but here—I conjecture—the columns

* Thomas Paine, in his account of the retreat from Fort Lee, particularly mentions that the Hackensack was crossed at the 'new bridge'.

divided. Some, without question, took the southerly route and were conveyed across the Hackensack by every available boat to be had at Little Ferry; others, quite likely, journeyed as far to the north as the 'old bridge', passing over the river at what is now River Edge. But it was the then 'new bridge', only three miles above Hackensack town, which offered the most logical and convenient place of crossing for the majority of the retreating garrison of Fort Lee. Below this point, a passage by boat would have been the only alternative.

It would appear that Washington gave some thought to the possibility of maintaining a successful stand at the North Hackensack bridge-head, but he seems to have promptly abandoned the idea. Had he hoped for a brief respite after the hasty flight from Fort Lee, he was doomed to disappointment, for the British—having gotten the patriots 'on the run'—were not disposed to give them breathing time. So ardently did they keep up the pursuit that the Americans,—having passed over the river late in the afternoon of the 20th of November in a cold and drizzling rain—beheld, from their bivouac in Hackensack town, the blazing fires of the Hessians encamped upon the farther shore. From available records, we gather that Washington's army had, at this time, dwindled down to a scant three thousand; hence his reluctance to hazard the chances of a pitched battle. We are not surprised, therefore, when we read of his dispatching the remnants of his supplies to Acquackanonk (Passaic) and making speedy preparations to once again 'hit the trail' with the meagre force at his command.

The historic sites in Hackensack are closely grouped: the Mansion House Tavern (formerly the Zabriskie residence), where Washington stopped, the time-honored Dutch Reformed Church, the grave of General Enoch Poor, and the monument recently erected in his honor upon the village green, where, it is generally supposed, the American Army

bivouacked after their weary entry into the village, into which they had come—as described by an eye-witness—“marching two abreast, ragged, some without a shoe to their feet, and most of them wrapped in their blankets.”

Washington, with his Life Guard, a regiment of foot, and a few cavalymen, lingered in the town until the following day; riding along the river side, before his departure, to view the encampment of the enemy upon the opposite shore. Even as he watched, word came from up-stream, that they were making preparations to repair the bridge which the Americans had disabled.

Quite frequently, on warm summer evenings, I have

ridden over from Paterson to Hackensack to stand beside the river, usually accompanied by one of my historically-inclined friends. The illuminated windows of Bogota upon the opposite shore create an im-



THE HACKENSACK RIVER, BERGEN CO., N. J.
Bridge connecting Hackensack and Bogota. The 'New Bridge' of Revolutionary days was some three miles up-stream, but this was the site of 'Hackensack Dock' a century and more ago.

pression not unlike that of the Hessian camp-fires seen so clearly by the anxious eyes of Washington. This is one of the places, where as we follow in his footsteps, we come close to the heart of our great Revolutionary leader. The silence of the night, the swift and broad river with a flowing tide, the star-sprinkled sky above, and the phantom figure—wrapped in a great-coat—which is wont to appear beside us, (seemingly summoned from the spirit-world at our bidding and gazing fixedly into the darkness) impart a thrill—nay, an all-absorbing psychic spell—from which we cannot dissolve ourselves, nor would we if we could.

The old Dutch Reformed Church at Hackensack has

been remodeled, in part, since the patriot army camped before its doors, but embedded within its outer walls are many of the ancient dated and inscribed stones which were portions of the original structure erected in 1696, and which have looked upon gallant Washington and doughty Cornwallis. The village green, directly opposite, is noteworthy. Here, about noon on the day following the withdrawal of the Continentals, the in-coming Hessians pitched camp, "a horrid sight to the inhabitants," as an old writer expressed it, "with their whisks and brass caps." (Quite evidently prototypes



DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH, HACKENSACK, N. J.
Standing to-day, as it did when Lafayette visited the town in 1824.

of some of the husky Bavarians who over-ran Belgium in the early months of the World War, made hideous by unshaven faces and trench helmets.)

That the inhabitants of Hackensack were in great fear of the 'hated Hessians' is evidenced by the following story, which also illustrates the good sense of Washington:

The Commander was about to depart, the tavern-keeper grasping his hand in farewell as he sat in the saddle. Already the enemy were pounding away in their hasty reconstruction-work at the bridge, not many miles distant. "What shall I do?" asked the worthy citizen anxiously. "I have considerable property here and a family of small children." "Mr. Campbell," returned the General, "*stay by your property and keep neutral.*" With that, he galloped off to overtake his army.

The most notable gravestone in the cemetery beside the Hackensack church is that of General Enoch Poor, the gallant New Hampshire officer, who 'died in the harness'

during the latter years of the war, when the village had once again become American territory. His death occurred in 1780, a few miles to the north of this village. Both Washington and Lafayette attended his funeral, and the latter, who was deeply attached to General Poor, made it a point to visit his grave on his last American tour. At that time the church edifice appeared exactly as it does to-day, and over the brownstone slab, as we now see it, the most noble of all Frenchmen stood with uncovered head, as—after the lapse of forty long years—he came to pay the tender tribute of remembrance.

Maurice Maeterlink, in his "Blue Bird," gives expression to the beautiful thought that the departed ones are conscious of our loving recollection. In the Land of Memory we may thus visit and commune with them. Never are they so lonely in the spirit realm as when forgotten by loved ones left behind. Regard as you will this fantasy, but learn from Lafayette the lesson that great loves and friendships need not be swallowed by the grave. Rather than 'strive to forget' those whom we have loved, long since, let us keep them within the warmth of our affections. Thus cherished, the memories of long ago will never bruise the heart-strings, but will prove, in increasing measure, a source of reverent joy, compounding like a well-invested legacy.

The retreat of Washington across the state of New Jersey is strikingly like that of General Greene before Cornwallis in North Carolina, four and a half years later. Perhaps Greene's course in the Southern campaign was influenced by that of Washington in the present instance, for he was one of the Commander's most trusted advisers during the march from Fort Lee to the Delaware, despite the criticism occasioned by the Fort Washington blunder.

The rivers Hudson, Hackensack, Passaic and Raritan offered natural parallel barriers, extremely dangerous to have in one's rear, yet affording a large measure of protection if placed between a retreating force and a pursuing

enemy. Having, as we have seen, been forced out of Hackensack town with the enemy in hot pursuit, the position of Washington's diminishing forces would have been extremely critical if caught on the East bank of the Passaic. The crossing of this river, a matter of absolute necessity, was accordingly effected with all speed and the march reluctantly continued toward the south.

Not a trace now remains of the ancient wooden bridge over which the American army passed on the 21st and 22nd of November, nor of the Blanchard House, in which Washington put up for one brief night. The traditional point of the crossing, then famous as "Acquaackanonek Landing," lies somewhat south of the business center of modern Passaic city, near the present extensive

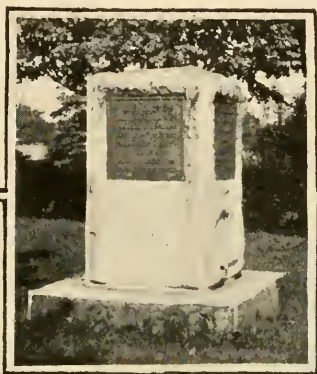


GEN. ENOCH POOR'S GRAVE
in the cemetery of the old Dutch Reformed Church,
Hackensack, N. J.

lumber yards and opposite the old Dutch Church.* Great changes have occurred during the fourteen decades which have elapsed since these stirring times. A trolley-line crosses the river over a nearby drawbridge, a Polish congregation now worships in the old meeting house, and the fences around the grave-yard have been converted into kindlings by some of the foreign-born communicants. Still, if you search with patience among the old frost-bitten tombstones, you may find the grave of John H. Post, a Revolutionary resident, who departed this life at the ripe age of one hundred and four. He it was, according to local his-

* The passenger traveling through Passaic via the Erie Railroad, will observe this old church and graveyard, to the east of the Prospect Street station.

Where Washington
crossed the Passaic
River, Passaic,
N. J.



Commemorative
stone at Passaic
Park, erected by
the school-children
of the city.



tory, who rendered the bridge impassable after it had served the turn of the patriot army. The British were exceedingly wroth by reason of this discourteous behavior of his, and one legend goes so far as to say that the guilty culprit was ferretted out from among the townsfolk and promptly hung. If this be true, he must have been speedily resuscitated, for—like Lazarus of old—"he lived many years afterward." It is undoubtedly true that Mr. Post and his neighbors wrecked the bridge, for the British (who, by the way, did not reach Acquackanonk until the 25th) found it so hopelessly battered, that they forded the ice-cold river rather than wait for its restoration.

Upon the slightly rising ground at Passaic Park, the school children have erected an attractive memorial at the

spot near which the army passed en route to Newark. Down by the river there is an old house erroneously claimed by many to have sheltered Washington in 1776; it was not erected, however, until some time later, although possibly as early as 1778. In the stone wall near the church on River Drive there used to be a small tablet identifying this as being a locality contiguous to the Revolutionary bridge; but when last I visited Passaic I searched for it in vain.

Although Washington remained at Newark for upwards of a week, following his arrival on the 23rd of November, the location of his headquarters in that city has never been satisfactorily established. At the time of the retreat across New Jersey, Newark had a population of just about one thousand. Along Broad Street—then, as now, the principal thoroughfare—were ranged the residences of the leading citizens, some of them being men prominent in the affairs of the state. It would seem logical to suppose that the correspondence of these patriots might have preserved for our information some clue as to which of them had the honor of entertaining the Commander. This, however, is not the case. Certainly it was not a time for ‘entertainment’, and admittedly there was little enough occasion for felicitation. Some historians maintain that Washington ate and slept at the ancient Eagle Tavern, now but a memory, others bestow the honor elsewhere. So vague is the evidence brought forth to substantiate any of these arguments, that the writer can do no better than make a frank avowal of ignorance in this regard.

Whatever Newark may lack through the absence of a headquarters, the deficiency is more than compensated by the possession of the most beautiful representation of Washington the soldier that I have ever seen. The strikingly original conception of horse and rider, surmounting a pyramid of earth and enhanced by ample perspective, is a tribute well worthy of any community. Graceful in the extreme, the effect is far more pleasing than pompous; the

prominence given the restless charger in no sense detracting from the benign face, restful pose and contemplative attitude of the illustrious champion of the American cause.



WASHINGTON

Massey Rhind's beautiful statue of the patriot commander, adorning the corner of Washington Park and Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

Presented to the city by Amos H. Van Horn.

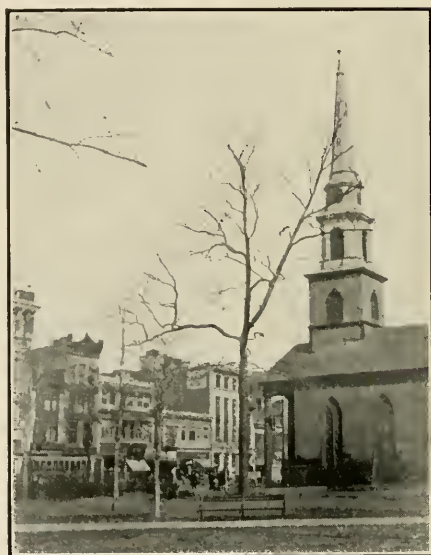
There can be no doubt that the major portion of Washington's immediate command not only passed through Newark, but were encamped upon that very attractive 'breathing spot' in the heart of busy Newark, now known as Military Park. This reservation was laid out as a civic centre when Newark was in its infancy, and many of the New Jersey veterans of the Civil War, who yet remain among us, recall their preliminary training, received in this historic place of mobilization, prior to the 'baptism of fire' at Antietam.

At the upper extremity of Military Park stands the

dignified Episcopal Church erected in 1708. The stranger, standing beneath its lofty portico and reading the devotional and historic stones and tablets upon its brownstone façade, cannot fail to realize that the membership of this old house of spiritual devotion place next in importance to the original purpose of this sanctuary—the worship of Almighty God—the fact that the shadow of its lofty spire has fallen upon the army of Washington, “faint, yet pursuing.”

Notwithstanding the fact that the personal Washington has been lost sight of during the week of his sojourn in Essex County, his unceasing labors at this time and place are matters of history. Here the Commander-in-Chief attempted to reorganize his badly demoralized forces. He sent his sick to Morristown, dispatched a battalion to Monmouth County under Col. David Forman to suppress Tory activities, and appealed once more to the Jersey Legislature to augment the thinning ranks with fresh levies of state troops. On the morning of November 28th the British advance guard approached the town, and the Commander, still unable to offer a successful resistance, again moved southward; one division retreating via Elizabethtown and Woodbridge, the other taking a more westerly route through Springfield and Scotch Plains.

It was at New Brunswick on the Raritan that the next



NEWARK'S OLD EPISCOPAL CHURCH,
adjoining Military Park; and facing historic
Broad Street, along which passed
the patriot army in retreat.

halt of any consequence was made. Here again it seemed that the wide river, with its defensive possibilities, might serve to halt the pursuers. With this thought in mind, young Alexander Hamilton, already risen to the position of Captain of Artillery, was instructed to set up his field pieces so as to command the fordable portions of the stream.



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT NEW BRUNSWICK,
the site of which is now occupied by the offices of the
Public Service Electric Company, Albany and Neilson
Streets. Courtesy of John P. Wall.

Had the expected reinforcements arrived from the north, (which would have been the case had General Lee been less dilatory) it is not unlikely that Washington might have maintained his position upon the 'safe side' of the Raritan all winter. Realizing, however, that he was handicapped

by an undependable subordinate, and determined to risk no more disasters—particularly at a time when one false move would be fatal—the orders were given for another 'about face'. After nightfall, on the first day of December, the army once more found itself in motion, this time headed for Princeton.

During his stay in New Brunswick, or plain "Brunswick" as it used to be called, the Commander occupied a little cottage situated on the southwest corner of Albany and Neilson Streets, which landmark was ruthlessly sacrificed to make way for a modern business structure. Before this old house, of which I have reproduced an illustration, Colonel Neilson, in July of that fateful year, had

mounted a table and read to the patriots of the town (among whom he was a leading spirit) the newly promulgated Declaration of Independence. After but five months of hostilities, the villagers found that the reality of the contest was brought home to their very doors, for, with the withdrawal of Washington's soldiers, the British took possession of the town and there remained for several months.

New Brunswick had, quite likely, been selected in advance as a British base of operations in central Jersey. Modern historians who have had access to the 18th century documents on file in the archives of the British War Office at London have called attention to the fact (rather interesting at this time) that Lord Howe was not expected to capture the retreating army of Washington—which was considered to be already beaten—but merely to force it out of the way.* After this, Howe was instructed to settle down at New Brunswick and endeavor to impress upon the Jerseymen the fact that, as their cause was lost, the logical procedure for them to follow would be to come back into the fold and renew their severed allegiance to the mother country. These restrictions may or may not account for the leisurely stride into which the British pursuit lapsed after the crossing of the Hackensack, for it is apparent that it lay within the power of Howe to have brought on a general engagement on more than one occasion, yet he strangely forebore, and contented himself with hanging on the heels of the retiring patriots.

In accord with this supposed prearrangement, Howe installed himself at 'Brunswick' for a lengthy residence, confiscating the old Neilson house on Burnett Street, near Hiram; while De Heister—with characteristic Hessian arrogance—squatted down in similar fashion, selecting the

* Some readers may be inclined to regard these 'revelations' as British propaganda, coming at a time when the good will of the American people is much sought by the heads of the British government. It is certain that the King's ministers were, at that period, inclined to proceed with caution, but it was merely to serve their own ends.

second best dwelling in the village.

Situated on the navigable Raritan River, with open communication to New York by water, New Brunswick was well adapted to the purposes of the British general, who, it must be confessed, preferred a cozy fireside to an

active campaign. Upon Cornwallis devolved the duty of continuing the pursuit of Washington to the Delaware, and here the British campaign would probably have ended had not Washington moved against Trenton, with results so disastrous to his over-confident pursuers.



"THE LAST SNAP SHOT"

Lord Howe's headquarters at New Brunswick in progress of demolition. 1912.

The "Neilson house" was pulled

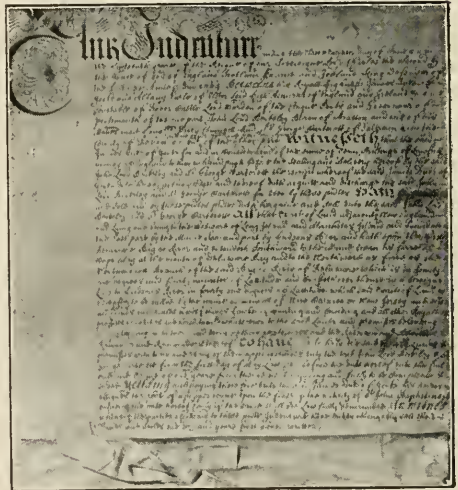
down a few years ago, and the illustration herewith presented is perhaps the last picture to be made of this old brick dwelling, before which stood another of those immense, bark-denuded 'button-wood' trees, so often associated with historic localities throughout New Jersey.

For six months New Brunswick was infested with the unwelcome soldiery of the invaders, who undoubtedly made things very miserable for the inhabitants, especially after the reverses at Trenton and Princeton, which curdled the milk of British 'benevolence', and the establishing of an American counter-base at Morristown from whence came active parties of patriot scouts, the further to rile the urbanity of General Howe's provisional government. During the

latter months of British occupancy, after the tables had been somewhat reversed by the successes of Washington's men, it became exceedingly hazardous for the foraging parties to scour the country, hence they were compelled to draw supplies from New York City to augment the already depleted stores of the townsfolk.

On the 2nd of December, Washington passed through Princeton. Here he left a third portion of his forces to cover the country and himself pushed on to Trenton on the Delaware, meanwhile keeping close watch upon Cornwallis, who had somewhat leisurely renewed the pursuit and seemed likely to cause further annoyance.

A few days at Trenton, interrupted by a hasty journey back to Princeton, convinced the Commander that he had better seek refuge in Pennsylvania. Having already transported most of his stores across the Delaware, he himself passed over, with the rear guard, on the morning of the 8th. Cornwallis, entering Trenton a few hours later, found himself once again denied the pleasure of a meeting with Washington, the wide river which separated him from the Americans being, for the time, as impassable as the Atlantic Ocean, as anything and everything in the nature of a boat had been secured upon the west bank.



NEW JERSEY'S MOST HISTORIC DOCUMENT
(Grant to Berkeley and Carteret, by James,
Duke of York, 1664.)

While somewhat foreign to our narrative, this old grant to New Jersey's first colonial proprietors,—which is in fine condition, (having escaped the vicissitudes of the Revolution) and is to-day treasured at the museum of the N. J. Historical Society, Newark,—is worthy of reproduction. It will be of interest to students of New Jersey history.

The disgruntled nobleman contented himself therefore, with posting detachments of Germans at Bordentown, Burlington and Trenton, and resignedly hied himself back to New Brunswick. As for Washington, he was enjoying good old Irish hospitality at the Bucks County home of Thomas Barclay,* one of the leading spirits among the "Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick," (organized in Philadelphia, 1771), a staunch patriot and an ardent Whig. Here he remained until December 14th.

The same day upon which Washington made his crossing of the Delaware, General Charles Lee, with the straggling 'Army of the North', with which he had failed to accomplish anything of note—notwithstanding his yearning for individual glory—came into Chatham, reaching Morristown two days afterward. A month had elapsed since he had said farewell to Washington at North Castle near the Hudson. Instead of heeding the repeated appeals of the Commander-in-Chief to consolidate his division with the main army, General Lee appears to have spent the greater portion of the time in correspondence with influential men throughout the colonies, making capital of Washington's reverses in an endeavor to advance his own ambitious plans.

The 13th of December was an unfortunate date for discontented 'Charlie'. As he loitered at a tavern in Basking Ridge, some distance from his command, he was surrounded and captured by a maulauding party of British dragoons, who hurried him away in ignominious haste, half-dressed as he was, and bare-headed. Three hours later he arrived at New Brunswick, a sorry looking object, shivering by reason of the wintry winds which played about his bony shins, and too disgusted, perhaps, to heed the storm of hoots and howls which his ludicrous plight elicited from the Tories. Some historians, influenced in their opinion by subsequent events in the career of General Lee, have intimated

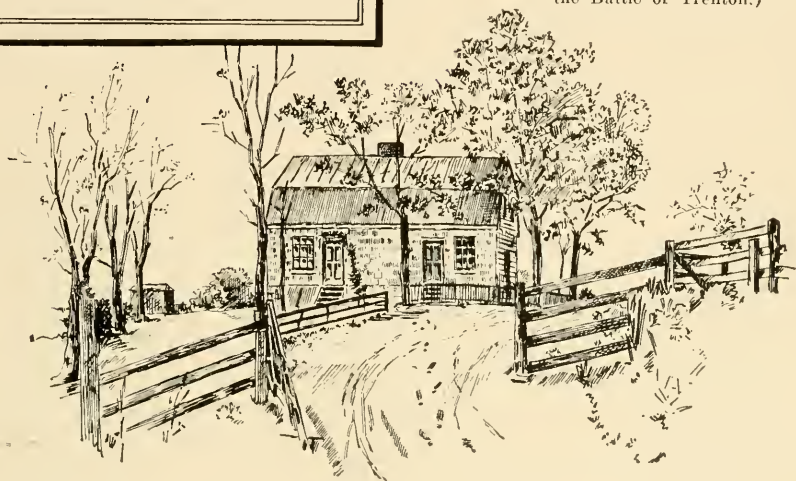
* This historic homestead is still standing at Morrisville, Pa., opposite Trenton. In 1791, the premises, known as "Summer Seat", passed into the hands of Robert Morris, the Financier of the Revolution. The house is about half a mile from the Delaware.

that this 'accidental capture' was arranged by Lee. This is unreasonable, because Lee still entertained hopes of superseding Washington, and he was far too dignified to arrange any such hilarious scene (with himself the leading comedian) even had he meditated a personal surrender. It was simply an apt illustration of the scriptural axiom: "pride goeth before a fall, and an haughty spirit before destruction."

Nevertheless the capture of Lee was a blessing in disguise for the American cause. It was well for Washington that his rival was temporarily off the scene, for General Sullivan, the officer now in command of the derelict 'lost tribes' of the army, made haste to effect a junction with his superior. Beside this numerous reinforcement, Washington was further strengthened, ere long, by the arrival of General Gates with four regiments from the far-northern army of Schuyler. This little expedition had traveled from the Hudson, passing through the wilds of upper Jersey, (a region sparsely settled even to-day) and reaching the Delaware River through the Indian-haunted valley of the Minisink.

TRENTON — AND — PRINCETON

McConkey's Tavern, Washington's Crossing, N. J.
(Here Washington tarried for refreshment before
the Battle of Trenton.)



THE perilous crossing of an ice-choked river, the surprise attack upon a loosely-guarded position, the swiftly changing kaleidoscope of sly maneuver and spirited combat—culminating in the discomfiture of the British at Princeton and the complete upsetting of their six months careful planning—these incidents go to make up the best known chapter in American history.

Were it our purpose merely to recount the story of these happenings, we should be but re-hashing a familiar chronicle. But, treated from the view-point of the present day, rather than that of 1776, we have legitimate cause for dwelling at some length upon this series of all-important events, which, from beginning to end, were entirely compassed within a ten day period of activity.

From his temporary quarters on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware, Washington observed the movements of his pursuers for almost a week before he determined upon his plan of action. Count Dunop had secured Bordentown and

Burlington in Jersey, and it appeared almost certain that the British high command, believing the American army to be well-nigh impotent, meditated a move upon Philadelphia, where they believed—and not without reason—there was a strong Tory element to hamper any efforts of the American commander to save the city for the patriot cause.

On the 14th of December, Washington moved to the farm-house of William Keith, near the upper fords of the Delaware, on the road from Brownsburg to the Eagle Tavern. Although some miles above Trenton, he was still within an hour's ride of his depot of supplies at Newtown. The hamlet of Taylorville now occupies the site of Washington's "Camp above Trenton Falls" where he perfected his plan



OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE, TAYLORVILLE, PENNA.
In the vicinity of Washington's place of encampment just prior to his famous 'crossing of the Delaware,' 1776

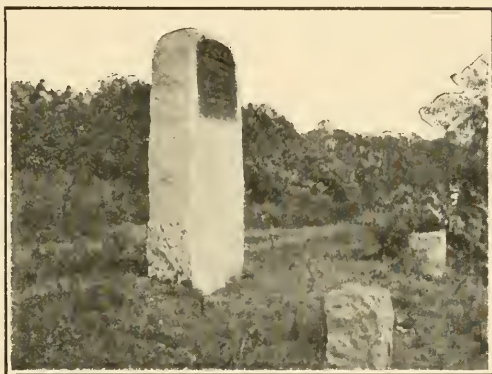
of a triple crossing of the river, with simultaneous attacks upon the enemy's posts at Bordentown and Trenton, and from which place he himself effected his famous passage of the river on Christmas night, although the efforts of the other detachments failed of achieving a similar success.

Some eight miles above Trenton, on the New Jersey side of the Delaware, there is a little railway station designated as "Washington's Crossing." Not far distant is a memorial stone, not unlike those set up by the Israelites to commemorate the crossing of Jordan in the distant past. Originally a rough-hewn block of granite, it has lately been

treated to a coat of whitewash by some well-meaning but inartistic villager, possibly with the intent of making it more conspicuous. On the Pennsylvania shore at Taylorville there is another marker, still more commonplace, erected by the Bucks County Historical Society in 1905.

So familiar is everyone with Emanuel Leutze's historic painting "Washington Crossing the Delaware" that it needs no reproduction. The

original, a massive canvas twelve by twenty-one feet in size, now hangs in a place of honor at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. Quite recently the public has been somewhat taken back by authoritative information to the effect that the setting of this meritorious work



New Jersey Commemorative Stone,
'Washington's Crossing'

was staged in *Germany*, that the principal figures in the noble group were sketched from German models, and that the turgid, ice-swollen river is not in reality the Delaware but the *Rhine*, at a point not far distant from the home of the artist! A further criticism is made by reason of the fact that the flag has a starry union, whereas in 1776 the patriots still clung to the crossed "jack" of Great Britain coupled with the thirteen colonial stripes. This latter is a sure-enough error, but what in the world is altogether faultless? The great picture, whatever its origin or the nationality of its creator, will forever remain dear to the hearts of Americans, who—as boys and girls—beheld with admiration its heroes, and heard with eager hearts its thrilling story.

I cannot ascribe due credit for the following bit of contemporary description, which I copy from a torn page

handed me some years ago and subsequently fished out from a dusty pigeon-hole of my desk. It was evidently written by one who participated in the attack upon Trenton and is, presumably, from the diary of an officer. I like its brevity and forceful style:

....."It is fearfully cold and raw and a snow-storm is setting in. The wind is northeast and beats in the faces of the men. It will be a terrible night for the men who have no shoes. Some of them have tied old rags around their feet, others are bare-foot; but I have not heard a man complain. They are ready to suffer any hardship and die rather than give up their liberty. I have just copied the order for marching. Both divisions are to go from the Ferry to Bear Tavern, two miles. They will separate there. Washington will accompany Greene's division with a part of the artillery down the Pennington road; Sullivan and the rest of the artillery will take the river road.

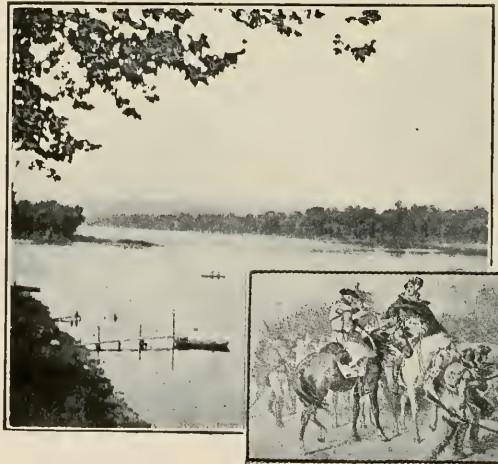
"Dec. 26, 3 a.m.—The troops are all over and the boats have gone back for the artillery. We are three hours behind the set time. Glover's men had a hard time to force the boats through the floating ice with the snow drifting in their faces. I never have seen Washington so determined as he is now. He stands on the bank of the river wrapped in his cloak superintending the landing of his troops. He is calm and collected, but very determined. The storm is changing to sleet and cuts like a knife. The last cannon is being landed and we are ready to mount our horses.

"Dec. 26, Noon.—It was nearly 4 o'clock when we started. The two divisions divided at Bear Tavern. At Birmingham, three miles and a half south of the tavern, a man came with a message from General Sullivan that the storm was wetting their muskets and rendering them unfit for service. 'Tell General Sullivan,' said Washington, 'to use the bayonet. I am resolved to take Trenton.' It was broad daylight as we neared the outskirts of the town'.....

(Then follows a description of the Battle of Trenton.)

Near the marker on the Jersey Shore stands the ancient McConkey homestead. Formerly the locality was known as McConkey's Ferry, and down by the river's edge—just about where is now the cottage of the bridge toll-collector—stood the little 'ferry-house' where on that eventful Christmas night, some of the

Continental officers found brief shelter from the howling storm. Washington himself, before getting under way for



WHERE WASHINGTON CROSSED THE DELAWARE

Amid the glories of summer a far different scene from that of a wild, mid-winter night. One account tells us that the General, seated upon an abandoned bee-hive, superintending the embarkation, himself crossing in one of the last boats. The insert is a more artistic conception.

the long march, partook of some light refreshments at the McConkey house, but the statement that he passed the night here is erroneous. For him it was no time for sleep; the Hessians, he hoped, were doing enough of that to justify his own wakefulness.



"WASHINGTON'S CROSSING," N. J.
Toll Bridge over the Delaware at the point where stood
McConkey's Ferry House in 1776.

As the authority whom we have quoted has recorded, the expedition was somewhat belated, yet they reached Trenton at an hour sufficiently early to rudely disturb the '*post-jubiletic*' repose of the enemy.

The Trenton battle monument, a tall column erected in 1893 at the junction of modern Warren and Greene Streets,—upon the exact spot where Captain Alexander Hamilton opened his battery of New York artillery on the Hessian foe after their pickets had been driven in,—is by far the most imposing shaft in New Jersey. It was built at an

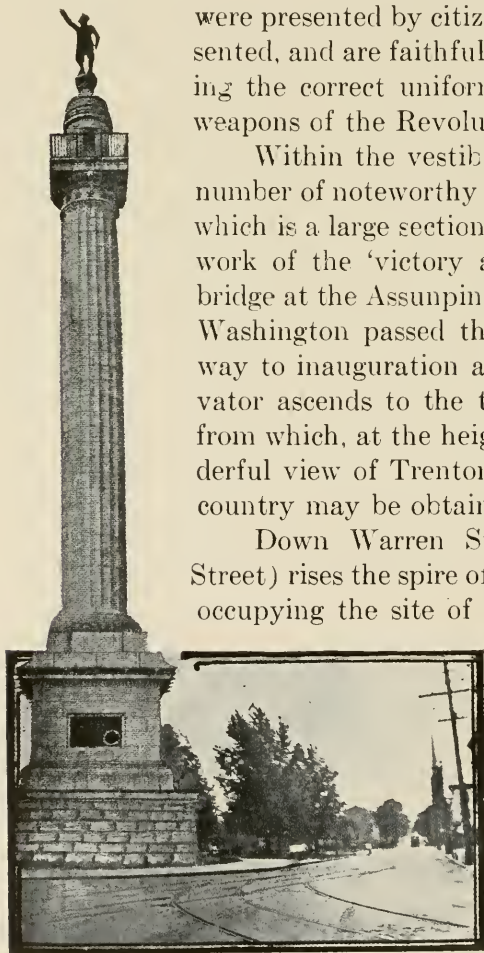
approximate cost of one hundred thousand dollars. It is surmounted by an heroic figure of Washington, decorated with four bronze tablets in low relief, and beside the entrance door are two very life-like statues in bronze; that at the right, as you enter, representing a trooper of the 'Philadelphia Light Horse', while its companion depicts one of the men of Glover's famous Massachusetts regiment. Both

were presented by citizens of the states represented, and are faithful character types, wearing the correct uniforms and carrying the weapons of the Revolutionary period.

Within the vestibule of the tower are a number of noteworthy souvenirs, chief among which is a large section of the wooden framework of the 'victory arch' erected over the bridge at the Assunpink Creek when, in 1787, Washington passed through Trenton on his way to inauguration at New York. An elevator ascends to the top of the monument, from which, at the height of 150 feet, a wonderful view of Trenton and the surrounding country may be obtained.

Down Warren Street (formerly King Street) rises the spire of St. Mary's Cathedral, occupying the site of Col. Rahl's headquarters.

The Hessian commander, caught napping after a Yuletide feast of good things, put up the bravest kind of a fight; but all his efforts to stay the vigor of the American attack were without avail.



THE TRENTON BATTLE MONUMENT

The spire of St. Mary's Church seen in the distance, adjoins the site of Col. Rahl's headquarters. Down this ancient thoroughfare, then known as 'King Street,' the battle raged.

Mortally wounded while dashing about among his men, he died upon the following day, while it remained for his second in command to capitulate to the victors. Near the



THE AMERICAN ARMY APPROACHING TRENTON

cathedral,—whose rectory is built upon the site of the dwelling where Rahl died—there yet remain a few houses which witnessed the running fight through Trenton's streets. Four of Trenton's old churches served as Hessian barracks, while in the graveyard of the Presbyterian congregation on State street, the unfortunate colonel was buried in some obscure spot which has never been identified.

Trenton is rather compactly built, and the visitor will find all of the historic localities grouped within the radius of a mile, the Battle Monument being farthest distant from the railway station. Generally speaking, the battle began where the monument now stands, and the Hessians grounded their arms not so very far from the present site of the train-sheds; the heart of the business district of the present city representing the centre of the ancient village, lying midway between.

In some respects, the object of greatest interest in Trenton is the New Jersey State Capitol, on the banks of the

Delaware, but it is a comparatively modern building and has no eventful background to tempt the historian of Revolutionary days. But there is, not far distant, an old building of an entirely different character which well repays inspection. It is one of the oldest in Trenton, yet one of the best preserved, having been erected purposely for a military barracks during the days of the French War. For a similar purpose it was utilized by the Hessian invaders in 1776, and it subsequently sheltered troops of both factions as they, from time to time occupied the city. Dr. Lossing, in his "Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution," refers to it as "White Hall" This interesting structure, situated at the foot of Front Street, is now in the possession of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

At the time my picture was taken it was an 'L' shaped affair, but it has since been enlarged into a 'U'; blocking the end of the thoroughfare. This is said to have been its original shape, and the restored 'annex' has been built in such strict conformity with the surviving half of the 18th century edifice, that one uninformed would scarcely know 'which was which'. A photographic print of this two-volume building offers an artistic opportunity for the watercolorist. The light-grey stone, the deep green of the ivy, the snow-white of the windows and casings, set off by the bright yellow of the flowering-shrubs, which adorn the garden in early summer, combine most pleasingly and with true harmony.

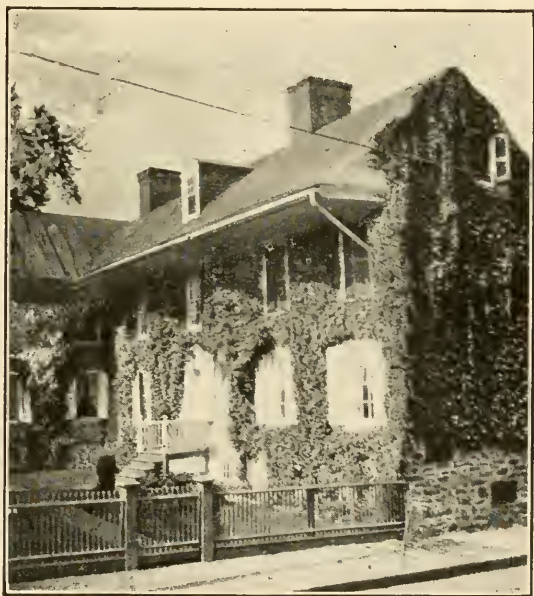
Such portions of the Hessian force as were able to



ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, TRENTON
Site of Rahl's Headquarters

escape from the confusion and defeat of the engagement at Trenton made their exit at the southern extremity of the town, hastening down toward Bordentown along the banks of the Delaware. This outlet would have been closed to them had Gen. Cadwalader been able to execute his part of the offensive program. As it was, the arrival of the fugitives at Count Dunop's headquarters caused that officer to vacate Bordentown with considerable haste, and to set his detachments once again in motion toward Brunswick.

Much more prominence has been given Trenton in the conventional recital of the events of this campaign than has been accorded to these towns lower down the river, both of which were, in 1776, fully as important as Trenton, if not more so. We have spoken elsewhere of Burlington as the former provincial capital, but a few words regarding its Revolutionary history and present-day attractiveness will certainly not be amiss.



THE OLD BARRACKS—FRONT STREET, TRENTON

Archaic Burlington, with its quaint houses, red brick sidewalks and abandoned wharf and Custom House, is one of the most unique villages in the state of Jersey. Notwithstanding the fact that the trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad pass through its principal street with the nonchalance of trolley-cars, the ancient town seems more nearly like a

community of Revolutionary times than any other centre of population in this region. Isaac Collins, the Benjamin Franklin of New Jersey, whose newspaper was—throughout the war for independence—the leading vehicle of information for the Whigs of the province, will forever be Burlington's traditional hero, and his residence will be pointed out with pride. In the hallowed burial ground of St. Mary's Church lie two of Washington's trusted friends: the Honorable William Bradford, Attorney General of the United States during the first presidency, and Dr. Elias Boudinot, first head of the American Bible Society. Captain James Lawrence of "don't give up the ship" fame, and James Fenimore Cooper, the "Sir Walter Scott of American literature" were both born in Burlington. Side by side, their birthplaces confer the diffused light of distinction to unostentatious Burlington, although the naval hero is buried in New York City and the novelist in a village which bears his name in the centre of the 'Empire State.'



RESIDENCE OF ISAAC COLLINS, BURLINGTON, N. J.
In the walls of which there is said to be imbedded a cannon ball whose firing was co-incident with the Hessian occupancy of 1776.

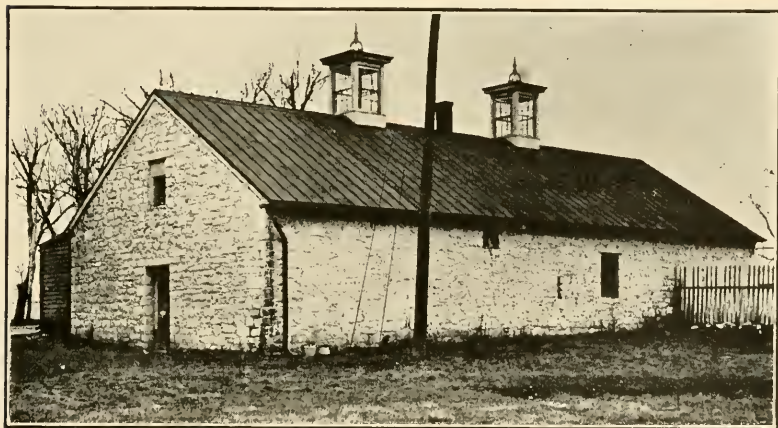
Isaac Collins was one of the most active Whigs of South Jersey. He was the printer of the *N. J. Gazette*, and much of the Colonial paper currency of the province.

Had Washington surprised the Hessians at Burlington instead of at Trenton, the name of the former town would have been written in larger letters on the pages of American history, I suppose. Chance happenings, in the lives of

places as well as persons, have a great deal to do with this elusive thing we call fame.

The tangible results of the victory at Trenton were very considerable. Over a thousand prisoners and a proportionate amount of booty fell to the American army at a cost of less than thirty men, killed, wounded or frozen on the march. The moral effects of the opportune success were even greater. The faith of the feeble-kneed was strengthened. A powerful revulsion of feeling came over the country; the patriots of New Jersey again gathered courage, enthusiasm once more filled the breasts of the stern New Englanders, while staid Philadelphia (minus the Tory faction) howled with pleasure at the sight of the captive hirelings of the "most gracious monarch" as they were paraded through the streets en route to their detention camps in Pennsylvania.

Having accomplished his set purpose of 'bagging' the foreign occupants of Trenton, Washington—apprehensive of the approaching army of Earl Cornwallis—thought it prudent to return to the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware as speedily as possible. It is generally believed that the pas-



OLD HESSIAN BARRACKS AT CARLISLE, PA.,

Built and occupied by German prisoners captured at Trenton, and sent to Carlisle for safe-keeping.

(Photo by courtesy of Carlisle Chamber of Commerce.)

sage in this instance was made at Trenton proper, by means of Patrick Colvin's ferry, which would naturally have been much easier for the soldiers than a return to McConkey's, and it is logical to presume that the commander desired to subject them to no unnecessary tramping, especially under the notoriously ill-shod conditions then existing. Colvin himself must have been of material assistance in this operation, and thereby have earned the high regard of Washington, for we are told that, ten years later, he had entire charge of ferrying the 'presidential party' as they journeyed from Philadelphia to the seat of the newly organized federal government at New York.

After a two-day interval of rest, Washington—reinforced by 1500 Pennsylvania militia—determined to transport the army once more into Jersey. This time there was no need of boats, for the river had frozen solid. The men were in excellent spirits, and, while the impulse of victory was in their blood, the commander intended to make good use of their fighting ability. Further solace was afforded by the opportune arrival of \$50,000 in hard cash from Robert Morris, 'the banker of the Revolution,' which was effectual in postponing the home-going of some of the New England Regulars, and in reducing the arrearages in pay throughout the entire army.

Meanwhile Cornwallis, aware that the Americans were gathering in force at Trenton, and burning to efface the stigma of defeat, moved down from Princeton with malicious intent. Washington, effecting a junction with the detachments of Mifflin and Cadwalader, who had been operating around Bordentown, took stand on the southerly side of Assumpink Creek. About four o'clock on the afternoon of January 2nd, the British columns hove in sight. Quite willingly would they have crossed the gulley, but—being frustrated in their several attempts by the galling fire of the Americans—they settled down for the night upon their own side, with his Lordship tolerably certain that at last he had

driven the foxy Washington into a corner and 'had him where he wanted him.'

But under the friendly mantle of darkness the American commander was preparing to execute another of those silent withdrawals, the like of which had twice before saved him from ruin.* With camp fires piled high with faggots, so as to hood-wink the enemy sentinels and to render the movements of his own men invisible in the somber shadows be-



THE ASSUNPINK CREEK—TRENTON, N. J.

yond, he quietly stole away toward Princeton, circling the flanks of the British by a round-about detour.

Few travelers, upon alighting from the train at the Trenton railway station, realize that they are within a few feet of a little stream whose banks are as historic as those of the Delaware. If, by chance, they have caught a fleeting glimpse of the Assunpink Creek between rows of standing freight cars, it has meant nothing, nor has it been given a second thought. No tablet or marker of any kind is at hand to tell how, beside the narrow brook, the two great commanders, Washington and Cornwallis, were present in person on the evening of January 2nd, 1777, to direct their opposing forces for the struggle which seemed inevitable on the morrow; nor that, within a quarter-mile of the depot,

* On the exterior of the modern building at No. 191 South Broad Street, Trenton, there is a tablet stating that "here, in the house of Alexander Douglass, Washington called a council of war on the evening of January 2nd, 1777, when the flank movement to Princeton was decided upon."

the surrender of Rahl's Hessians had taken place but a week before.

The creek, hemmed in by houses on the outskirts of the town, is spanned by but two bridges from which the tourist of inquiring mind may view its somewhat murky waters and unsightly banks, for it soon plunges into darkness beneath the business section of the city, emerging to join the broad



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, STATE STREET, TRENTON, N. J.
Somewhere, in its tiny graveyard, Colonel Rahl is buried.

Delaware after its uncertain subterranean wanderings. Hence, if one failed to note the existence of the aforesaid creek before getting into the heart of the town, he might come and go—even thinking he was familiar with Trenton,—without suspecting its existence or its historic significance. Yet in no other way may the lover of history gain so intelligent an idea of the relative positions of the opposing forces during the fateful hours before Washington's departure, than by an appraisal of the unromantic Assunpink



'MERCER BRIDGE' OVER STONY BROOK, NEAR PRINCETON, N. J.
Crossed by the Main Road

between the depot and the point where it loses itself beneath the 'built-over section' of New Jersey's capital.

The follower of Washington's movements must now hasten to Princeton in order that he may keep pace with the rapid course of events. Straight as the railway runs, the passenger is impressed with the thought that a considerable distance intervenes between Trenton and the college town. To me it seems that the soldiers made quick time. It is recorded that they were aided in great measure by the thick crust of ice which had formed upon the snow, for it was still bitterly cold, and it may be that by very reason of the zero temperature there was no inclination to linger along the way.

To understand the Battle of Princeton, you must go over the ground in person. About three miles below the village winds Stony Brook, crossed to-day by two roads, which—nearly parallel—lead directly into the town. Accounts of the engagement vary greatly in detail, but in all

of them reference is made to the historic bridges, and the 'main road,' the present Trenton-Princeton turnpike, on either side of which the contest raged.

The easiest way to describe the battle would be to say that "the advancing Americans met and defeated three British regiments which were en route from Princeton to join Cornwallis." But this laconic statement will not satisfy, and we must go into detail even at the risk of being obscure.



THE QUAKER MEETING HOUSE ON THE PRINCETON BATTLEFIELD
Courtesy of William H. Broadwell, Newark, N. J.

Toward daybreak the Americans crossed the brook not far from the present railway by means of the 'Quaker Road' which, for some distance follows the stream. General Mercer, leading the vanguard, continued along its northerly bank until he arrived at the head of the turnpike bridge which now bears his name. He then became aware that, not a quarter of a mile away, two British regiments going toward Trenton had passed across the upper bridge, via the 'old road'—which, as we have said, runs nearly parallel with the present turnpike. Had it been summertime, when thick

foliage obscures the landscape, it is possible that neither party would have caught sight of the other. As it was, the enemy soon discovered the presence of the Americans and Colonel Mawhood, in command, hurried back over the bridge, to intercept what he rightly judged to be but a small portion of the patriot force. We now find both the British and Mercer's men leaving their positions at a bridgehead to engage in mortal combat upon a bit of rising ground midway between,—half a mile to the north toward Princeton. The troops of Mercer were the first to get into position and deliver a volley, but Mawhood deployed his grenadiers to advantage and returned the compliment with vigor.

The tired Americans were unfit and unequal to an encounter with the finest troops of the British army and soon gave way. Their assailants, pressing forward, spared not to use the bayonet, and soon the patriots were in full flight. Mercer, whose dapple-grey mount had fallen early in the fight, was repeatedly wounded while resisting capture and was left for dead upon the field.

Washington, who had—with the main army—headed direct for Princeton, now arrived on the scene with reinforcements. Immediately taking in the critical situation, he waved encouragement to the panic-stricken ones who were on the verge of rout and unhesitatingly rode forward to a point directly between the advancing enemy and his own followers. This is the celebrated incident so often illustrated in our books of history—"Washington at the Battle of Princeton." It is surprising that he was not shot down on the instant, for scarce sixty yards separated the combatants. Seated on his white charger, he must have presented a picture truly inspiring. I conjecture that he was readily recognized by many among the foemen, but that—for a moment—both friend and foe were dumbfounded at his seeming bravado. Colonel Fitzgerald, one of his aides, confesses that he expected to see him fall momentarily.

Is it possible that something more than chance saved

his life? Did he coolly calculate at that crucial moment on the power of *personality*? Did he realize that few men would deliberately shoot down a commanding general? Or did he consider the emergency so great as to warrant the



THE "UPPER BRIDGE" OVER STONY BROOK, PRINCETON BATTLEFIELD
Courtesy of William H. Broadwell, Newark, N. J.

sacrifice of his life if need be? These things we shall never know. Usually prudent in the extreme, the conduct of Washington on this occasion shows him throwing prudence to the winds. He considered, in all probability, that defeat here would mean ultimate annihilation. Cornwallis was now coming up from Trenton, and between two fires a defeated army would have small chance of survival. Surely, after a study of the events of this day, none can accuse Washington of personal cowardice. It is unnecessary to add that his example stimulated the Americans to do their

utmost, with the result that the enemy were shortly driven from the field.

The ancient stone bridges spanning Stony Brook are similar in many respects, both being substantial structures of masonry with triple arches. So perfectly do they adapt themselves to the historic stream, that it seems a pity to disillusion ourselves and state the truth, to wit, that they were erected *after* the battle of Princeton, to replace those demolished by the Americans to retard the progress of Cornwallis. It is recorded that the irate nobleman, on his 'hot-foot' march from Trenton, arrived in time to see the patriot wreckers completing their work of destruction. To-day the "Mercer Bridge," which carries the principal highway, is more frequently used than its westerly neighbor; but beside the upper span, where Mawhood's troops crossed the brook, are the remains of Worth's Mills, a sure-enough Revolutionary structure.

A small pyramid of cannon shot in the fields not far from the new road guides the visitor to the place of Mercer's martyrdom. The little "Clark House"—where the General breathed his last—is also near at hand and readily accessible. This old farm-house, as well as a tiny Quaker meeting-house beside which Washington formed his troops, is quite near the Mercer Bridge. The little house of worship is at the most southerly point of the battle-field. Poor Mercer was found in the snow, unconscious but still alive, and was tenderly carried to Clark's by his fellow-officers. Here he lingered until the 12th of January, carefully nursed by the kindly women of the household and courteously attended by the staff-surgeon of Cornwallis, when that eminent general arrived on the scene in the course of his pursuit. Moreover, Cornwallis willingly permitted the presence and aid of one of Washington's doctors at the bedside. Little acts of kindness, such as this, have caused Cornwallis to be respected by Americans. His service in the cause of his king was, while faithfully performed, uniformly free

from malice. He never forgot to be a gentleman. That Washington realized this, is evident from the treatment accorded him when the victory at Yorktown made him a prisoner, in the hands of those whom he had fought so well.

No officer of the American army was more sincerely mourned, nor has been more widely honored than Hugh Mercer. Streets, cities and counties all over the country now bear his name; his remains lie at Philadelphia in a worthy sepulchre, and very recently—in his old home town of Fredericksburg, Va.,—a splendid and spirited monument has been erected to his memory.

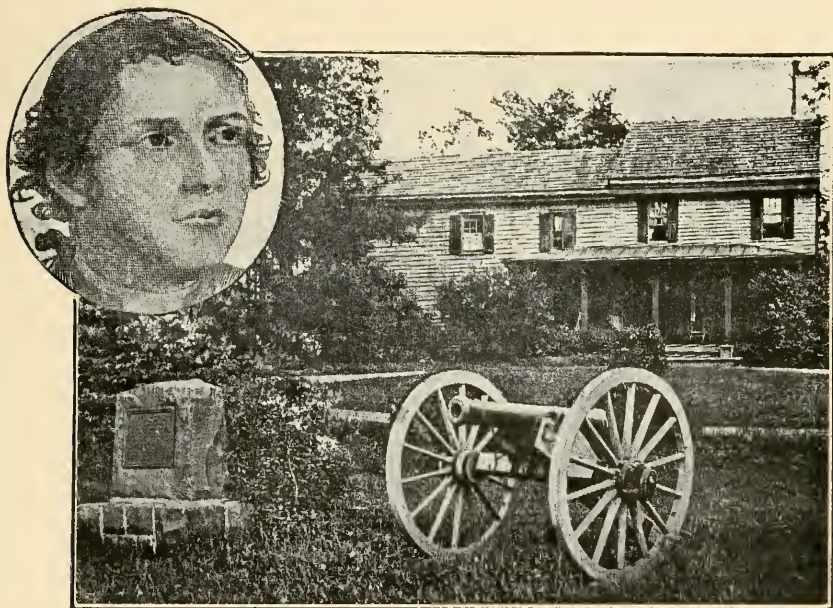


WHERE MERCER FELL, Princeton Battlefield

The entire Princeton battle-field is still a region of open farm-land, free from the sacrilegious encroachments of modern dwellings; and many a visitor to the famous college will find rare pleasure in walking amid the sweet scented fields of clover where history was made, or drawing near the snug little cottage, in a pretty grove of cedars, where a monument, a cannon and the stars and stripes, perpetuate the memory of one of the most illustrious of Virginia's sons, and remind the passer-by that *we are what we are* because of the heroism of our forefathers!

Three British regiments figure in the Battle of Princeton. The 55th and 17th were engaged with Mercer and suffered most when Washington, arriving opportunely, turned the tide. Finding themselves considerably outnumbered, and being subject to severe reprisal for their own savagery, they drew out of the melee and scattered

to the four points of the compass, some making south, others retreating with all speed to their base at New Brunswick, while still others made for Princeton town to join a portion of the 40th regiment which had barricaded themselves in "Nassau Hall," the one building then possessed by the college of New Jersey. The battle, however, had been fought and won, and the resistance of the fugitives who had thought to defend themselves in the halls of learn-



GENERAL HUGH MERCER AND THE HOUSE IN WHICH HE DIED
Princeton Battlefield

ing was short-lived. The patriot cannon were unlimbered in the campus and a few convincing volleys brought them to terms.

Washington was now completely master of the situation. Had he followed his own inclinations he would have pushed on to New Brunswick without a moment's delay, in which event he would probably have captured a wealth of materials and munitions belonging to His Sovereign Majesty. He did indeed join his little force of cavalry

and gallop with them as far as Kingston. But here prudence once again called a halt, and for the sake of his men, cold, tired and hungry—he decided to abandon a further offensive. Rejoining the infantry at Princeton he turned their faces toward the hills and by nightfall all were in



Another view of the cottage where Mercer died,—Princeton Battlefield
(Courtesy of Wm. H. Broadwell, Newark, N. J.)

safety at Millstone. Then, by easy stages, after a two-days' halt at Pluckemin, they headed for Morristown, at which place it had been decided to winter.

Most visitors to the University of Princeton approach the college town by the "shuttle" which runs from the junction on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad to the very doors of the dormitories. The auto-road from Trenton is much more interesting, traversing as it does the length of the Revolutionary battlefield south of the village proper. Along the latter route there are many fine residences. Midway between the battlefield and the town there is a wayside-well, to which attention is called by a genteel little sign bearing the legend "Washington's Spring," giving one the impression that the General might possibly

have paused for a moment to quench his thirst as he hurried toward Princeton with his soldiers.

To the tramp who is enjoying a summer day's outing, the ivy-covered well-curb appears most attractive, and he is nothing loath to drink long and deeply. If Washington availed himself of a similar privilege, however, it was certainly not upon that bleak January day when he hurried by in pursuit of the British. With a blanket of snow covering all the landscape and a crust of ice around the edges of the crystal pool, it is more than likely that he deferred his libation until a more invigorating dram was forthcoming at the Princeton Tavern. Yet, as



"WASHINGTON'S SPRING"

On the Princeton-Trenton Turnpike, the road along which passed the American army, January 3rd, 1777.

the Commander had frequent occasion to proceed along this highway in later years, I doubt not that the spring is entitled to the distinction claimed for it.

In Washington's time, "The College of New Jersey," now known the world over as Princeton University, was housed in the one building which is the venerated "Nassau Hall" of to-day. There are now more *college edifices* under the management of the university trustees than there were *houses* in the ancient village of 1776. Legacies and endowments have enriched the university in worldly goods, and enabled it, as New Jersey's greatest educational center, to keep pace with Harvard, Yale or Syracuse. Yet "Old Nas-

sau" is Princeton's most precious asset, its visible legacy of history. What old "Massachusetts Hall" is to Harvard, that is "Old Nassau" to Princeton. It was erected in 1757, and derived its name from the fact that William III of England was a scion of the royal House of Nassau. Just prior to the battle of Princeton the building had been utilized as a barracks by the British, who added insult to injury by stabling their horses in the basement. A fire in 1802 completely gutted the structure, but the walls remained intact.



'REVOLUTIONARY PILGRIMS' AT PRINCETON

Athletic events draw enormous crowds to Princeton. Of the thousands of visitors there are always a few hands-full, or 'autos-full' who avail themselves of the opportunity to visit the battlefield.

To my mind, the most striking thing about Nassau Hall is its mantle of green. Each succeeding class which has graduated from these classic halls has planted, without, a tiny sprig of glossy ivy, with a small identifying tablet. Thus we see, along the base of the wall "Ivy—Class of 1847," of "1865", etc, and, with the passing years, the interwoven vines have twined all over the ancient brickwork, covering the time-stained walls, as it were, with a mantle of affection, for thus is "Old Nassau" regarded by all Princeton men.

While at Princeton we shall do well to make a hurried visit, time permitting, to the village burial ground, for here repose a number of men whose names will be forever associated with the history of our country. Princeton town

has literally grown up around the university; even the quiet graveyard is part and parcel of the college, for here many of its illustrious presidents and teachers rest from their labors. Good old Dr. Witherspoon, sixth president of Princeton, one of Jersey's five signers of the Declaration—and, incidentally, the only clergyman to affix his name to the great document of independence—here sleeps the sleep of the just. His tomb will be found in the 'President's row' near that of Dr. Aaron Burr, another of the distinguished heads of the university. Aaron Burr the younger, he of honestly won fame and equally merited infamy, lies close by his father. The flag placed upon his grave testifies to his bravery in the cause of American freedom; his faults should, perhaps, have been buried with him.



"OLD NASSAU HALL", PRINCETON UNIVERSITY
Aged and well-beloved.

Within these walls the defeated British troops made their last stand, Jan. 3, 1777.

A more recently erected monument is that of Grover Cleveland, twice president of the United States, who was born and who died a Jerseyman.

I rather admire the sturdy character of the old sportsman of Buzzard Bay, and a visit to his grave was to me something of a privilege. Death, wretched thing that it is, surely opens the door to intimacy. A few short years ago, the name of Cleveland was on every tongue; as our

Chief Executive, his busy moments were weighted with a nation's problems, so that even a brief interview could have been granted only at a sacrifice of precious time. Now, without fear of trespassing or of a rival claimant for the honor, I may spend an entire day in his company, if so it suit my fancy. Possibly it is for similar reasons that those who worship the great and the near-great have a predilection for wandering about Westminster and the Pantheon.

It may be that graveyard rambles are unhealthy, in that they tend to melancholy. But of this you need have no fear in Princeton, for in a college town you cannot be gloomy, try as you will. The atmosphere of endeavor and ambition is too powerful an antidote. Scarcely have you closed the cemetery gate than you encounter 'juniors' who are the incarnation of youthful deviltry, or affected-looking 'freshmen' who deport themselves as though conscious that their inspired souls were fashioned in the versimilitude of genius. So invigorating is the spirit of a university village that I wish, in all sincerity, that every 'old fossil' among my learned but case-hardened friends might make an annual pilgrimage to Princeton, there to shake off his mantle of cynicism, the sack-cloth of the soul.

On the other hand, there is something about a college



THE GRAVE OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND
Princeton, N. J.

town which catches hold of the visitor, and, if he himself is not 'college bred,' fills him with a sense of regret because of the fact that he has missed certain opportunities vouchsafed to others. It is, I suppose, a realization of one's deficiencies in the matter of education, which cannot be otherwise than helpful if—profiting thereby—the individual begins a painstaking course of self-education. There are those who scoff at the logic of the phrase: "a self-made man," but honest effort can accomplish modern miracles, and no one under high heaven can keep down a man *determined* to raise himself. I need only cite the examples of Franklin and *Washington*, by the last magic word bringing myself back again to the subject from which I have, once more, inadvertently, wandered. That Washington was self-taught in everything from military tactics to statesmanship is so well known that the facts need no amplification. It is further apparent that among the annals of the world's foremost men, the story of education—thrust upon them or painstakingly acquired—runs 'nip and tuck,' and, where final results are concerned, shows a few points in favor of the man who in youth was denied educational advantages. Furthermore, regarding university training, I am convinced that the student who 'works his way' usually places a higher value upon his opportunities than the fellow who has no financial worries. Happily, Princeton is open to those of small means, and provides opportunities to aid the struggling student.

On the evening of the second of November, 1916, I sat by a window in one of the old dormitory buildings at Princeton, a structure well nigh as ancient as Nassau Hall. My host was a student from far-off Texas, a big, good-natured son of the Southwest, hardened by a boyhood spent in the saddle, and scarred by more than one brush with the thieving Mexicans on the border. In the open hearth the fire crackled merrily. Upon the broad window-sill, in the alcove where we sat, were crowded the carved initials of

a century's denizens of this self-same room — students, many of whom had gone out into life to leave a much more enduring mark upon the pages of the nation's history.

In the campus without, a howling mob surged and crowded and cheered. It was 'Election Night,' that unforgettable presidential election, when—for so many hours—the result was in doubt. Would it be Hughes or New Jersey's former governor, the ex-president of Princeton? Around the little telegraph office in the town the anxious crowd clamored for the returns, the Princeton boys never losing faith in Father Woodrow, for they kept up an incessant racket, — singing, yelling and prancing around like Bedlam let loose.

We, too, joined the riotous mob around the Western Union office, but finding it in the process of being literally pushed off its foundations, once again adjourned to the storied den. Here, looking down upon the throng of slim and handsome figures cavorting about the campus, my companion regaled me with many entertaining stories of Mr. Wilson, who—as head of the university—had lent the helping hand to hundreds of discouraged students, and to whom unstinted credit is due for countless acts of kindness which will never be known.

Is there to be found, in all the annals of America, a more singular biography than that of Woodrow Wilson? In 1908, a comparatively unknown school-master; in 1918 a world-arbiter! Be it remembered, however, that for



WOODROW WILSON
The "Official Photograph" of 1908, when,
as President of Princeton University,
he was unknown outside the circles
of education and literature

years and years he had been a keen student and interpreter of history, as if some unseen hand was directing his lines of thought in preparation for the time when he himself was to *make history*. As to the wisdom of the course he has pursued, posterity must be the judge. We, being contemporary witnesses or participants, 'profiteers' or sufferers, are scarcely in a position to render either indictment or eulogium.

While it would be highly improper to attempt comparisons, we may safely affirm that there are some interesting and striking parallels in the public life of Washington — who, in the years of his presidency, so strongly advised against "entangling alliances"—and in the executive experiences of the distinguished exponent of the "League of Nations,"—principles which appear so greatly at variance. To-day Washington is regarded not merely as the father of America, but is honored, the world over, as the greatest path-finder in the realization of national liberty. If future generations are to remember Woodrow Wilson, it will not be because "he kept us out of war" or plunged us into it; his renown will rest upon the success or failure of his great ideal—the international experiment of nations banded together to avert war.

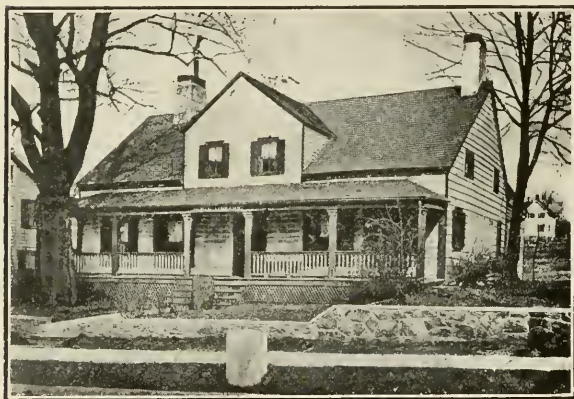
With absolute truth it may be said that *Princeton* offered for both Washington the soldier, and Wilson the thinker, a great opportunity,—a stepping-stone to honor. Each of them made the most of it.

It might be well for us to accompany Washington through Somerset County and see him safely established at Morristown before bringing the chapter to a close.

The 'Somerset hills' are noted for their gentle beauty, yet the population of the region is quite meagre. Of late years, however, there has been developed an increasing number of beautiful private estates hereabout. Many a densely wooded hilltop is now adorned by the palatial country seat of some wealthy citizen of the Metropolis, but for

the most part the little villages remain as of yore, and, where not immediately upon the railway lines, the number of their inhabitants does not exceed that of the Revolutionary period.

A good road leads up towards Morristown, flanked on the east by the undulating meadow land of the upper Passaic Valley, and varied with many a pretty copse and dingle. That it is an old thoroughfare is attested by the ancient houses by the roadside, upon whose 'rural free delivery' boxes we see the names of practically every old family associated with the days of original settlement. Each lone-



THE "PUBLIC LIBRARY"
of Bernardsville, N. J., with commemorative marker.

ly farmhouse, it would seem, harbors two or three energetic dogs, which are so burdened with a sense of responsibility that they begin a protracted concert of barking while the traveler is

"yet a great way off"

and continue to vociferate with ire and vehemence until he is lost beyond all sense of sight, smell or hearing.

Two miles below the Morris County boundary, where we cross the Passaic (here a narrow and youthful streamlet), we pass through the main street of Bernardsville. Before the Public Library,—an old time dwelling now converted to this most worthy of uses,—a cement marker, close to the curb, confirms the story that, by this route, Washington journeyed to Morristown after the victorious Princeton campaign in the early days of the new year 1777. The

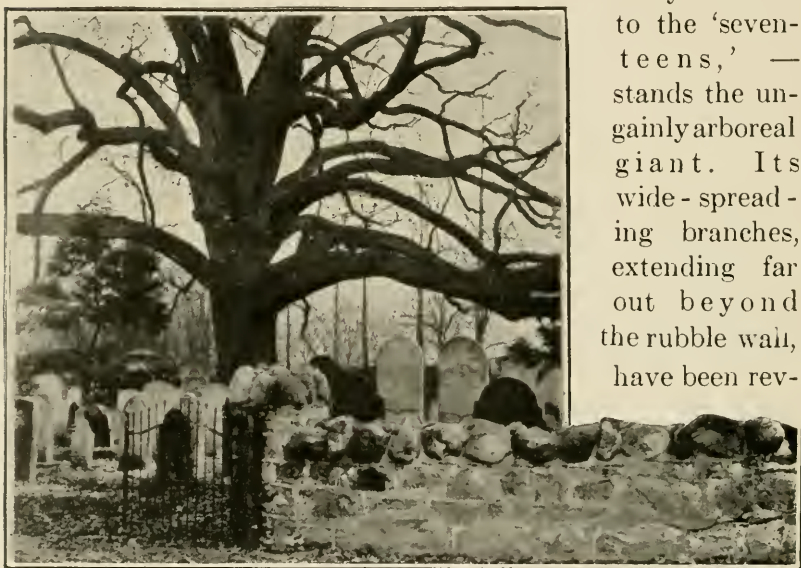
house itself witnessed the passing. It is of wood, and has unquestionably been altered somewhat in appearance, but there is no reason for doubting its age. The exposed outer stone work of the chimney at the right would be sufficient evidence, in itself, to place the cottage in the 'eighteenth century' class.

But it is at Basking Ridge, a mile distant, that there exists one of the most noteworthy landmarks in New Jersey. It is a gigantic oak tree, estimated to be about four hundred years old, with a rugged trunk almost twenty-four feet in circumference and spreading branches measuring 130 feet from tip to tip. No mere description will suffice in this case, the tree must be seen, amid its beautiful surroundings, to be fully appreciated. As a sort of preamble, I may say that Basking Ridge has a three-fold claim to our interest. First of all, it was in this region that William Alexander, "Lord Stirling," had his mansion; again, it was in the tavern of a Mrs. White, located at the farther end of the village, that the crabbed and disobedient Gen. Charles Lee was surprised and taken prisoner by the British in 1776, as narrated elsewhere; his troops meantime being encamped at "Vealtown,"—(the old name for Bernardsville). These two memorable facts, with the presence of the still-existing tree, — beneath which, we are told, (though by what authority I know not) that Washington sat one day at dinner,—make Basking Ridge the objective point of a delightful outing. As to the name, "Basking Ridge," my companion of the day naïvely suggested that on the prominent ridge above the town the erstwhile denizens of the forest, — deer, foxes, catamounts and the like, — used to come to bask in the sunshine before the advent of the white intruders.

Now, as to the tree. It adorns the 'kirkyard' of the village sanctuary, which, incidentally, is the prettiest country house of worship I have ever seen, constructed of clean-looking red brick, and white wood-work freshly painted,

adorned with a neat spire, and boasting of a modern addition housing the Sabbath School. The church dates from 1824, superseding the Revolutionary building. In the adjacent graveyard,—deep rooted among brown-stone slabs adorned with winged cherubs, serio-comic epitaphs and

dates running away back into the 'seventeens,' — stands the ungainly arboreal giant. Its wide-spread-ing branches, extending far out beyond the rubble wall, have been rev-



—THE AGED OAK AT BASKING RIDGE—

erently propped up by the villagers with sturdy beams, lest they fall beneath the weight of years.

This old tree must have attained ordinary growth when the settlers were starving at Jamestown; and at the time when Washington enjoyed its friendly shade it surely had assumed unusual proportions; yet it still lives on, and will, perhaps, be found green and flourishing when we, too, shall have run our brief course and passed out into the sunlight, — for it shows as yet no indication of senility. When the 'old Elm' at Cambridge—now badly shattered—shall be no more, this monarch of the forest may justly succeed to first place in the hearts of those who love Nature

and revere the memory of our forefathers.

On the 6th of January, the weary and foot-sore soldiers of Washington completed the final stages of their march to Morristown. Here the army remained until the end of May, emerging (after five months' rest, repair and additions thereto) 7,000 strong. During this interval of recuperation, Washington put up at what is sometimes spoken of as "Freeman's Tavern," but which was, in reality, the hostelry maintained by Major Jacob Arnold, of the Morris County Light Horse. This building, now transformed into the All Soul's Hospital, and removed a mile distant from its original location, is still standing, but has been so altered that it bears little resemblance to its old-time self, of which a

The 'ARNOLD TAVERN,' Morristown,
—as it was in 1777—



A frame structure, until 1886 an undisturbed landmark.

picture, reproduced from an old print, is here appended.

It was, however, during the winter of 1779-80, that Washington remained longest at Morristown, when he occupied the residence of the recently deceased Col. Jacob Ford, who had commanded the First Regiment of the Morris County Militia during the retreat of '76.

To the reader of Revolutionary history, to whom the events of Trenton and Princeton have served to mark but the *beginning* of Washington's greatest services in his country's cause, it may be surprising to reflect that—with the settling down into winter quarters at Morristown in January of 1777,—the great commander had rounded out al-

most exactly *two-thirds* of the years of his life.

Ponder upon this fact,—as, perhaps, did Washington himself while snow-bound in the Jersey hills,—and be of good courage, if you, too, have passed beyond the meridian. For it remained for Washington, as for so many other worthy men and famous, to make the so-called “latter years” the period of greatest accomplishment and service. With faculties unimpaired by excesses, with wits sharpened by experience, with heart strengthened by an unshaken trust in an over-ruling Providence; he was destined to reap the rewards of “faith and works.”

So let us all endeavor to shape our lives, remembering that when *individual achievement* and *service to mankind* are so successfully blended as in the career of Washington, *a man to God's own liking* is the result!





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